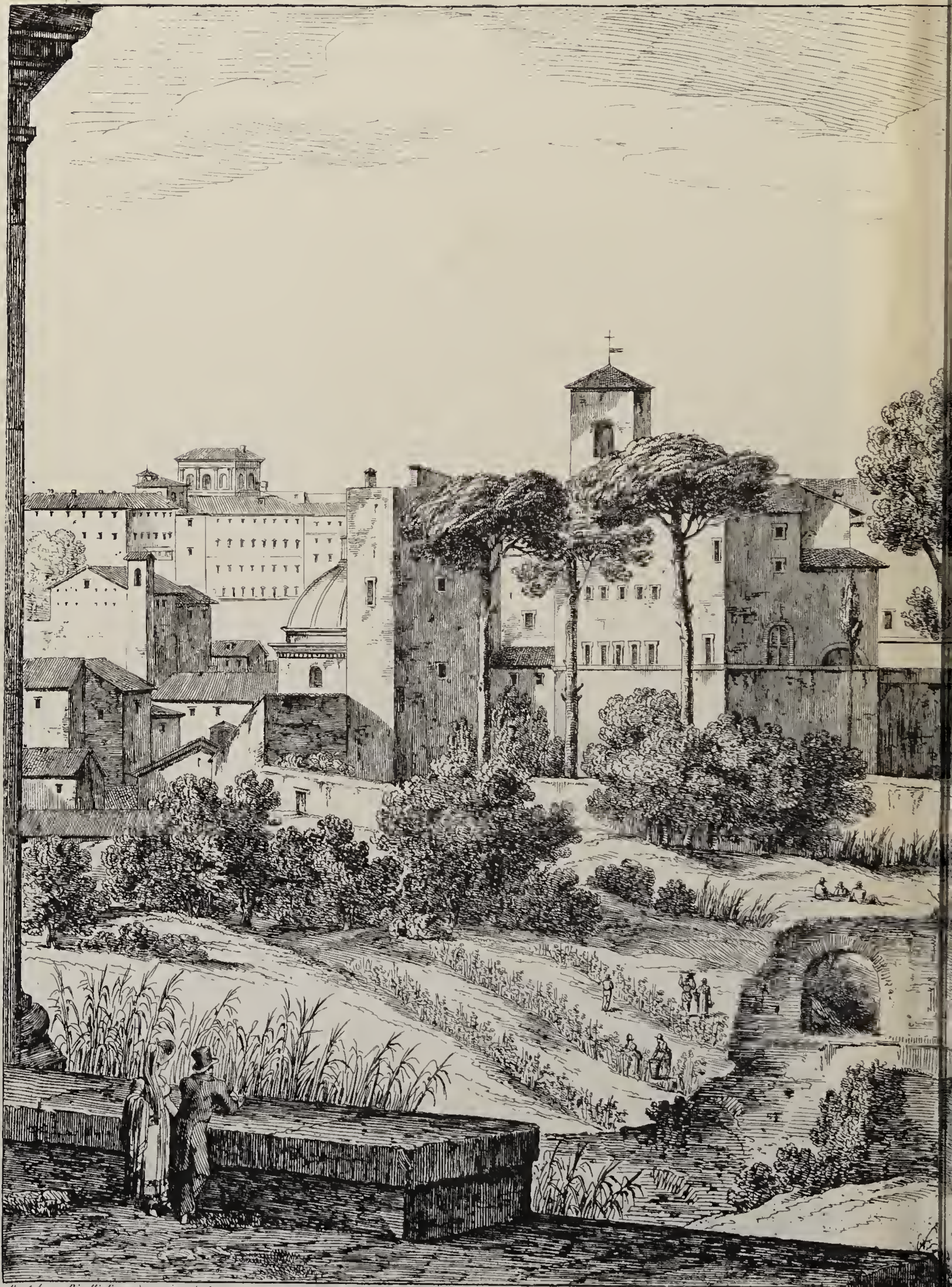
STENDHAL

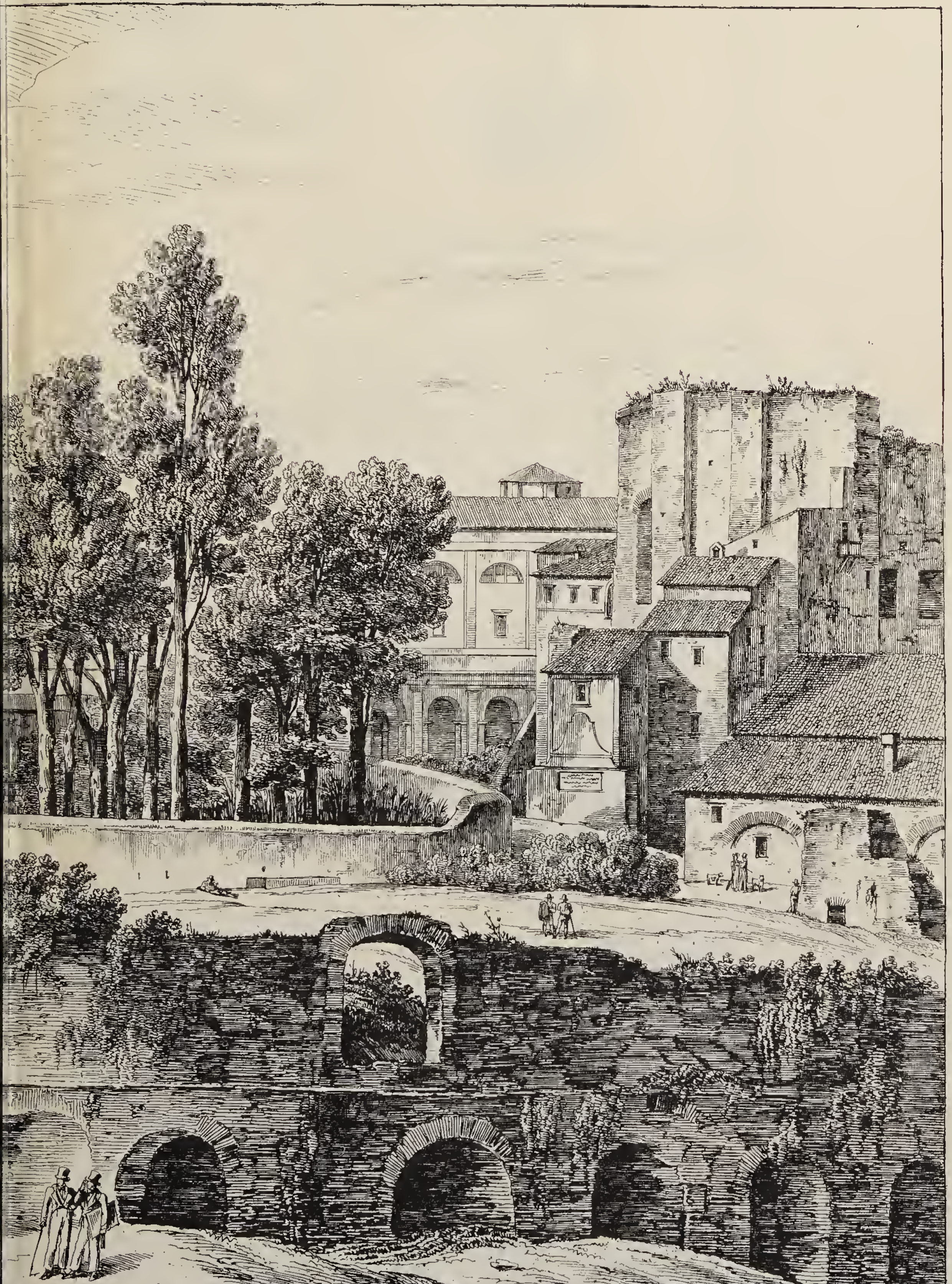
A ROMAN JOURNAL



Bartolomeo Pinelli disegnò e incise [illegible]

Veduta del Colle Esquilino, presa

19.



arco superiore del Colosseo

STENDHAL

[illegible] TO THE [illegible]

PROMENADES DANS ROME

Préface de Alberto Moravia
Avant-propos critique de Glauco Natoli

A ROMAN

JOURNAL

by STENDHAL

edited and translated by HAAKON CHEVALIER

THE ORION PRESS: NEW YORK

distributed by Crown Publishers, Inc.

DG 805 .B5715

First printing

© Copyright, 1957, by The Orion Press, Inc.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 57-13279

This translation is based on Henri Martineau's critical edition of
PROMENADES DANS ROME

Designed by Charles Kaplan

Text printed and volume bound in The Netherlands:
Production: Timun Mas N.V., Amsterdam
Binding: van Rijmenam N.V., The Hague
Printing: N.V. Drukkerij Levisson, The Hague
Illustrations printed in Italy:
Officine Grafiche Nicola Moneta, Milan

CONTENTS

EDITOR'S FOREWORD xv
PREFATORY NOTE 1

I. AUGUST—DECEMBER, 1827 3

First Days 5
The Colosseum 12
Roman Society 23
In Pursuit of Painting 26
Raphael 31
Considerations on Italian Painting and on the Italian Character 36
Melancholy Beauty of Rome 52
St. Peter's 55
Roman Realism, Superstitions and Miracles 69
Of Churches, Palaces and Gardens 72
The *Piferari* 84
The Capitol 86

II. JANUARY—MAY, 1828 87

The Forum 91
The Baths of Caracalla 97
Murder and Social Classes 97
Decline of the Nobility 101

240710

Trajan's Basilica 102
The Vatican Palace 106
How to Travel from Paris to Rome 118
The Pantheon 123
Of Poisons 127
The English Character 130
An Idle Ramble 132
The Villa Ludovisi 135
The Piazza Montecavallo 139
The Trevi Fountain 140
Raphael's *Stanze* in the Vatican 141
Within Convent Walls: Adventures of Lucrezia Frangimani 153
The Forum Revisited 161

III. JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1828 167

Castel Sant'Angelo 169
The Holiest of Relics 175
Popess Joan 196
Of the Importance of Cardinals 201
Trajan's Column 206
Clarice Porzia and the *Vetturino* Berinetti 208
Temples, Theatres and Arches 211
The Farnese Palace 216
St. Paul's beyond the Walls 221
San Giovanni in Laterano 226
Santa Maria Maggiore 231
Anecdote of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este and of His Brother Don Giulio 234
San Stefano Rotondo and the Psychology of Martyrdom 236
A Letter of Bonaparte 240
Church of St. Augustine 241
A Glimpse of Naples 244
The Convent of Sant'Onofrio and the Death of Tasso 246
The Story of Francesca Polo 248
The Churches of Rome 253
How to Prepare Oneself to Enjoy Rome 255
Crime and Punishment 257
The Church of San Clemente 259
Three Great Popes: Alexander VI, Julius II and Leo X 261

Hadrian VI, Clement VII and Paul III 275
The Popes after the Council of Trent 278
Banditry 280

IV. NOVEMBER, 1828—APRIL, 1829 285

French and Italian Manners 287
Montaigne and the French Incapacity to Feel the Fine Arts 289
A Musical Evening 292
The Story and Trial of Laffargue 294
Scandal in a Convent 307
Another Musical Evening 309
The Facial Tranquility of a Roman Woman 315
Customs Vary from Town to Town 316
Frenchmen are Becoming Unsociable 318
A Papal Mass 319
The Church of Sant'Agnese beyond the Walls 320
The Church of Santa Constanza 321
The Temple of Minerva Medica 322
The Circus Maximus 324
How to Improve Paris 327
A Rich American in Rome 328
A Book that Will Transform Our Knowledge of Ancient Rome 329
A Carriage Attacked by Bandits 332
The Illness and Death of Pope Leo XII 335
The Conclave and the Nomination of Pius VIII 338
Farewell to Rome 354

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

1. GALLERY OF THE PALAZZO FARNESE *facing page xvi*
ENGRAVING BY GIOVANNI VOLPATO FROM A DRAWING BY FRANCESCO PANNINI

2. THE POST OFFICE *facing page xx*
LITHOGRAPH BY C. MOTTE FROM A DRAWING BY M. LAVIGNE

3. SHEPHERD OF THE ROMAN COUNTRYSIDE *facing page 6*
LITHOGRAPH BY C. MOTTE

4. ALBANO *facing page 14*
DRAWING AND ENGRAVING BY GAETANO COTTAFAVI

5. GOING TO ROME BY COACH *facing page 22*
LITHOGRAPH BY BRIDGENS

6. POPE PIUS VII GIVING HIS BENEDICTION, APRIL 8, 1819 *facing page 26*
LITHOGRAPH BY BRIDGENS

7. PILGRIM BEFORE THE MONASTERY OF GROTTAFERRATA *facing page 30*
LITHOGRAPH BY C. MOTTE FROM A WATERCOLOR BY JACQUES AUBRY

8. POPE PIUS VIII *facing page 34*
FROM A PORTRAIT BY F. FERRARI, DRAWN FROM LIFE IN 1829

9. FLIGHT OF STEPS TO TRINITÀ DEI MONTI *facing page 38*
WATERCOLOR OF THE PERIOD

10. TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS PIUS (LAND CUSTOM HOUSE) *facing page 42*
ENGRAVING BY G. BRUN

11. THE TAP OF THE ROD *facing page 46*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

12. DEATH OF NERO *facing page 50*
ENGRAVING BY G. MOCHETTI FROM A DRAWING BY BARTOLOMEO PINELLI

13. CARNIVAL SCENE *facing page 54*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

14. BARBARY HORSES AT THE STARTING LINE *facing page 62*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

15. THE COLOSSEUM *facing page 70*
ENGRAVING BY GIOVANNI VOLPATO FROM A DRAWING BY FRANCESCO PANNINI

16. FRIARS GOING TO FETCH THE BODY OF A BROTHER *facing page 78*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

17. CEREMONY IN S. LUIGI DE' FRANCESI *facing page 86*
LITHOGRAPH OF THE PERIOD

18. JOAQUIN MURAT *facing page 90*
ENGRAVING BY J. B. BOSIO FROM A DRAWING BY LOUIS RADOS

19. CARRIAGE GOING TO TESTACCIO *facing page 94*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

20. ALLEGORY (RAPHAEL) *facing page 98*
ENGRAVING BY G. CLETER FROM A DRAWING BY LUIGI GARELLI AFTER A FRESCO BY RAPHAEL

21. DEPOSITION (M. DA CARAVAGGIO) *facing page 106*
ENGRAVING BY PIETRO FONTANA

22. THE MURDERER *facing page 110*
ENGRAVING BY BARTOLOMEO PINELLI

23. ROMAN CHARITY *facing page 114*
ENGRAVING BY LUIGI ANTONINI FROM A PAINTING BY GUIDO RENI

24. PLOWING IN THE ROMAN COUNTRYSIDE *facing page 118*
LITHOGRAPH BY BRIOGENS

25. POPULAR AMUSEMENTS *facing page 126*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

26. PROMENADE ON THE PINCIO *facing page 134*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

27. THE CONDEMNED TO DEATH *facing page 142*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

28. GIOACCHINO ROSSINI *facing page 150*
LITHOGRAPH BY KANO FROM A DRAWING BY FAUSSE

29. MONTECAVALLO *facing page 158*
ENGRAVING BY GIOVANNI B. FALDA

30. VOLTAIRE *facing page 166*
ENGRAVING BY G. A. SASSO FROM A DRAWING BY J. B. BOSIO

31. ROMAN FORUM *facing page 174*
LITHOGRAPH BY A. MATHIEU FROM A DRAWING BY CHAPUY

32. VILLA LUDOVISI *facing page 182*
COLORED LITHOGRAPH OF THE PERIOD

33. PILGRIM LEADER PERSUADING GASPARONE AND HIS MEN TO SURRENDER TO THE GOVERNMENT *facing page 186*
DRAWING AND ENGRAVING BY BARTOLOMEO PINELLI

34. BEATRICE CENCI *facing page 194*
ENGRAVING BY ALESSANDRO PONETTI

35. VOTIVE OFFERINGS *facing page 206*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

36. TEMPLE OF MINERVA *facing page 214*
ENGRAVING BY MARCO SADLER (1606)

37. ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS (PORTUGAL) *facing page 218*
FROM *Roma vetus ac recens*
BY ALESSANDRO DONATI

38. THE POPE IN THE GREAT PROCESSION OF CORPUS DOMINI *facing page 222*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

39. DOMENICO CIMAROSA *facing page 226*
ENGRAVING BY CHARLES DEBLOIS

40. CHARITY OF THE FRIARS *facing page 230*
ENGRAVING BY BARTOLOMEO PINELLI

41. AT THE THEATRE *facing page 238*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

42. ARCH OF TITUS (RESTORED BY VALADIER) *facing page 246*
ENGRAVING BY PIETRO RUGA AND ACHILLE PARBONI

43. HOLY WEEK CEREMONY *facing page 254*
(WASHING OF THE FEET)
LITHOGRAPH BY C. MOTTE

44. CORREGGIO *facing page 262*
ENGRAVING BY LOCATELLI FROM A SELF-PORTRAIT

45. COLUMN OF PHOCAS *facing page 270*
LITHOGRAPH BY CARPENTIA FROM A DRAWING
BY FELIX BENOIST

46. ANTONIO CANOVA *facing page 278*
ENGRAVING BY LOCATELLI FROM A PORTRAIT
BY G. BOSSI

47. BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST *facing page 294*
ENGRAVING BY D. DE ANGELI FROM A PAINTING
BY ANDREA SACCHI

48. FIREWORKS AT CASTEL SANT'ANGELO *facing page 302*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

49. CROWD AT THE RACE OF THE BARBARY HORSES *facing page 310*
WATERCOLOR OF THE PERIOD

50. THE MONKS OF ARA COELI *facing page 318*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

51. ARCH OF PANTANI *facing page 330*
ENGRAVING BY MERIGOT

52. FUNERAL OF A LITTLE GIRL *facing page 334*
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

53. PLAN OF ANCIENT ROME *facing page 338*
FROM A FRENCH GUIDE OF THE PERIOD

54. PUBLIC SCRIVENERS *facing page 342*
LITHOGRAPH OF THE PERIOD

55. FUNERAL BEFORE THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO *facing page 348*
IN LUCINA
LITHOGRAPH BY ANTOINE JEAN-BAPTISTE THOMAS

56. VIEW OF THE ESQUILINE FROM THE COLOSSEUM *front end paper*
"THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME" IN 1825. ENGRAVING BY
BARTOLOMEO PINELLI

57. VIEW OF THE CAELIAN FROM THE PALATINE *back end paper*
"THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME" IN 1825. ENGRAVING BY
BARTOLOMEO PINELLI

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

How does it come about that this extraordinary work, by a writer who is today universally regarded as one of the outstanding glories of French and of world literature, has never, until now, appeared in English? Many plausible reasons could be given, including the obvious one that a guidebook, even though quite successful in its time, soon becomes out-of-date, and can hardly hope to compete in lasting interest and appeal with works of the imagination, especially when these bear such titles as *The Red and the Black* and *The Charterhouse of Parma.*

But perhaps a good and sufficient reason why Stendhal's *Promenades dans Rome* appears here in English for the first time is the fact that nothing in Stendhal's life, or in his posthumous literary career, fits into a predictable pattern, except that each generation seems to bring him an increasingly wide circle of devoted readers. And it would be consistent with that pattern that this new incarnation of a book which he regarded with special affection, by a man gifted with a great capacity for love and few illusions, should win him a host of new friends and bring fresh delight to readers eager to be numbered among the HAPPY FEW to whom all his writings were addressed.

It so happens that this Roman "itinerary," which was moderately well received when it first appeared in Paris in 1829, and which was for years the best guidebook on Rome, has for us today, aside from whatever other interest it may possess, an appeal of unfamiliarity and remoteness of a quite different quality from that which charmed its French and

English readers in the time of Charles X of France and George IV of England. Quite possibly what Stendhal had to say about Rome, its monuments and its history, had greater novelty for his contemporaries than it does for us. But to the readers of 1829 all Stendhal's historical, political and social frames of reference were familiar, whereas for us they are tinged with the fascination and the melancholy of things forever vanished.

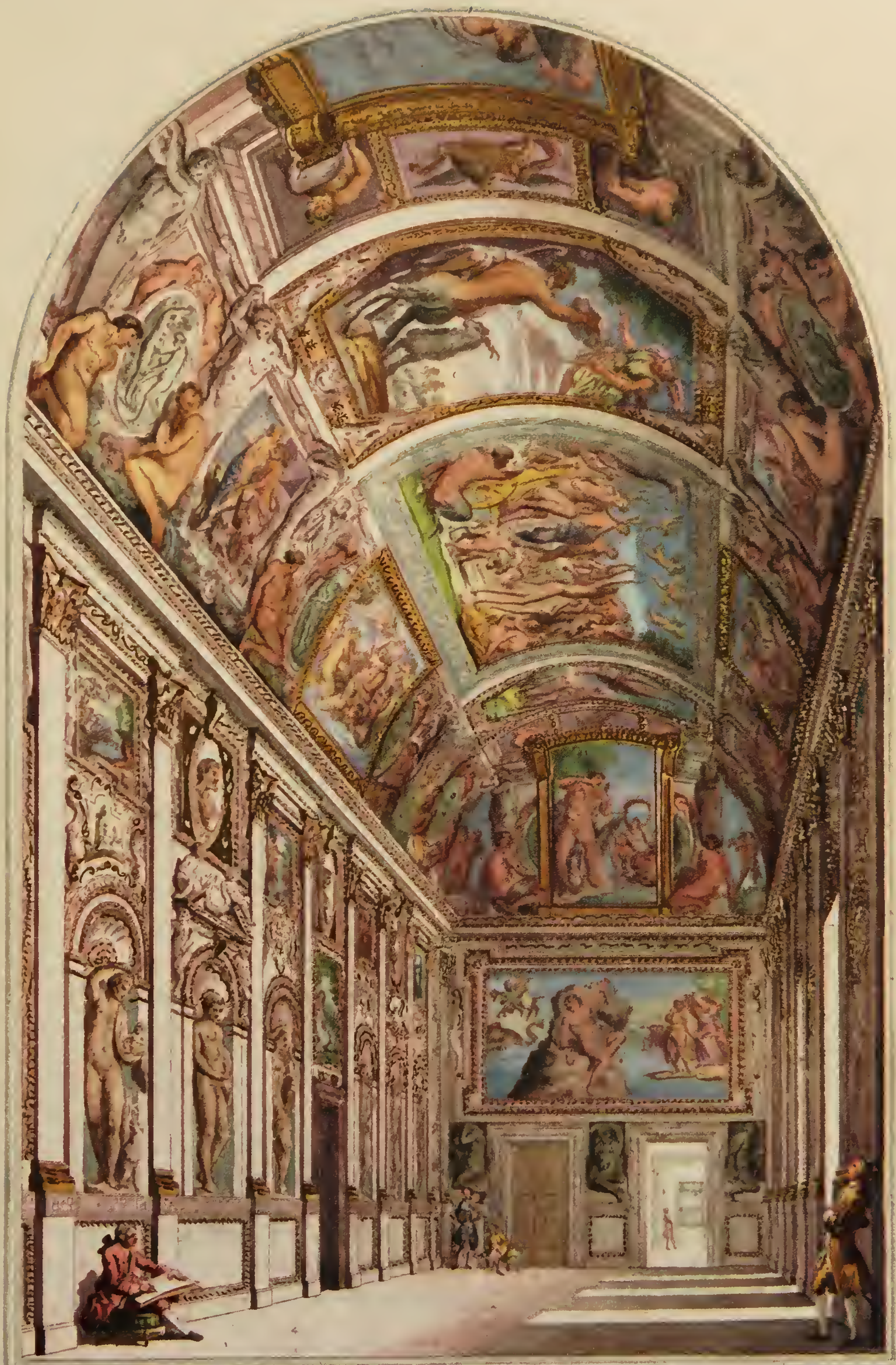
Rome, as it emerges from these pages, comes miraculously alive: all the more alive for being the Eternal City, not of the post-Mussolini era, but of the eighteen-twenties, under the reign of Leo XII, as seen by a remarkably penetrating Frenchman with a love of beauty, a keen eye for drama and the picturesque, a sense of history and a passion for liberty.

In our day, when practically all the earth has been explored, and every point of the globe is quickly and easily—all too quickly and easily—accessible, one of the exciting forms of exploration that remain to us is voyaging into the past and recreating for ourselves in imagination, through the medium of a book such as this, the more or less fabulous outlook of times gone by.

We must remember that the Rome of the eighteen-twenties was a town of only 140,000 inhabitants—less than one-tenth of its present population. Stendhal mentions that it took him and his little party twenty-two days to travel from Paris to Rome, but adds that "we could have made this journey in twelve or fifteen." Travel was by mail-coach. landau and barouche. Night illumination was by oil-lamp, candle or torch.

The Europe of Stendhal's time was busy digesting—or more exactly, attempting to disgorge—the French Revolution and seeking a new equilibrium after the downfall of Napoleon. The glamorous figure of the *Eagle,* indeed, hovers over all Stendhal's writing. During this ascendancy, Napoleon had briefly reduced the papacy to a vassal status and had introduced the Civil Code into Rome; the city that we visit under Stendhal's guidance has reverted to the absolutist sway of the Papal government, but it remembers the principles of republicanism and of equality before the law.

Italy was still divided into many states, with Milan and most of the North under Austrian domination. Germany, too, was broken up into many separate states, and France, chafing under the retrograde monarchy of Charles X, was—at the time Stendhal wrote this travel journal—on the



Fran.co Panini e Lod.co Tesio dis.

Gio. Volpato sc. in Roma 1777.

Veduta della Galleria dipinta da Annibale Carracci e suoi Scolari
esistente nel Palazzo Farnese in Roma

1. GALLERY OF THE PALAZZO FARNESE
Engraving by Giovanni Volpato from a drawing by Francesco Pannini

eve of the Revolution of July, 1830, which was to inaugurate the constitutional bourgeois monarchy of Louis-Philippe. Nicholas I was the tsar of Russia, and George IV sat on the British throne. There were states created by the Congress of Vienna of 1815, like the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the Kingdom of Sardinia-Savoy, the Kingdom of Poland and the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which included Belgium. The political fate of Europe was in the hands of men like Metternich of Austria, Talleyrand of France, Canning of England, Bernadotte of Sweden . . . John Quincy Adams was president of the very young republic of the United States, Bolivar was waving the banner of national independence in South America, Mehemet Ali, the exact contemporary of Napoleon and of Wellington (all born in 1769), was ruthlessly resisting the Greek struggle for independence in which Byron lost his life.

It was, in the Europe of Metternich's Holy Alliance, an age of grim reaction, in many ways strangely like our own, and Stendhal's writing of this innocent-appearing Roman guidebook was, in a measure, an act of courage. Freedom of thought and of expression was far from being a current commodity. A deadly conformity, more destructive to the life of the spirit than any mere censorship, molded men's thinking—a conformity shamefully sanctioned by the blessings that the ageing Goethe bestowed on the Holy Alliance. Stendhal's views were far from extreme in his time; they cannot readily be fitted into a conventional category, and they certainly seem mild today. But without being obsessed by politics, he had an uncanny sense of the impact of political reality on all aspects of individual human lives, as well as on society in general, and on this as on all other subjects that attracted his curiosity he was incurably addicted to doing his own thinking and to expressing his ideas in a form that was pungent, sparkling and above all simple. He is incapable of describing a column or an ancient monument without revealing something of himself. And his book, while it tells a good deal about Rome, tells us even more about Stendhal. As he had a highly original turn of mind, was no respecter of established reputations and did not always bow to sacrosanct institutions, he had perhaps grounds for anticipating the reaction to his book with some apprehension. It should also be mentioned, however, that like all persons of lively imagination he had a tendency to overdramatize himself, and the fact is that aside from the incident of his being banished from Milan by the Austrian police, who regarded him as a suspicious character (what writer is not?), his freedom to write as he pleased was never seriously infringed.

A Roman Journal should be read primarily for the sheer pleasure of being admitted to the intimacy of a delightful personality and of watching a subtle and resourceful mind grappling with a difficult and complex subject—doing so at times seriously and even laboriously, sometimes profoundly, at other times lightly and amusingly, always sharply and deftly.

How did Stendhal come to write this book?

Henri Beyle—for that is his real name—was forty-five years old in 1828, when his cousin Romain Colomb returned to Paris from Italy with a pocketful of notes on his travels. Beyle, stranded in Paris, was at a particularly low point in his career. He had no job and he was broke. He had just been jilted, moreover, by a woman, Countess Clémentine Curial, with whom he was passionately in love. He was close to suicide. Colomb had planned to write a book on his voyage—travel books were popular at the time, and publishers were eager for them. In order to help his cousin out—for Beyle needed both money and an immediate occupation in which he could immerse himself—he proposed that the two of them write it together. In the end, Beyle wrote it alone, but with the unflagging encouragement of Colomb, and his very considerable assistance in compiling the necessary research. The book appeared over the single signature of Stendhal.

Stendhal, up to that time, in the leisure left him by an intermittent career as, first, a second lieutenant in the Revolutionary army, a quartermaster officer with Napoleon's army, which he accompanied all the way to Moscow and back in the tragic retreat; then later as a minor government official, partly on foreign assignments that took him to Austria, Germany and Italy, had written and published several books—on musicians (Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, Metastasio), on Italian painters, a book on Rome, Naples and Florence, one on Racine and Shakespeare, and a most important booklength essay on love (*De l'Amour*). This last, published in 1823, had sold about forty copies in five years. Stendhal had also written and published, the previous year (1827), his first novel, *Armance,* which likewise received little notice and had a small sale.

He regarded himself as a failure. Yet when Romain Colomb made the proposal of writing the book on Rome, he almost immediately accepted, and set to work with great zest. Working daily with Colomb, he spent ten months doing concentrated research, and then sat down and wrote. The book—the matter of two volumes, which he would gladly have expanded to three—was completed in March, 1829, and the printed book, published by Delaunay, appeared in September of the same year.

When Stendhal's contemporaries read *Promenades dans Rome* there was no reason why they should not take it at its face value as a diary of a cultivated man traveling in a pleasant company of six or eight men and women bent on getting the most out of a one-to-two-years' visit to Rome. It was a circumstantial eyewitness account of endless visits and excursions in and about Rome to all points of interest, walks, conversations, encounters, receptions at embassies and palaces, full of anecdotes and adventures of all sorts, broken by a series of longish stories that foreshadow the themes of later novels. It was alert, informative, diverting; readers were convinced and delighted.

Will it spoil the pleasure of the present-day reader to know that the whole *machinery* of this journal is sheer fabrication, that Stendhal did *not* witness the nine-day funeral ceremonies for the death of Leo XII or the conclave that elected Pius VIII, and that the entire book was written in a hotel room in the Hôtel de Valois, which has recently been torn down, at 71 rue de Richelieu, almost directly opposite the Bibliothèque Nationale? I think not. In fact, this and other circumstances connected with this book—of which his contemporaries had no knowledge and which would have meant less to them than to us—give it an added spice.

"The author entered Rome for the first time in 1802," Stendhal writes on the first page. This, like so much else in the book, is pure invention, for we know that he first saw Rome in 1811. He actually knew Rome far less well than he seems to. He claims—and the illusion is created—that everything that he sets down he has freshly seen and heard. In actual fact, many of the things he describes in such loving detail he has never seen, or has seen hurriedly or so long ago that he can have no clear recollection of them. He quotes many original sources for his authority on various facts.

The truth of the matter is that Stendhal was under considerable pressure to turn out this book in a hurry. His actual equipment, even supplemented by Colomb's notes, was relatively meager. He had neither the time nor the means to do the necessary fundamental research, on the spot and in the literature. What he had to do, and what in fact he did, was to get the material he needed from secondary sources. He pilfered the most readily available books quite shamelessly—Nibby and Lalande, the two leading guides, whole pages out of Sismondi's *Italian*

Republics in the Middle Ages and Potter's *Spirit of the Church* ... He carefully read and culled passages out of President de Brosses's classic *Voyage,* out of Pignotti, Carlo Verri, Guidi, Duclos, Lullin de Châteauvieux, Missou, and how many others? Not only this, but—since most of these sources were well known to the scholars and critics of the time, and since, moreover many of the authors whom he plagiarized were still living (among them Potter, Sismondi, Fea, Petit-Radel and Creuxé de Lesser)—he went to elaborate pains to conceal his larcenies by changes and transpositions.

Yet such is the magic of Stendhal's artistry, so sure is his taste, so compelling his personality, that everything he touches is transformed, and a page of Potter, to which our author gives a few deft touches, becomes a page of pure Stendhal, and the most scrupulous scholars—among whom must be mentioned, outstandingly, Pierre Martino, Daniel Muller, Armand Caraccio, and Henri Martineau—who have spent years tracking down Stendhal's sources, are the last to have any thought of criticizing Stendhal's literary morals.

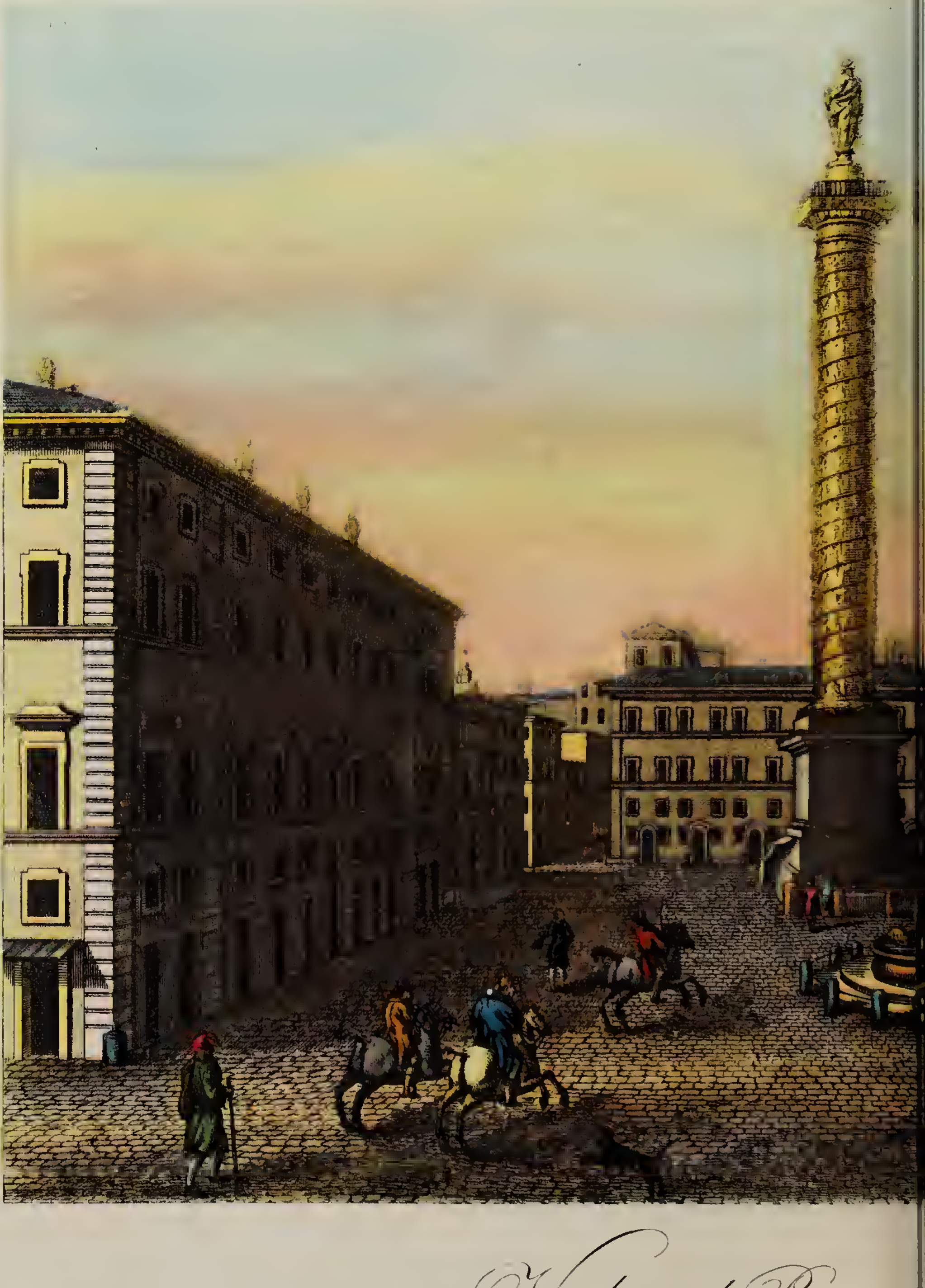
Of all the guides to Rome, this remains the most original, and surely one of the most diverting. But the wonder to which the author's virtuosity may well inspire us is increased when we learn that this book, with its wide range of moods, but so full of tenderness, was written by a desperate man who was several times on the edge of suicide. In 1828 he wrote out seven different wills—on August 26, September 3 and 4, November 14 and 15, December 4 and 6.

Despite all the light that scholarly research has cast on this book and on the phase of his life attached to it, a good deal of mystery still surrounds them, setting aside his playful attempts at mystification.

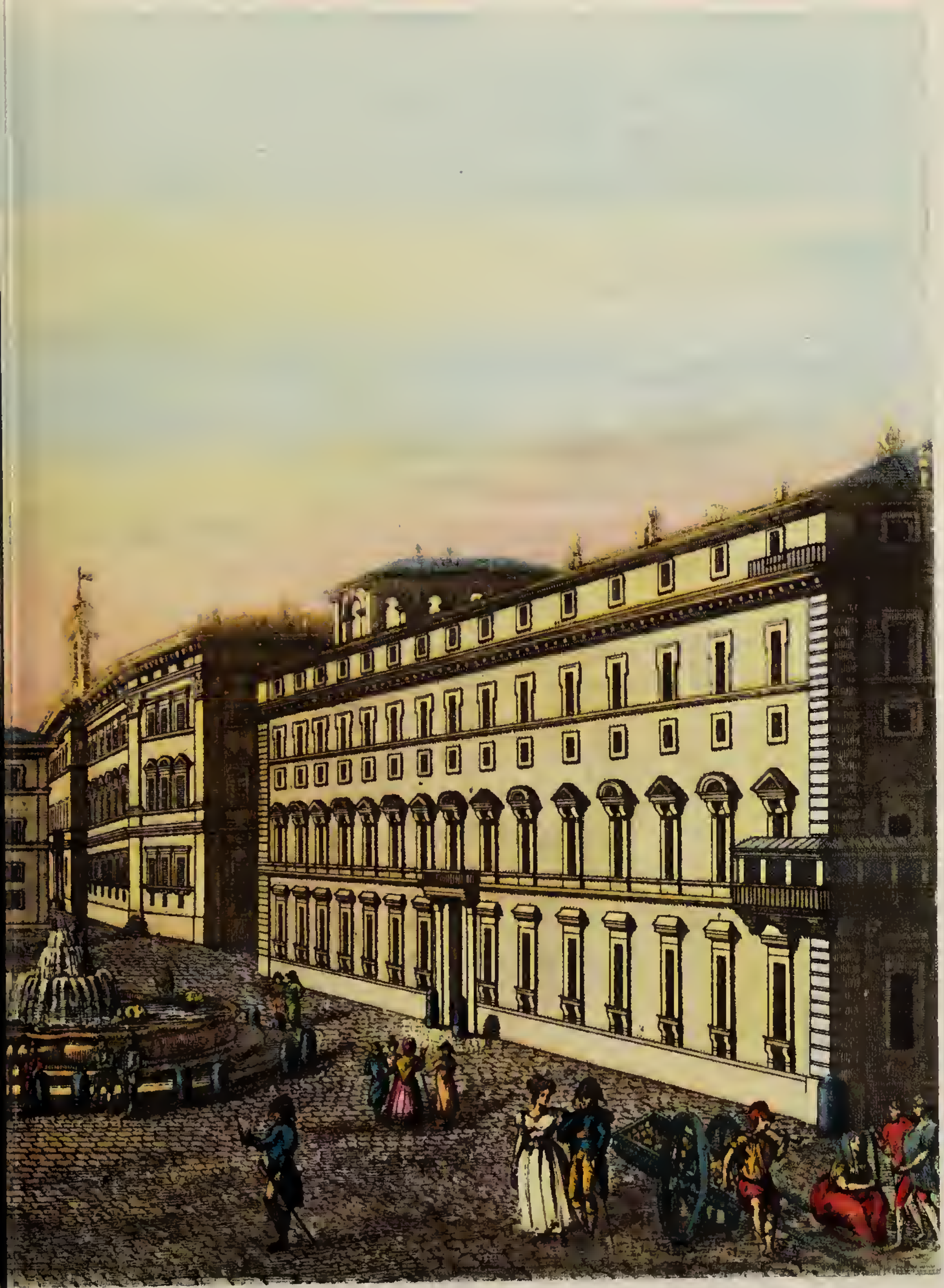
Among the latter may be classed the quotation from Shakespeare that appears in the epigraph. Several scholars, (in particular François Fosca and A. Caraccio) have looked for it in vain in all the plays by the English bard. (It is curious to note, however, that Escalus, whose name appears first in the Dramatis Personae of *Romeo and Juliet,* never appears as a character in the actual play.)

More tantalizing are the three cryptic notes that appear in the book, which have never been satisfactorily explained.

One of these, actually, is not really a mystery. It is the number *46* that appears immediately after the date of January 23, 1829. Since we know that Henri Beyle was born January 23, 1783, and was therefore 46 years old on the date in question, there is probably no need for any



Veduta di Piazza



nna in Roma

2. THE POST OFFICE
Lithograph by C. Motte from a drawing by M. Lavigne

explanation, though the fact that it should appear here at all is suggestive of a variety of surmises.

The second is the footnote that appears on page 134: "Primavera del Ventinove; L. forsanscrit and jea 46."

The third is the footnote that appears on page 314: "The day of paq, nopr bylov; the 21 of june nop byway and hap. Ever sanscrit. Drama forpr. The death of Crescentius."

To these mysterious notes should be added another, for the benefit of readers addicted to puzzles of this kind. It appears as a manuscript note on a copy of the first edition, one of several that Stendhal had especially bound with alternate blank pages between the printed pages, known as the Serge André copy (end of vol. 1, folio 22 verso): "December the third 1829. I send Vani Vani to mver(?) Yesterday I speak drama with Clar and see Sanscrit the first time after 85 days, and see ohimè the Bar."

These memos are obviously a kind of shorthand that Stendhal intended only for his own persual. It may be surmised that these jottings that have slipped into print were manuscript notes made by the author on the proof sheets, which the typesetter merely copied, deciphering the handwriting as best he could.

Caraccio and Muller and Martineau have made ingenious guesses as to what these mysterious entries signify. The most plausible transcriptions of the three notes are as follows:

1. (P. 134) "Spring of 1829. Fifty for sanskrit and I am forty-six."
2. (P. 314) "The day of Easter, 1829, no pride by love; June 21, no pride by war and hap (or luck). Ever sanskrit. Drama for pride. The death of Crescentius."
3. (Note on Serge André copy) "December the third 1829. I send *Vanina Vanini* to review. Yesterday I discuss play with Mérimée and I see Sanscrit for the first time in 85 days and I see, alas! the Baron."

From these three entries, and bearing in mind Stendhal's situation and preoccupations, a plausible interpretation can be made, though there can be no assurance that it is a correct one.

Stendhal in these notes is evidently concerned, to the point of obsession, by two things: love and his career. From the way in which the word "Sanskrit" recurs, it seems most likely that it stands for the name of a woman. One guess, though it does not seem to fit, is that it refers to Giulia Rinieri dei Rocchi, the adopted daughter of Daniele Berlinghieri, then twenty years old, whom he was to ask in marriage on

November 6, 1830, before his departure for Trieste. The other mysterious word is Crescentius. Crescentius was the tenth-century Roman tribune, who had Pope Benedict VI strangled to death and made a desperate effort to re-establish the republic in Rome and was treacherously captured and put to death by the emperor Otto. If we remember that this republican statesman and warrior was one of Stendhal's heroes, to whom he makes frequent admiring references throughout the *Journal,* and that Stendhal never wholly abandoned the ambition of becoming a playwright, a good deal of light is shed on this part of the puzzle.

The first entry, then, would simply be a lament that while he is forty-six years old, he appears much older—fifty—to Sanskrit.

The second would imply that on or about the day of Easter, 1829, he has achieved no pride or satisfaction through love; he decides to lay siege to the fair lady's heart (he frequently likens love to war), but by June 21, the first day of summer, he is still unsuccessful, and no luck or chance has favored him. Yet he is as strongly attracted to Sanskrit as ever. He will write a successful play that will bring him renown—a tragedy to be called the *Death of Crescentius.*

The third, the manuscript entry, refers first to his famous story, *Vanina Vanini,* which was in fact published in a review in December, 1829. "Clara" stands for Clara Gazul, the name under which Stendhal's friend Mérimée wrote a whole collection of plays. The play that he discusses with Mérimée may well be the *Death of Crescentius.* He sees Sanskrit for the first time in 85 days, but at the same time, alas, he has to see "the Baron," who may be her husband. (But if so, Sanskrit could not be Giulia Rinieri.)

The solution, as we see, is not altogether satisfactory, but there it is.

The year following the publication of the *Promenades* saw the publication of the first of the great novels, *The Red and the Black.* It is interesting to find the kernel of the idea for this novel here, in the *Journal* in the entry of June 15, 1828. Ten days later the intention to write the novel ripened. A manuscript note of his reads: *"Nuit du 25 au 26. Marseille, je crois idée de Julie, depuis appelé en mai 1830, le Rouge et le Noir."*

It has seemed wise, for this edition of Stendhal's book, to reduce the original bulk somewhat by eliminating a great deal of rather uninspired description of monuments, historical summary, lists of churches, popes, emperors, detailed measurements, in feet and inches, of the outstanding monuments, etc., which Stendhal undoubtedly supplied as a grudging concession to unimaginative tourists, which all came to him at second-hand, and which are of relatively little interest to the present-day reader, who can get such information much more readily and accurately elsewhere. Otherwise the integrity of Stendhal's text has been scrupulously preserved, to the extent to which this has been compatible with a translation which, it is hoped, is faithful without being woodenly literal, which attempts to preserve the author's very special flavor without falling into affectation or eccentricity. No effort has been made to correct or modify inaccuracies and inconsistencies in the French text. But the "tender souls" with whom Stendhal seeks communion will surely not judge these too harshly.

HAAKON CHEVALIER

A ROMAN JOURNAL

to the Happy Few

ESCALUS: Thou seem'st, my friend, something misanthropic and envious

MERCUTIO: Mine eyes too young did feast on perfect beauty

SHAKESPEARE

PREFATORY NOTE

It is assuredly no great merit to have been to Rome six times. I venture to recall this small circumstance, because it will perhaps incline the reader to vouchsafe me a measure of his confidence.

The author of this journal has one great disadvantage: nothing, or almost nothing, seems to him worth speaking of with gravity. The nineteenth century holds quite the contrary view and has its reasons for this. Liberty, in inviting an infinity of worthy souls to give their opinion, who have not had time to *form* an opinion, places every speaker under the necessity of assuming a *grave air* that impresses the vulgar, and that the wise condone, considering the necessity of the times.

This itinerary will therefore not have the necessary pedantry. This aside, why should it not deserve to be read by the traveler bound for Rome? To compensate for the talent and the eloquence that he lacks, the author has devoted a good deal of attention to visiting the monuments of the Eternal City. He began to write his notes in 1817, and has corrected them at each new voyage.

The author entered Rome for the first time in 1802. Three years previously it had been a republic. The thought of this still troubled all minds, and as a consequence of it our small company was provided with an escort of two observers who did not leave us during our entire sojourn. When we would go outside of Rome, for example, to the Villa Madame or to St. Paul's beyond the Walls, we would have a bottle of wine served to them, and they would smile to us. They came and kissed our hand the day of our departure.

Shall I be accused of *egotism* for having reported this small circumstance? Presented in an academic or grave style, it would have filled a whole page. Let this be the author's excuse for his bluntness and for his *egotism.*

He saw Rome again in 1811; there were no more priests in the streets, and the Civil Code ruled; it was no longer Rome. In 1816, 1817 and 1823, the amiable Cardinal Consalvi was seeking to please everyone, even foreigners. Everything had changed in 1828. The Roman who stopped to have a drink in a tavern was obliged to drink standing, for fear of being beaten on a *cavalletto.*

Signor Tambroni, Signor Izimbardi, Signor degli Antonj, Count Paradisi, and several other illustrious Italians whom I would name if they were dead, could with all sorts of advantages in their favor have written this book that I, a poor foreigner, am undertaking. Errors there will surely be, but never the intention to deceive, to flatter, to belittle. I shall tell the truth. In our day and age, this is no small commitment, even in connection with columns and statues.

What made me resolve to publish this book is that often, finding myself in Rome, I have wished that such a book existed. Every article is the result of an excursion, and it was written on the spot or in the evening upon my return.

All the anecdotes contained in this volume are true, or at least the author believes them to be so.

I. AUGUST-DECEMBER, 1827

MONTEROSI (TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM ROME), AUGUST 3, 1827 / The persons with whom I am going to Rome say that Saint Petersburg must be seen in the month of January and Italy in summer. Winter is everywhere like old age. It may abound in precautions and resources against ill, but it remains an ill; and he who has seen the land of sensual delight only in winter will always have a quite imperfect notion of it.

From Paris, traversing the ugliest country in the world which simpletons call "France the beautiful," we came to Basel, from Basel to the Simplon. A hundred times we wished that the inhabitants of Switzerland spoke Arabic. Their exclusive love of *gleaming coin* and of the service of France, where people are well paid, spoiled their country for us. What can one say of Lake Maggiore, of the Borromean Islands, of the Lake Como, except to pity people who do not go mad over them?

We passed rapidly through Milan, Parma, Bologna; in six hours one may perceive the beauties of these towns. Here my duties as a guide began. Two days sufficed for Florence, three hours for Lake Trasimene, on which we went boating, and here we are now at last eight leagues from Rome, twenty-two days after having left Paris; we could have made this journey in twelve or fifteen. The Italian post has served us very well; we traveled comfortably with a landau and a barouche, seven masters and one servant. Two other servants are coming by the Milan-to-Rome coach.

The ladies with whom I am traveling plan to spend one year in Rome; it will be our headquarters, as it were. Thence, by excursions, we shall see Naples, and all Italy beyond Florence and the Apennines. We are in sufficient number to constitute a small company for the evenings, which are the difficult part of the day when one travels. We shall, moreover, seek to be admitted to Roman salons.

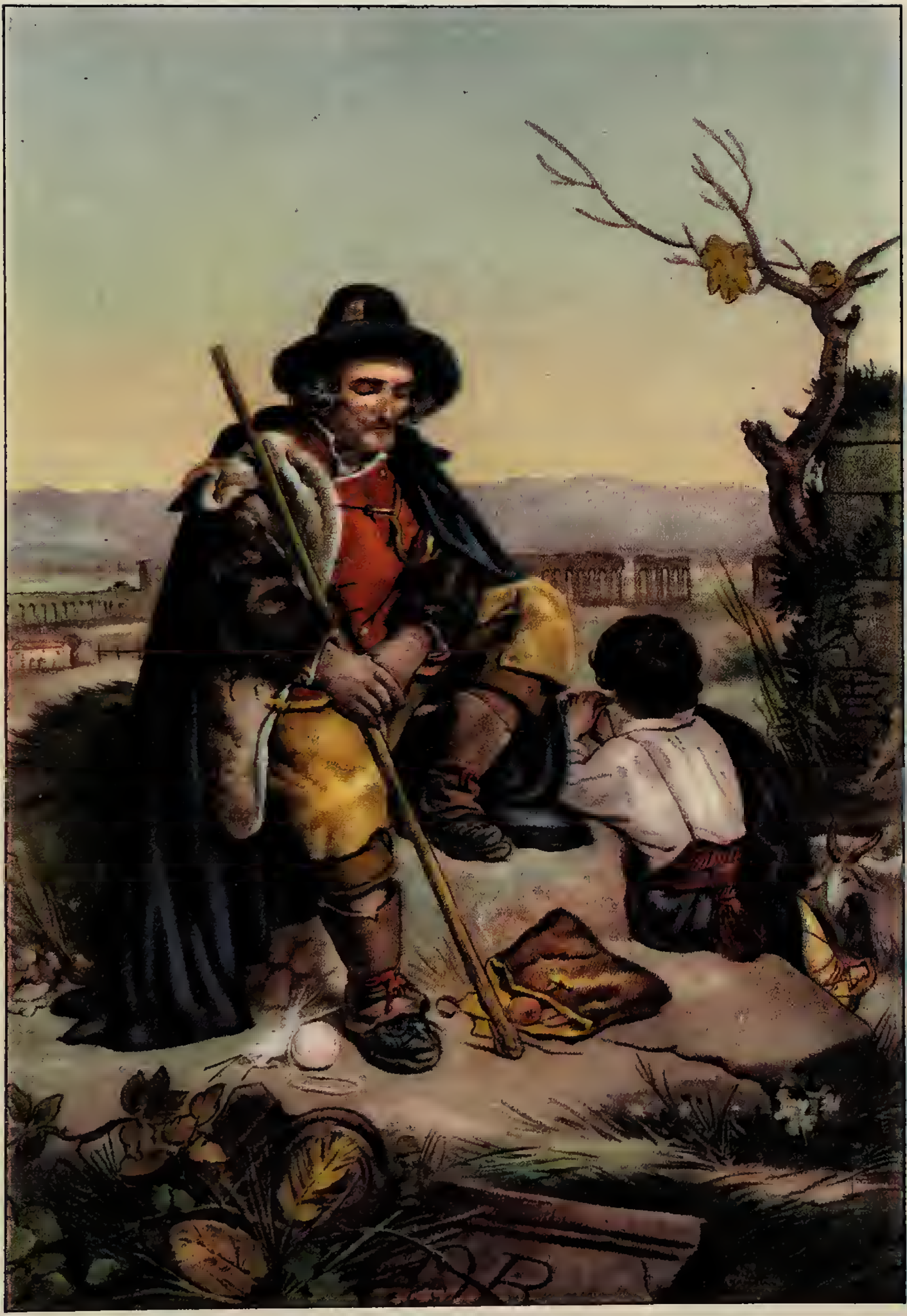
Here we hope to find Italian ways and customs, which the imitation of Paris has somewhat altered in Milan and even in Florence. We are eager to know the social habits by means of which the inhabitants of Rome and Naples seek everyday happiness. Our Paris society is no doubt better; but we are traveling in order to see new things, not barbarian tribes, like the fearless adventurer who penetrates the mountain fastnesses of Tibet or who alights upon the shores of the South Sea isles. We seek more subtle shades; we wish to see manners of acting closer to our perfected civilization. How, for example, does a cultivated man with an income of a hundred thousand francs a year live in Rome or in Naples? How does a young couple having only one quarter of this sum to spend occupy its evenings?

In order to acquit myself with a little dignity of my duties as cicerone, I point out things that are curious; but I have very purposely reserved for myself the right not to express my opinion. It is only at the end of our sojourn that I shall propose to my friends to view somewhat seriously certain art objects the merits of which are difficult to perceive when one has spent one's life amid the pretty houses of the rue des Mathurins and colored lithographs. I hazard, not without trembling, the first of my blasphemies: it is the paintings one sees in Paris that prevent one from admiring the frescoes of Rome. I here write down little observations that are wholly personal, and not the ideas of the amiable persons with whom I have the good fortune to be traveling.

The sovereign of this country enjoys the most absolute political power, and at the same time he directs his subjects in the most important matter of their lives, that of salvation.

This sovereign was not a prince in his youth. During the first fifty years of his life, he paid court to personages more powerful than himself. In general, he enters upon affairs only at a time when these are relinquished elsewhere, about the age of seventy.

A pope's courtier has always the hope of replacing his master, a circumstance that is not observed in other courts. A courtier, in Rome, does not only seek to please the pope, as a German chamberlain aims to please his prince, he desires further to obtain his benediction. By an indulgence in *articulo mortis,* the sovereign of Rome may ensure the eternal happiness of his chamberlain; this is not a joke. The Romans of the nineteenth century are not unbelievers as we are; they may have



VIEUX BERGER D'ITALIE.

3. SHEPHERD OF THE ROMAN COUNTRYSIDE
Lithograph by C. Motte

doubts on religion in their youth; but one would find very few deists in Rome. There were many before Luther, and even atheists. Since that great man the popes, having grown afraid, have kept a close watch over education. The people of the countryside have become so imbued with Catholicism that in their eyes nothing occurs in nature without a miracle.

Hail is invariably meant to punish a neighbor who has neglected to bedeck with flowers the cross that stands at the corner of his field. A flood is a warning from above, intended to bring a whole countryside back on the right path. Should a young girl die of fever in the middle of August, it is a chastisement for her love affairs. The curate is careful to say so to each of his parishioners.

This deep superstition of the country-people is communicated to the upper classes through nurses, maids, servants of every kind. A young Roman *marchesino* of sixteen is the most timid of men, and dares to speak only to the servants of the house; he is much more of a fool than his neighbor the shoemaker or the print-dealer.

The people of Rome, who have been witness to all the absurdities of the cardinals and other great lords of the papal court, have a much more enlightened piety. Every kind of *affectation* is promptly lampooned in a satiric sonnet.

The pope thus exercises two quite different powers. As priest he can ensure eternal bliss to the man whom he puts to death as king. The fear that Luther struck in the hearts of the popes in the sixteenth century was so great that if the States of the Church formed an island separated from any continent, we should see its people reduced to the state of moral vassalage of which ancient Egypt and Etruria have left a memory, and which can be observed nowadays in Austria. The wars of the eighteenth century have prevented the degradation of the Italian peasant.

By a happy chance, the popes who have reigned since 1700 have been men of merit. No state of Europe can present a comparable list for these 129 years. One cannot too highly praise the good intentions, the moderation, the reason and even the talents that have appeared upon the throne during this period.

The pope has but one minister, *il segretario di stato,* who almost always enjoys the authority of a prime minister. During the 129 years that have just elapsed, one single *segretario di stato* was decidedly bad, Cardinal Coscia, under Benedict XIII, and he spent nine years in prison in the Castel Sant'Angelo.

One must never expect heroism from a government. Above all things Rome fears free inquiry, which may lead to Protestantism. Hence the art of thinking has always been discouraged here and, when necessary, presecuted. Since 1700 Rome has produced several good antiquarians. The most recent, Quirino Visconti, is known throughout Europe and deserves his fame. To my mind he is unique. Two great poets have appeared in this country: Metastasio, to whom we do not do justice in France, and in our own days Vincenzo Monti (the author of the *Basilliana*), who died in Milan in October, 1828. Their works well portray their centuries. They were both very pious.

The career of ambition is not open to laymen. Rome has princes, but their names are not to be found in the country's royal almanac (Cracas' *Notizie*); or, if they do slip in, it is for some unremunerated benevolent office without power. If representative government did not bring the inquiring spirit and freedom of the press in its wake, some cultivated pope, like Ganganelli or Lambertini, would give his peoples a single chamber responsible for voting the budget.

Talents would then be needed to be *tesoriere,* which is the name of the minister of finance. This chamber might be composed of ten deputies from the towns, twenty Roman princes and all the cardinals. These gentlemen were formerly the pope's counselors.

A civil war, and a bitter one, may be feared here, as soon as the nineteen million Italians see Austria, which is their bugbear, involved in some long-term war; then the two parties will turn their eyes toward the king of France.

Rome is a despotic state. But offices are for life, and no one is dismissed. Under Leo XII, Carbonarism and Herr von Metternich have changed everything. Terror reigns in Ravenna and in Forlì. The most distinguished men are in prison or in flight. Florence is the oasis where all the poor persecuted of Italy seek asylum. Those who have absolutely no money at all go to live in Corsica.

There are two ways of seeing Rome: one can observe everything that is curious in a district, and then pass on to another.

Or else run every morning after the kind of beauty to which one feels responsive on waking up. We shall take the latter course. Like true philosophers, each day we shall do what seems to us most agreeable that day; *quam minimum credula postero.*

ROME, AUGUST 3, 1827 / It is the sixth time that I enter the Eternal

City, and yet my heart is deeply stirred. It is an immemorial custom among affected people to be moved upon arriving in Rome, and I am almost ashamed of what I have just written.

AUGUST 9 / Our plan being to spend several months here, we have wasted a few days running, like children, wherever our curiosity dictated. My first visit, on arriving, was to the Colosseum, my friends went to St. Peter's; the following day we looked hurriedly over the museum and Raphael's *Stanze* (or rooms) of the Vatican. Frightened by the number of famous names on the things that we saw, we fled from the Vatican. The pleasure that it held out to us was too serious. Today, in order to see the city of Rome and Tasso's tomb, we went up to Sant'Onofrio—a magnificent view. From there we perceived at the other end of Rome the palace of Monte Cavallo, whither we repaired. The great names of Santa Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni in Laterano attracted us next. Yesterday, a rainy day, we saw the Borghese galleries, the Doria and the statues of the Capitol. Despite the extreme heat we are constantly on the move, we are famished, as it were, to see everything, and every night we return to our quarters horribly tired.

AUGUST 10 / Having set out this morning to see a famous monument, we were stopped on the way by a beautiful ruin, and next by the sight of a pretty palace which we entered. We ended by roaming about almost at random. We reveled in the good fortune of being in Rome in complete freedom, and *without thinking of the duty* of seeing.

The heat is extreme. We take a carriage early in the morning. Around ten o'clock we seek refuge in some church, where we find coolness and shade. As we sit in silence on some wooden bench with a back, our heads tipped back and resting against its surface, our souls seem to become released from all their earthly bonds, as if to see the *beautiful* face to face. Today we took refuge in Sant'Andrea della Valle, opposite the frescoes of Domenichino; yesterday it was Santa Prassede.

AUGUST 12 / This first madness has somewhat abated. We feel the desire to see the monuments in thorough fashion. This is how they will now give us the most pleasure. Tomorrow morning we are going to the Colosseum, and shall leave it only after having examined everything that should be seen.

AUGUST 13 / On August 3 we traversed these desert countrysides, and this immense solitude that extends around Rome to a distance of several leagues. The aspect of the country is magnificent; it is not a flat plain; the vegetation is vigorous. Most views are dominated by some remnant of an aqueduct or some tomb in ruins that impress upon this Roman countryside a character of grandeur that nothing can equal. The beauties of art double the effect of the beauties of nature and prevent satiety, which is the great defect of the pleasure of seeing landscapes. Often, in Switzerland, a moment after the liveliest admiration, one may be overcome by boredom. Here the soul is challenged by that great people which today is no more. At times one is appalled, as it were, by its power, one sees it ravage the earth; at other times one feels pity for its misfortunes and its long decadence. During this revery the horses have covered a quarter of a league; we have circumscribed one of the folds in the terrain; the aspect of the countryside has changed, and the soul returns to the contemplation of the most sublime landscapes that Italy offers. *Salve magna parens rerum.*

On August 3 we had not the leisure to deliver ourselves to these sentiments, we were troubled by the dome of St. Peter's that rose on the horizon; we were fearful of not reaching Rome before nightfall. I spoke to the postillions, poor devils who were feverish, yellow and half dead; the sight of a crown brought them out of their torpor. At last, as the sun was setting behind St. Peter's dome, they stopped in the Via Condotti, and suggested to us that we stop at Franz's, by the Piazza di Spagna. My friends took a lodging on this square. This is where all foreigners roost.

The sight of so many bored oafs would have spoiled Rome for me. I looked for a window from which one could overlook the city. I was at the foot of Monte Pincio; I climbed up the immense stairway of the Trinità dei Monti, which Louis XVIII has just magnificently restored, and I took a lodging in the house formerly inhabited by Salvator Rosa, on the Via Gregoriana. From the table on which I am writing I can see three-fourths of Rome; and across from me, at the other end of town, the cupola of St. Peter's rises majestically. In the evening, I perceive the setting sun through the windows of St. Peter's, and a half-hour later the admirable dome is outlined against the exquisitely pure glow of an orange-hued twilight surmounted high up in the sky by some star that is just appearing.

Nothing on earth can be compared to this. The soul is moved and elevated, a calm felicity fills it to overflowing. But it seems to me that in order to be equal to these sensations one must have loved and known Rome for a long time. A young man who has never encountered unhappiness would not understand them.

On the evening of August 3 I was so troubled that I was unable to bargain, and I am paying much more for my two rooms an the Via Gregoriana than they are worth. But at such a moment how can one give one's attention to such trivial concerns? The sun was about to set, and I had only a few moments; I hastened to conclude, and an open barouche (these are the cabs of the country) drove me rapidly to the Colosseum. It is the most beautiful of ruins; there breathes all the majesty of ancient Rome. Memories of Titus Livius filled my soul; I saw before me Fabius Maximus, Publicola, Menenius Agrippa. There are other churches besides St. Peter's: I have seen St. Paul's of London, the cathedral of Strasburg, the Duomo of Milan, Santa Justinia of Padua. Never have I encountered anything comparable to the Colosseum.

AUGUST 15 / My host has put flowers in front of a small bust of Napoleon that is in my room. My friends are definitely keeping their lodgings on the Piazza di Spagna, beside the stairway that leads up to the Trinità dei Monti.

Imagine two well-bred travelers touring the world together; each of them goes out of his way to sacrifice his little everyday plans to the other; at the end of the voyage the result will be that they have constantly been in each other's way.

If there are several of you, and you want to see a town, you can agree on a morning hour, to set out together. You wait for no one; you assume that the absent have reasons for spending this morning to themselves.

During the tour it is agreed that he who puts a pin on the collar of his coat becomes invisible; no one speaks to him from that moment. Finally, each of us may, without failing in politeness, make solitary trips in Italy, and even return to France. That is our charter, written and *signed* this morning in the Colosseum, on the third story of the porticos, on the wooden seat placed there by an Englishman. By means of this charter we hope to be as fond of one another upon our return from Italy as we were on coming there.

One of my companions has a great deal of wisdom, goodness, tolerance and gentle gayety; this is the *German character*. He has in addition a firm and profound mind that nothing dazzles; but sometimes he will forget for a whole month to use this superior mind. In everyday life he is like a child. We call him Frederick. He is forty-six years old.

Paul is only thirty. He is a very handsome man, and of infinite wit, who loves sallies, the clash of views, the rapid rattle of conversation. I believe that in his opinion the best book in the world is Beaumarchais' *Memoirs*. It is impossible to be more amusing and kind. The greatest misfortunes glide over him without causing him to frown. He thinks no more about the year to come than about the one that passed a century ago. He wants to become acquainted with these fine arts *about which he has heard so much*. But I suppose that he feels them as Voltaire does.

I do not know if I shall mention Paul and Frederick by name again in the course of these notes. They have had them in their possession for over a month. I do not know whether they have read them through to the end, but they found their portraits to be faithful. There are two other travelers of a rather serious turn of mind, and three women, one of whom understands Mozart's music. I am quite sure that she will like Correggio. Raphael and Mozart resemble each other in this: every figure of Raphael, like every air of Mozart, is at the same time dramatic and agreeable. A personage drawn by Raphael has so much grace and beauty that one finds a vivid pleasure in looking at him individually, and yet he admirably serves the drama. It is a stone in a vault, which you cannot remove without impairing the solidity.

I should say this to travelers: On arriving in Rome, do not let yourself be poisoned by any opinion; do not buy any book. The time of curiosity and of science will only too soon replace that of emotions; take lodgings in the Via Gregoriana or, at least, on the third story of some house on the Piazza Venezia, at the end of the Corso; flee from the sight, and even more the contact, of the curious.

ROME, AUGUST 16 / The Colosseum can be seen from three or four wholly different points of view. The finest perhaps is that which is offered to the spectator when he is in the arena where the gladiators fought, and he sees those immense ruins rise all about him. What impresses me most about it is that pure blue sky that one perceives through the upper openings of the building toward the north.

It is best to be alone in the Colosseum. Often you are annoyed by the pious murmurs of the devout who, in flocks of fifteen or twenty, make the stations of the cross, or by a Capucin friar who, since Benedict

XIV, who restored this edifice, comes and preaches here on Fridays. Every day, except at the time of the siesta or on Sunday, you run into masons assisted by convicts; for there is always some corner of crumbling ruins to be repaired. But this odd sight, in the long run, does not impair the mood of revery.

One climbs to the passageways of the upper stories by stairs that are in a fair state of repair. But if you are without a guide (and in Rome any cicerone is bound to spoil your pleasure) you run the risk of passing over vaults worn thin by rain, that may collapse. On reaching the highest story of the ruins, still on the north side, you view, across from where you are standing, behind tall trees and almost at the same height, San Pietro in Vincoli, a church famous for the tomb of Julius II and Michelangelo's *Moses.*

To the south you look over the ruins of the amphitheatre which, on that side, are much lower and your eye comes to rest, in the distant plain, on the sublime basilica of St. Paul's, that burned on the night of July 15 to 16, 1823. It is half hidden by long rows of cypresses. This church was built on the very spot where, after his martyrdom, was buried the man whose words have created that immense river which is still today, under the name of the Christian religion, so much a part of all our affections. The quality of *saint,* which was once the height of honor, today detracts from St. Paul. This man has had a far greater influence on the world than Caesar or Napoleon. Like them, he exposed himself to a probable death for the sake of having the pleasure of commanding. But the danger that he ran was not *beautiful* like that of soldiers.

From the height of the ruins of the Colosseum one lives simultaneously with Vespasian who built it, with St. Paul, with Michelangelo. Vespasian, triumphing over the Jews, once passed on the Via Sacra, near that arch of triumph erected to his son Titus, which, even in our day, the Jew avoids in his course. Here, closer by, is the Arch of Constantine; but it was built by architects who were already barbarians; decadence was beginning for Rome and for the West.

I feel only too keenly that such sensations can be indicated, but cannot be communicated. Elsewhere these memories could be commonplace; for the traveler standing on these ruins, they are immense and full of emotion. These stretches of wall, blackened by time, affect the soul in the same way as the music of Cimarosa, who can make the vulgar words of a libretto sublime and moving. The man with the greatest aptitude for the arts, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, for example, reading in

Paris the most sincere description of the Colosseum, could not help finding the author ridiculous because of his exaggeration, even though the latter might have gone to great pains to scale down his impressions.

In order to give some kind of idea of the remnants of this immense edifice, more beautiful perhaps today when it is falling into ruin than it ever was in it full splendor (then it was but a theatre, today it is the most beautiful vestige of the Roman people), one would have to know the circumstances of the reader's life. A description of the Colosseum can only be attempted through the spoken word—after midnight, for example, at the home of a charming woman, amid pleasant company, when she and the women around her are in a wholly receptive mood. The narrator requires a rather rare kind of attention before he dares give way to his emotions; images crowd in upon him, which the listeners can glimpse with the eyes of the soul. Speaking of which, how alive still is the soul of the greatest people on earth! Against the Romans one can hold the same objections as against Napoleon. They were sometimes criminal, but never has man been greater.

How deceiving it is to speak of what one loves! What is to be gained by it? The pleasure of being stirred for a moment by the reflection of the emotion of others. But a fool, nettled at the fact that you are doing all the talking, may make a quip that will defile your memories. This perhaps explains the modesty of true passion that common souls forget to imitate when they play at passion.

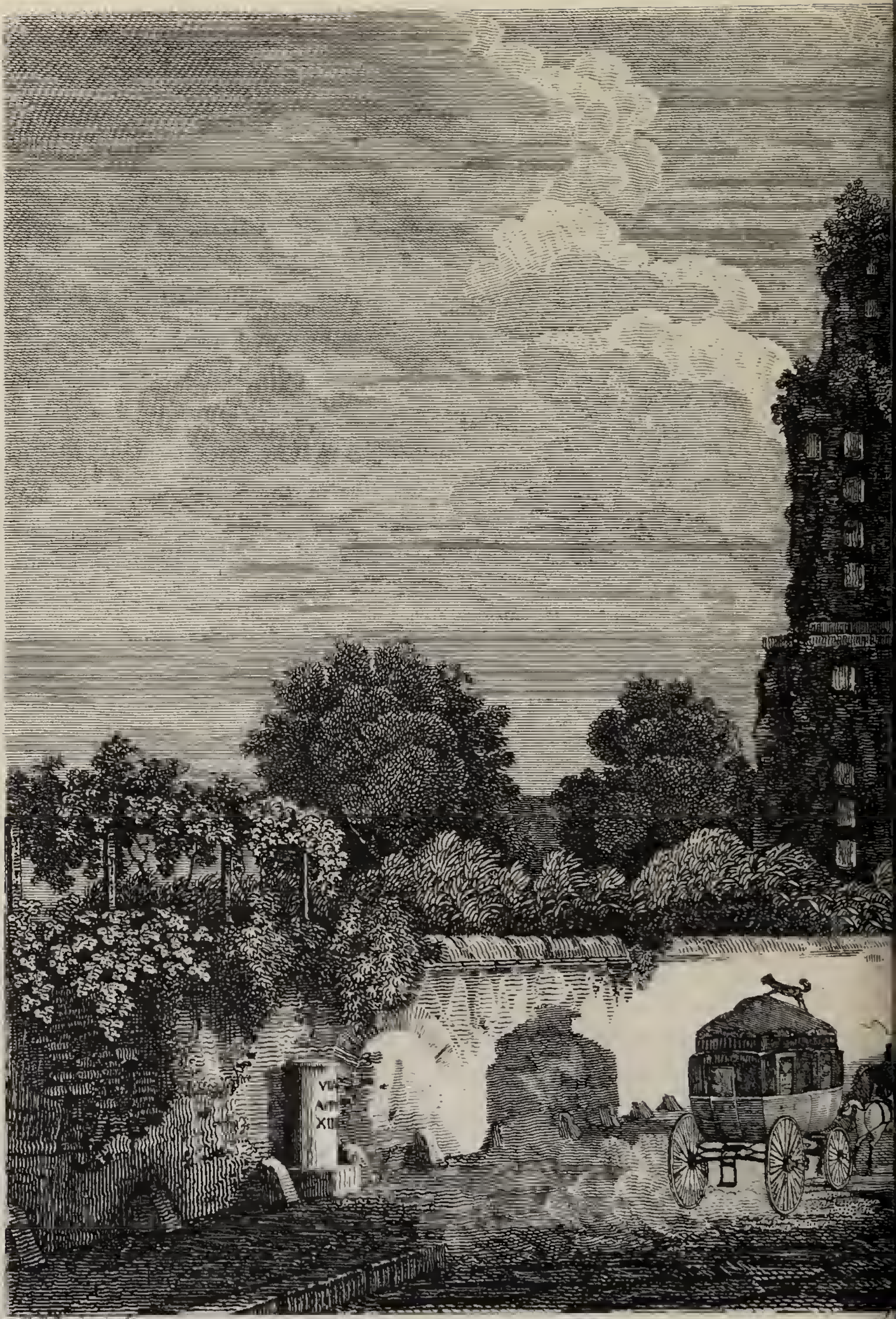
I would ask the reader who has not been to Rome to be good enough to glance at a picture of the Colosseum.

You see an oval theatre, of enormous height, still entire on the exterior on the north side, but ruined toward the south. It could hold 107,000 spectators.

The outer façade describes an immense ellipse; it is decorated by four orders of architecture: the two upper stories are formed of Corinthian half-columns and pilasters; the order of the ground level is Doric, and that of the second story Ionic. The three first orders are defined by columns half sunk in the wall, as on the new theatre on the rue Ventadour.

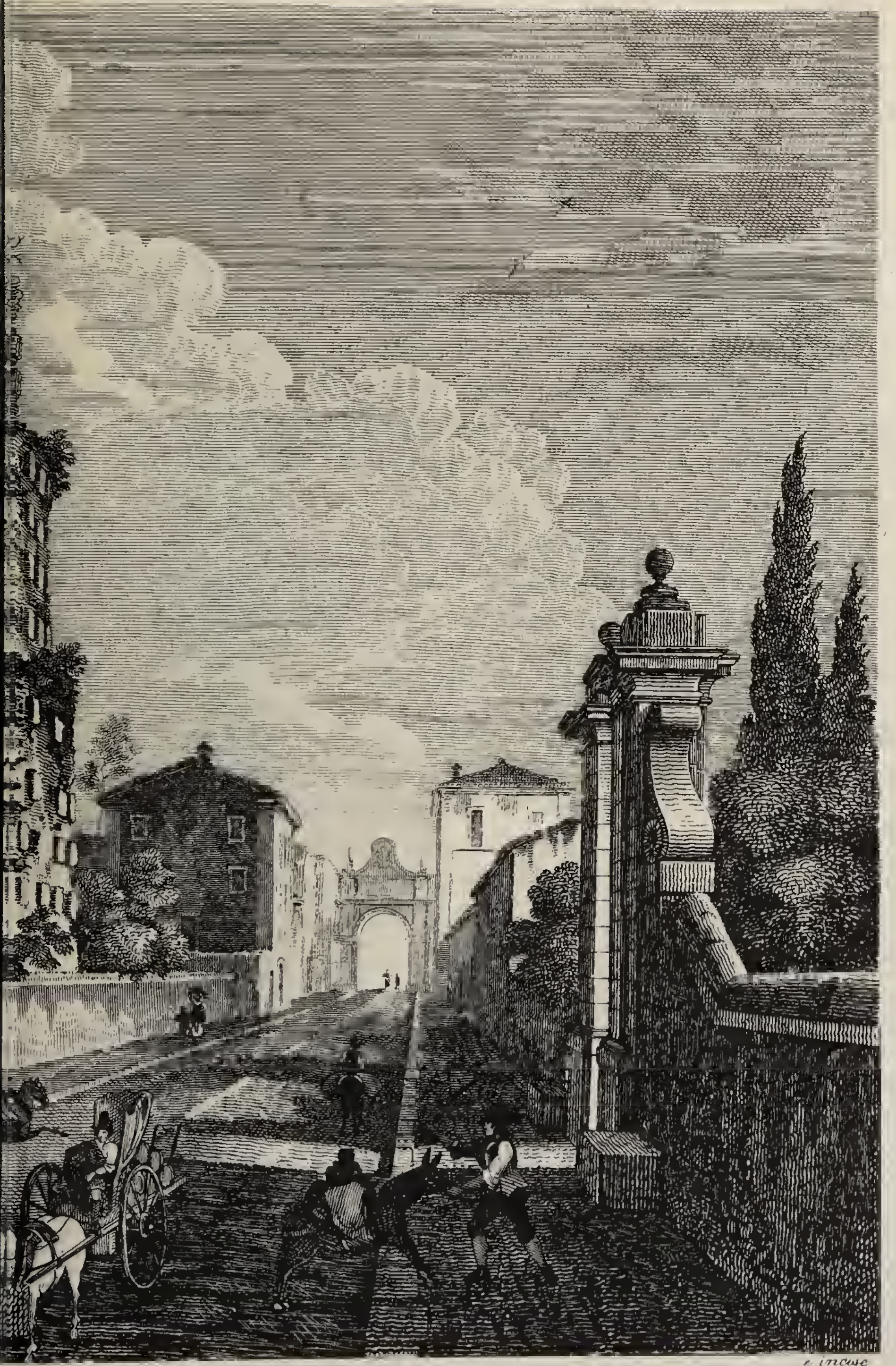
The world has seen nothing so magnificent as this monument; its total height is 157 feet, and its outer circumference 1641 feet. The arena where the gladiators fought is 285 feet in length by 182 in width. On the occasion of the dedication of the Colosseum by Titus, the Roman people had the pleasure of seeing five thousand lions, tigers and other

4. ALBANO
Drawing and engraving by Gaetano Cottafavi



G. Cottafavi dis.

Sepolcro di Pompeo detto di



e incise

io nella via Appia in Albano

wild animals put to death, as well as nearly three thousand gladiators. The games lasted one hundred days.

The emperor Vespasian began this theatre on his return from Judea. He put twelve thousand Jewish war prisoners to work on it; but he could not finish it; this glory was reserved for Titus, his son, who dedicated it in the year 80 after Christ.

Four hundred and forty-six years later, that is to say in the year 526 of our era, Totila's barbarians ruined various parts of it, in order to seize the bronze clamps that held the stones together. All the blocks of the Colosseum are pierced by large holes. I shall admit that I find it impossible to explain several of the labors undertaken by the Barbarians, the object of which is said to have been to dig in the enormous masses that form the Colosseum. After Totila, this edifice became a kind of public quarry where, for ten centuries, the rich Romans fetched the stones to build their houses, which in the Middle Ages were regular fortresses. Still in 1623, the Barberini, nephews of Urban VIII, took from it all the material for their immense palace. Hence the proverb,

Quod non fecerunt Barbari fecere Barberini.[1]

AUGUSE 17, 1827 / Once, toward the end of the Middle Ages (1377), Rome was reduced to a population of thirty thousand inhabitants; yesterday Cardinal Spina even said twelve thousand; now it has a hundred and forty thousand. If the popes had not returned from Avignon, if the Rome of the priests had not been built at the expense of ancient Rome, we should have had many more monuments of the Romans; but the Christian religion would not have made such an intimate alliance with the *beautiful;* we should see today neither St. Peter's nor so many magnificent churches scattered over the earth: St. Paul's of London, Sainte Geneviève, etc. We ourselves, the sons of Christians, would be less responsive to the *beautiful.* As a result of which you may, at the age of six, have heard speak of St. Peter's of Rome with admiration.

The popes fell in love with architecture[2], that eternal art that marries so well with the religion of terror; but thanks to the Roman monuments they did not cling to the Gothic. This was an infidelity to hell. The popes, in their youth, before mounting on the throne, admired the remnants of antiquity. Bramante invented Christian architecture; Nicolas V, Julius II, Leo X, were men worthy of being stirred by the ruins of the Colosseum and by the dome of St. Peter's.

---

[1] What the barbarians did not do, the Barberini have done. Paul II caused the southern side to be torn down.

[2] It is not when the purest virtue occupies the See of St. Peter and when the persons called to the administration of people are remarkable both for piety and talents,

When he was working on this church, Michelangelo, already quite old, was found one winter day, after a heavy snowfall, wandering amid the ruins of the Colosseum. He had come to lift his soul to the pitch required to be able to feel the beauties and the defects of his own design of the dome of St. Peter's. Such is the power of sublime beauty: a theatre gives ideas for a church.

The moment other sightseers come to the Colosseum, the traveler's pleasure is almost entirely eclipsed. Instead of being carried away by sublime and absorbing reveries, in spite of himself he observes the foibles of the newcomers, and it seems to him that they have many. Life is reduced to what it is in a drawing room: in spite of yourself you listen to the banalities they utter. If I had the power, I would be a tyrant, I would have the Colosseum closed during my sojourns in Rome.

AUGUST 18 / The common opinion is that Vespasian caused the Colosseum to be built in the spot where Nero's pools and gardens formerly were; it was approximately the center of the Rome of Caesar and Cicero. The colossal statue of Nero, made of marble and 110 feet tall, was placed near this theatre; whence the name of Colosseo. Others claim that this denomination derives from the astonishing extent and the colossal height of this edifice.

Like ourselves, the Romans had the custom of celebrating the opening of a new house by a feast; a drama, presented with extraordinary pomp, constituted the dedication of a theatre; that of a naumachy was celebrated by a battle of barks; chariot races, and especially combats of gladiators marked the opening of a circus; wild-animal hunts featured the dedication of an amphitheatre. Titus, as we have seen, on the day of the opening of the Colosseum had an enormous number of wild animals brought out, which were all put to death. What sweet delight for the Romans! If we no longer feel this delight, it is to the religion of Jesus Christ that we owe it.

that the philosophically inclined writer feels called upon to protest his respect for the established authorities. Despite their errors, they maintain the *legal order*, and this order is now the first need of the peoples of Europe if they are to attain the degree of well-being that France enjoys in the reign of Charles X. (This note is of 1829.)

The Colosseum is built almost entirely of blocks of travertine, a rather ugly stone full of holes like tufa, of a white color shading into yellow. It is brought from Tivoli. The appearance of all the monuments of Rome would be much more attractive at first glance if the architects had had at their disposal the fine freestone used in Lyon or in Edinburgh, or else the marble of which Pola's circus (Dalmatia) is built.

Ancient numerals can be seen above the Colosseum's arches of Doric order; each of these arcades served as a door. Numerous stairways led to the upper porticos and to the tiers. Thus a hundred thousand spectators could enter the Colosseum and leave it in a few moments.

It is said that Titus had a gallery built that led from his palace on Mount Esquiline and enabled him to come to the Colosseum without appearing in the streets of Rome. It presumably emerged between the two arches marked with the numbers 38 and 39. There one notes an arch that is not numbered.

The architect who built the Colosseum had the daring to be simple. He was careful not to overload it with pretty and trivial little ornamentations, like the ones that spoil the interior of the court of the Louvre. Public taste in Rome was not vitiated by the habit of the feasts and ceremonies of a court like that of Louis XIV. A king having to appeal to *vanity* is obliged to invent distinctions and to *change them often.*

The emperors of Rome had had the simple idea of uniting in their persons all the magistracies invented by the republic in accordance with the needs of the times. They were consuls, tribunes, etc. — Here all is simplicity and solidity; this is why the joints of the immense blocks of travertine that one sees on every side assume an astonishing character of grandeur. The spectator owes this sensation, which is further augmented by memory, to the absence of any small ornamentation; there is nothing to distract the attention from the mass of so magnificent an edifice.

The place where the games and the spectacles were held was called the *arena,* because of the sand that was spread on the ground on days when the games were to take place. It was surrounded by a rather high wall to prevent the lions and tigers from leaping on the spectators. This can still be seen in the wooden theatres in Spain that are built for bullfights. This wall was cut through by openings shut by iron grilles. Through these the gladiators and the wild animals entered, and the corpses were brought out.

The place of honor, among the Romans, was above the wall that surrounded the arena, and was called the *podium;* from here one could enjoy the facial expressions of the dying gladiators, and make out the smallest details of the combat. Here were the seats reserved for the vestals, the emperor and his family, the senators and the chief magistrates.

Behind the *podium* began the tiers intended for the people; these tiers were divided into three orders called *meniana.* The first division comprised twelve tiers, and the second fifteen. They were of marble. The tiers of the third division were built, it is believed, of wood. There was a fire, and this part of the theatre was restored by Heliogabalus and Alexander. Altogether the tiers could hold 87,000 spectators, and it is estimated that 20,000 found standing room in the porticos of the upper part, that were built of wood.

Above the windows of the highest story, holes are to be seen in which it is assumed that the beams of the *velarium* were set. They held the pulleys and ropes by means of which a series of immense strips of canvas were manipulated, which covered the amphitheatre and were intended to protect the spectators from the heat of the sun. As for the rain, I do not quite see how these tents could provide shelter against the driving rains to which Rome is exposed.

One must look to the East, among the ruins of Palmyra, of Balbec or of Petra, for structures comparable to this grandeur; but those temples astonish without pleasing. Vaster than the Colosseum, they never produce the same impression on us. They are built according to other rules of beauty, to which we are not accustomed. The civilizations that have created this beauty have disappeared.

Those great temples erected and hollowed out in India or in Egypt recall only ignoble memories of despotism; they were not destined to give pleasure to generous souls. Ten thousand slaves or a hundred thousand slaves perished of fatigue while engaged in those astonishing tasks.

As we come to know ancient history better, how many kings shall we not find more powerful than Agamemnon, how many warriors as brave as Achilles! But these new names will be without emotions for us. One reads the curious *Memoirs* of Bober, emperor of the East in about 1340. After pondering on them a moment, one thinks of other things.

The Colosseum is sublime for us, because it is a living vestige of those Romans whose history has filled our whole childhood. The soul finds relationships between the greatness of their undertakings and that of this edifice. What place on earth ever saw at one time so great a multitude and such pomp? The emperor of the world (and this man was Titus!) was received here with cries of joy by a hundred thousand spectators; and now, what silence!

When the emperors attempted to fight the new religion preached by St. Paul, which announced equality before God to the slaves and to the poor, they sent many Christians to the Colosseum to suffer martyrdom. This edifice was therefore in great veneration in the Middle Ages; this is why it was not totally destroyed. Benedict XIV, in order to curb the great lords who for centuries had helped themselves to stones from here as from a quarry, built fourteen small oratories around the arena, each of which contains a fresco expressing a feature of the Passion of the Savior. At the eastern end, in a corner of the ruins, a chapel has been set up where mass is said; beside it, a locked door indicates the entrance to the wooden stairway by which one climbs to the upper stories.

On leaving the Colosseum by the eastern door, in the direction of San Giovanni in Laterano, one finds a small guard of four men and the immense flying buttress of brick put up by Pius VII to support this outer portion of the façade that is ready to crumble.

I shall speak later, when the reader has developed a taste for things of this kind, of the conjectures that have been put forward by the experts in connection with the constructions found below the present level of the arena of the Colosseum, at the time of the excavations executed on the orders of Napoleon (1810 to 1814).

I invite the reader beforehand to believe in this line only what seems to him to be proved, as this will affect his enjoyment; it is hard to imagine the presumption of Roman guides.

ROME, AUGUST 17 / What happy mornings I have spent at the Colosseum, lost in some corner of those immense ruins! From the upper stories one can look down on the arena and see the pope's convicts working while they sing. The sound of their chains mingles with the song of the birds; peaceful denizens of the Colosseum. They fly off by the hundreds when you approach the brush that covers the highest seats where the lordly Romans once sat. This soothing twittering of the birds that reverberates faintly in the vast edifice, and from time to time the deep silence that follows it, undoubtedly help the imagination in its flight through the centuries back to ancient times. One accedes to the most vivid delights that memory can procure.

This revery, which I extol to the reader, and which may seem ridiculous to him, is what La Fontaine calls "the somber pleasures of a melancholy heart." [1]

In truth this is the only great pleasure that one finds in Rome. It is impossible for youth in its first flush, so full of mad hopes, to feel it. If the reader, more fortunate than the schoolchildren at the end of the last century, has not learned Latin painfully during his first childhood, his soul will perhaps be less engrossed with the Romans and what they have accomplished on earth. For us, who for years translated selections from Titus Livius and Florus, the memory of them precedes all experience. Florus and Titus Livius have told us of famous battles—and what ideas does one not have of a battle at the age of eight! That is when the imagination is fantastic, and the pictures it draws are immense. No cold experience intervenes to gnaw at their edges.

Since my first childhood imaginings, I have found a sensation, comparable by its immensity and its tenacity, triumphing over all other memories, only in the poems of Lord Byron. As I told him this one day in Venice, quoting *The Giaour,* he replied, "That is why it is full of dotted lines. The moment the experience of the age of reason can attack one of my images, I abandon it, I don't want the reader to find the same sensations in my work as at the Stock Exchange. But you French are light, you owe to this disposition, which is the mother of your defects and of your virtues, the ability to recapture, from time to time, the facile happiness of childhood. In England the hideous necessity of work appears on every hand. The moment he enters life the young man, instead of reading the poets or listening to the music of Mozart, hears the voice of sad experience that cries to him, *Work eighteen hours a day, or after-tomorrow you will die of hunger in the street*! The images of the Giaour must therefore be able to brave the experience and the memory of the realities of life. While he reads, the reader lives in another universe; this is the happiness of unhappy peoples. But you French, you are blithe as children—I marvel that you are responsive to this kind of merit. Do you really find beauty in anything that is not *fashionable*? My verses are fashionable among you, and you will find them ridiculous in twenty years. I will suffer the same fate as the abbé Delille."

I do not claim that these were the precise words of the great poet who spoke to me while his gondola was taking him from the Piazetta to the Lido.

---

[1] "Jusqu'aux sombres plaisirs d'un coeur mélancolique" — *Les amours de Psyché.*

I remember that I was bold enough to lecture him: "How can a man as lovable as you are *buy* love?"

This Roman revery, which seems so sweet to us and makes us forget all the interests of active life, is to be found equally in the Colosseum or in St. Peter's, depending on how our souls are disposed. As for myself, when I am immersed in it, if I were told that I am king of the earth there are days when I would not deign to get up to go and enjoy the throne; I would put it off to some other time.

AUGUST 19 / Paul, the most likable of our fellow-travelers, cannot bear the Colosseum. He claims that these ruins bore him or make him ill.

I shall not weary the reader, who already has so many things to see, by forcing him to read the names of a host of second-rate artists. I shall name only what rises above the quality of *workmanship*. The curious who want to know the names of the vast number of mannered statues and ridiculous paintings that fill the churches of Rome will find them in Fea's or Vasi's itinerary. These gentlemen's purpose differed from mine; moreover, they were afraid of giving offense.

Nor shall I name art objects that are too insignificant; in Turin, in Naples, in Venice, in Milan one would see them with pleasure; but in a city rich with all the ruins of antiquity and so many monuments erected by the popes, their names are a useless weight to attention, which it is easy to put to better purpose.

Bandello, who was made Bishop of Agen by Henri II (1550), is an excellent romancer who, I know not why, does not enjoy the reputation he deserves; he left nine volumes of charming tales, a bit too gay perhaps, in which one sees *as in a mirror* the manners of the fifteenth century. Bandello happened to be in Rome in 1504. He invents nothing, his *novelle* are based on true facts. In them one sees what Rome was like in the time of Raphael and of Michelangelo. There was a good deal more of magnificence, of wit and of gayety in the court of the popes than in the court of any king in Europe. The least barbarous was that of François I, where, however, many evidences of grossness were still to be found. The sword kills wit.

Every variety of merit, even that which is based on the art of thinking and of discovering truth in difficult matters, was then welcome in Rome. There all pleasures were to be found. A politeness that was reputed perfect did not impair the originality of minds. I advise the traveler to read some of Bandello's tales, chosen among those that have their setting in Rome; it will cure him of prejudices that he may have picked up from Roscoe, Sismondi, Botta and other modern historians.

As for myself, I have sought to indicate the greatest possible number of facts. I would rather the reader should come upon a sentence lacking in elegance, if it give him an additional small idea concerning a monument. Often, instead of an expression that is more general, and thereby less dangerous for the author, I have used the *appropriate word.* Nothing is more shocking to nineteenth century fine usage. But I cling to the appropriate word, because it leaves a distinct memory.

AUGUST 20 / If the foreigner who enters St. Peter's attempts to see everything he will develop a furious headache, and presently satiety and pain will render him incapable of any pleasure. Allow yourself only a few moments to indulge in the admiration inspired by a monument so great, so beautiful, so well kept, in a word the most beautiful church in the world's most beautiful region.

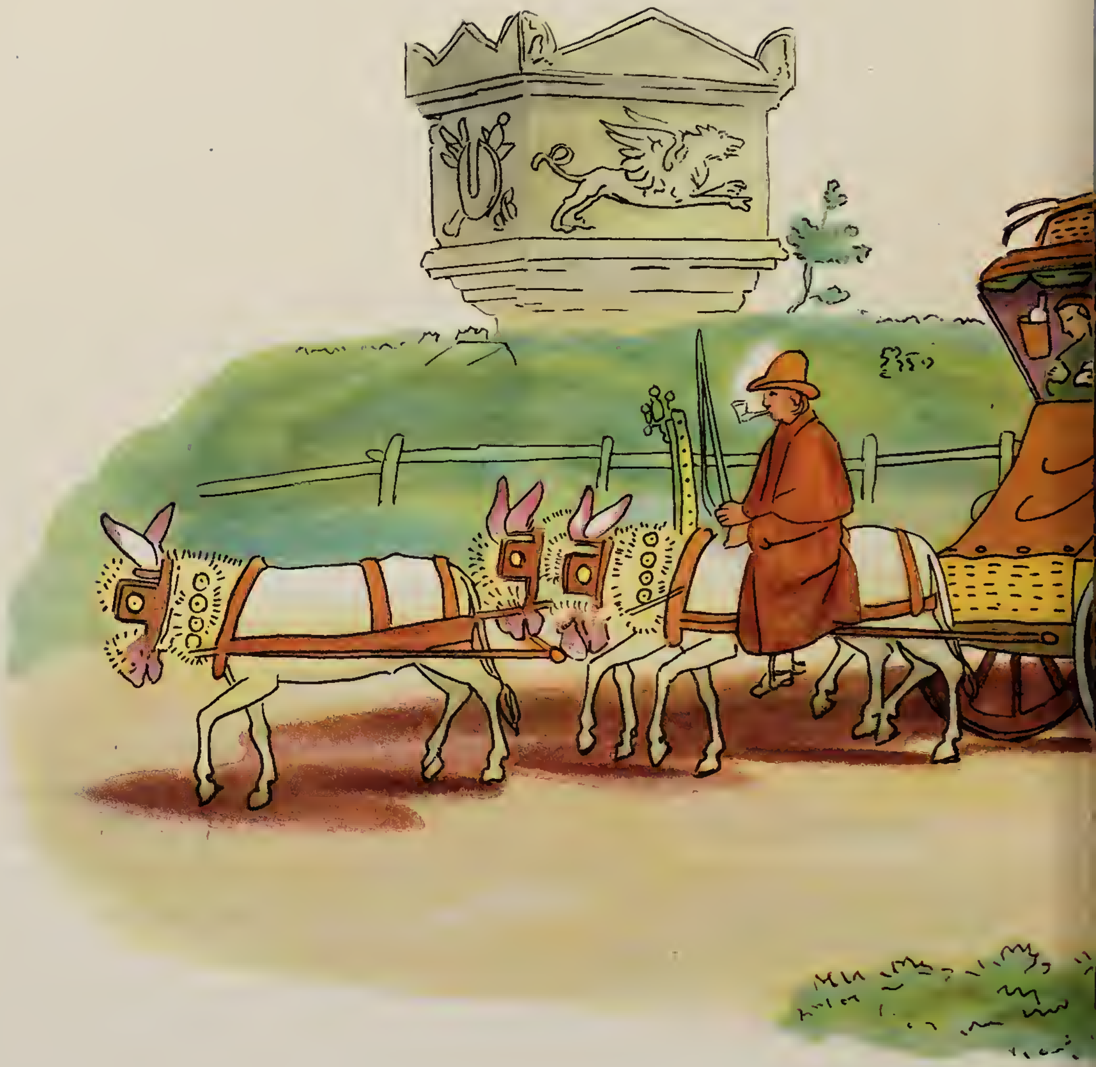
On leaving St. Peter's, observe the architecture of the outer wall of the church, at sunset, behind the sacristy. After which, change over to an absolutely different object, go to the Borghese gardens or to the Villa Lante. If you do not follow this method you will tire yourself excessively and experience disgust more readily than admiration. This is the only sentiment that the traveler has to beware of here.

The sightseer who does not fear this is like those people who say they are never bored. Heaven has not sold to them, at the price of a few moments of discomfort, that passionate sensibility without which one is unworthy of seeing Italy.

Society, and a society agitated by petty interests and petty gossip, is very necessary to counteract this disgust with admiring. This morning, weary of the sublime, after having seen St. Peter's, Frederick and I were overcome with a spell of lethargic sleep while our Montecitorio barouche conveyed us to the Barberini Palace. We were going there to see the portrait of the young Beatrice Cenci, Guido's masterpiece: (It is hung in Prince Barberini's study).

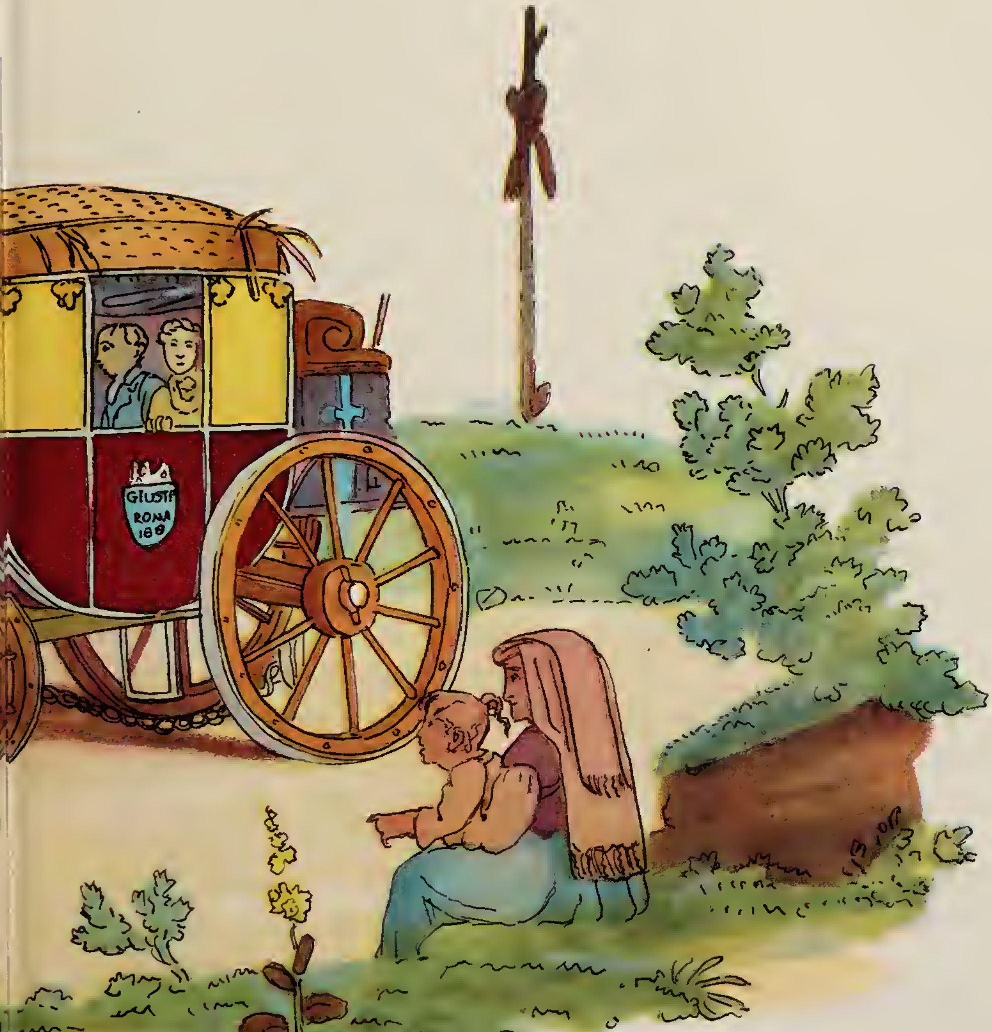
We again saw with real pleasure the fine antique lion in semi-relief on the stairway. Can this lion be compared to Canova's lions on the tomb of Clement XIII? This difficult question would have given us a headache. We confined ourselves to the easy pleasures that one experiences before paintings. I particularly noticed the portrait of a Duke of Urbino, by Barroccio, whose paintings look like pastels, who was poisoned

5. GOING TO ROME BY COACH
Lithograph by Bridgens



GOING TO R

London. Pub Nov


GIUSTA
ROMA
180

Y VETURINO.

n Cradock & Joy.

in his early youth and who, constantly ailing, lived to be quite an old man. We enjoyed a head of a woman, by Leonardo da Vinci. My reason forced me to admire the famous painting of the *Death of Germanicus,* by Poussin. The dying hero begs his friends to avenge his death and to protect his children. The two portraits of Fornarina, by Raphael and Giulio Romano, are a striking example of the manner in which the character of a painter changes the same style.

The immense children by Pietro da Cortona carried us into another century, which was for the fine arts what the century of Delille and of the Marmontels was for French literature.

From here we went to see the studio of Signor Tenerani; there is talent, even originality, here. *Utinam fuisset vis*! We dined at Lepri's, next to some young artists full of liveliness and wit. In the evening a big reception given by ambassador ....; eight or ten cardinals, an equal number of remarkable women, or so they appeared to me. Witty, subtle remarks by Cardinal Spina. When one reflects upon it, one discovers in the repartee of this *porporato* the depth of the genius of Mirabeau. Cardinal de Gregorio has more verve than our most polished gentlemen and as much wit; he is the son of Charles III, that singular man who has done everything in Spain.

In Rome, clever people have *brio,* which I have observed only once in a man born in Paris. One sees that the superior men of this country despise affectation. They could well say, *"I am like myself: so much the better for you."* The good Cardinal Hoefelin, despite his ninety-two years, is constantly in society, busy, like Fontenelle, addressing subtle remarks to young women. I like the firm and lively character of Cardinal Cavalchini, the former governor of Rome.

The conversation of these determined men is always singular, provided that they have received sufficient education to enable them to express their ideas. The costume of the cardinals very much resembles that of Bartolo in Rossini's *Barber*—a black habit with red braids and red stockings. They speak a great deal of Rossini, and they always talk to the prettiest women, mesdames Dodwell, Sorlofra, Martinetti, Bonacorsi. Signora Dodwell is a young Roman woman of French family, the Girauds; her charming head offers the perfection of Italian *prettiness.* Giacomo della Porta copied beauty from such heads as that of the Princess Bonacorsi, for whom people blow out their brains. Duchess Lante, who was the prettiest woman of her time, reminds one today, by the graces of her wit, of those famous women of the eighteenth century in whose salons Montesquieu, Voltaire and Fontenelle liked to foregather.

M. de Laval is the perfect gentleman: gay, of good taste, he represents his nation as it once was. Mr. d'Italinski, the Russian envoy, is a philosopher of the school of the great Frederick; a great deal of wit and knowledge, even more simplicity; he is a sage, like J.-J. Rousseau's Milord Maréchal. He has been given legation secretaries who see everything that is going on in Italy and whose brilliant wit recalls the manner of the most accomplished gentlemen in the century of Louis XV.

I shall never in my life forget the happy moments that I owe to the lively and colorful wit of Count K. . . ; but alas, I am afraid of injuring people by naming them in a book lacking in *gravity,* which goes its straight way, without bowing before any prejudice, whether it be on the *left* or on the *right.*

No one is more pleasant to meet than Mr. de Funchal, the ambassador of Portugal. His is an original wit that dispels boredom even in a diplomatic drawing room (where one cannot speak of any of the things that are the usual subjects of conversation). For that matter, nothing is less diplomatic than the evenings of ambassadors in Rome: except in the group in which the ambassador happens to be, one discusses the news as one would at Cracas's.

Where in Europe is to be found a gathering comparable to the one of which I have just named some of the actors? Every evening one meets the same persons in a different salon.

The ices are excellent; the walls adorned with eight or ten paintings by great masters. The *brio* of the conversation disposes one to enjoy their merit. In order to be polite toward the sovereign one utters, on occasion, a few words in favor of God.

Since the struggle that has arisen between the aristocracy of birth and that of money, I know no salons in Europe preferable to those of Rome; it is impossible for a hundred people taken at random and brought together to give one another more pleasure; is this not the perfection of society?

In France we are moving toward liberty; but in truth, along an extremely dreary path. Our salons are more straight-laced and serious than those of Germany or Italy. I am quite aware that one attends them in order to obtain advancement or to improve one's position in one's party. Nothing of this kind in Rome; everyone is looking for a good time, but on two conditions: without getting into trouble with his court, and without displeasing the pope. The amiable Count Demidoff, who has incurred the displeasure of Leo XII, has gone to establish himself in Florence.

I had the good fortune to receive five or six invitations to see some precious paintings that are not being shown. I imagine that these masterpieces were at one time acquired in a somewhat irregular manner, or rather the owner does not want to receive twenty strangers a week in his bedroom. An Italian who loves a painting hangs it opposite his bed so as to see it on awakening, and his salon remains without ornament. Here people want pleasures that are real, and *appearance* is nothing.

I forgot to say that this evening I was obliged to leave a group of young women in order to listen to a grave man who told me the whole story of Molinos who, before going to prison, was on the point of becoming a cardinal. The story of Molinos is still in circulation in Rome; it is like the ministry of M. de Serres in Paris. You undoubtedly know that Molinos was a Spaniard who proposed to women that they love God as though he were a good-natured lover. This system was transported into France by the kindly Madame Guyon, the friend of Fénelon. If Magdalen and Martha, the friends of Jesus Christ, had lived in the time of Louis XIV, they would have been sent to the Bastille. Bayle wrote an excellent article on Mademoiselle Bourignon. Thanks to Molinos, several Roman ladies loved God in the manner of Mademoiselle Bourignon. This love is admirably depicted in the letters of St. Theresa; one finds in them a passionate sensibility and no affectation: this is the contrary of a modern poem.

GROTTAFERRATA, AUGUST 21 / Yesterday evening we were frightened by talk about fever. In the month of August, we were told, one must take residence on the delightful slopes of Albano, which rise like a volcanic island at the southern end of the Roman countryside. One may come to Rome in the daytime to look at monuments; one may even attend evening receptions; but one must avoid exposure to the open air one hour before and one hour after sunset. All this is perhaps but a prejudice: many people have fever, and it is undoubtedly terrible; but does one avoid it by leaving Rome? M. le chevalier d'Italinski claims not. He is eighty years old and has lived in this country for twelve or fifteen. Most of the pleasant persons whom we saw briefly last night live on the hills in which Frascati, Castel Gandolfo, Grottaferrata and Albano nestle—the pretty Signora Dodwell, among others. A very obliging

Frenchman, who has settled in Rome, helped us to obtain a fine country-house near the lake of Albano. We have rented it for two months at a very moderate price.

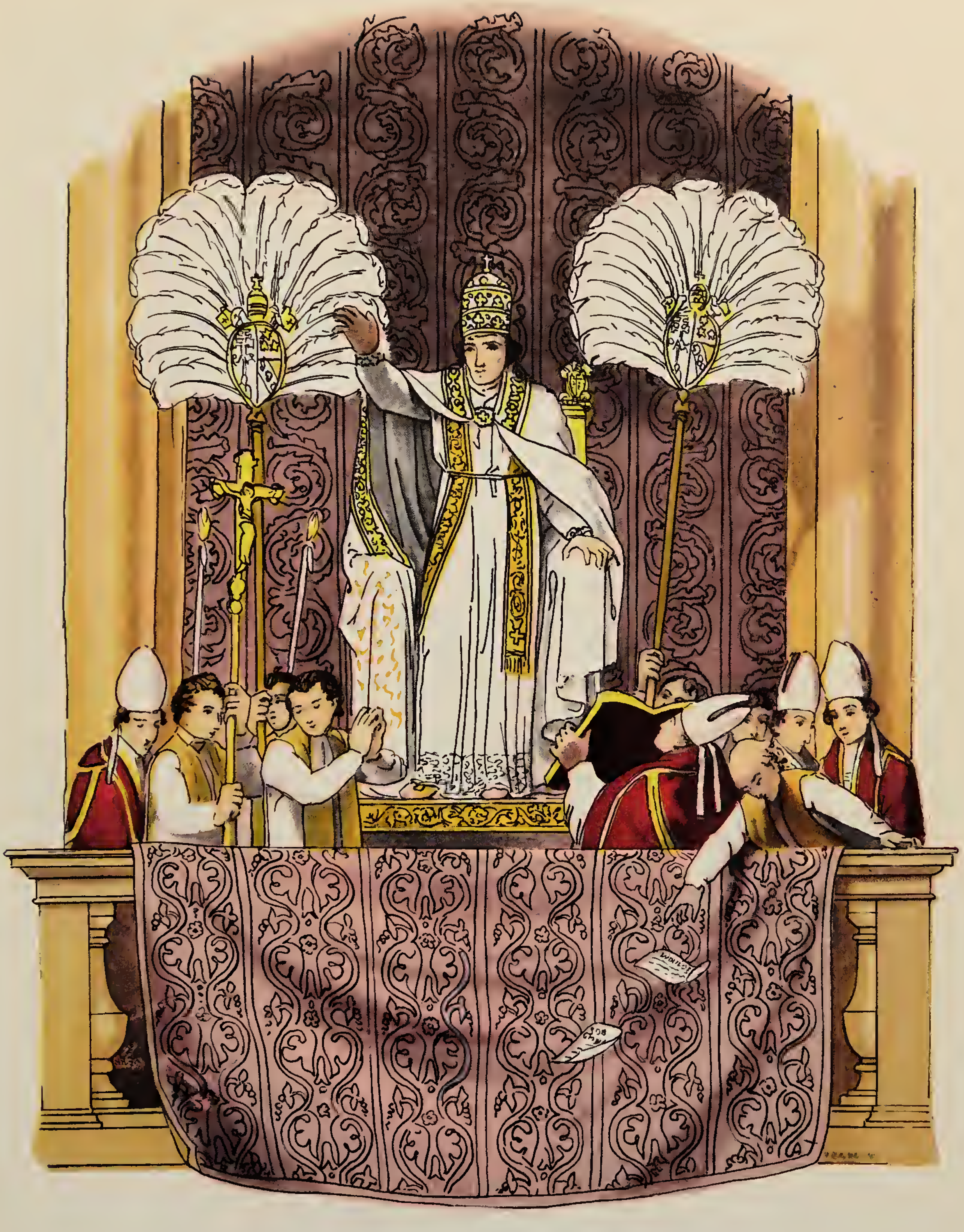
We have all fallen in love with our new habitation. We have large rooms, superb in architecture, and cleanly whitewashed every year. Before going to bed I spent an hour contemplating, in the light of my tall copper lamp, the antique busts that are in my room. If it were not for their enormous weight, I should buy them to bring back to France. There is a magnificent Caesar.

AUGUST 22 / From my window I could throw a stone into the lake of Castel Gandolfo; and from the other side, through the trees, we see the sea. The forest, which extends from here to Frascati, provides a picturesque walk, and all day we have enjoyed its delightful coolness. Every hundred steps we were surprised by a view that recalls the landscapes of Guaspre (Poussin). In a word, this is comparable to the banks of Lake Como, but of a much more somber and majestic kind of beauty.

A number of prudent persons have warned us to beware of bandits; but a clever man (Cardinal Benvenuti) has eliminated them. The headquarters of these gentlemen was in Frosinone, not far from here, and one can reach it through the woods withoud appearing in the plain. Becoming a bandit, in this country, is called *taking to the woods* (*prendere la macchia*); being a bandit, *esser alla macchia.* The government quite often deals with these people and then fails to keep its word. This country could be civilized in eighteen months by a French or English general, and would thereupon be as estimable as it was uninteresting; something like New York.

As a peace-loving and law-abiding man, especially when I find myself exposed to the vexations of the Italian police, I wish that the entire earth should obtain the legal government of New York; but in this highly moral country boredom would put an end to my existence in a very few months.

AUGUST 24 / This morning we were in a disposition to receive ideas through well-painted figures rather than by words lined up in rows. We went to Rome, to the Borghese Palace. We asked the custodian to put us in front of the *Descent from the Cross,* the famous painting in his second manner by Raphael, before he had seen Rome and Michelangelo. David has left twenty paintings, and Raphael, who died at the



POPE PIUS VII GIVING HIS BENIDICTION FROM THE BALCONY OF St PETERS

AT ROME

8th APRIL 1819

6. POPE PIUS VII GIVING HIS BENEDICTION, APRIL 8. 1819
Lithograph by Bridgens

age of thirty-seven, three hundred. The fact is that drawing is but an exact science quite accessible to patience. The personages of the *Descent from the Cross* were a little more difficult to create than those of the *Leonidas.* They have a noble and tender soul. But what is your opinion of the *soul* of the father of the Horaces? The style of the *Descent from the Cross* is hard and dry; there is some finickiness in the manner, it is the opposite of Correggio; one even finds in it a gross error in drawing.

Five minutes later we were at the Doria Palace, in the Corso, where we saw the finest Claude Lorrain to be found on the continent (it is the *Mill*); a painting by Garofolo, the *Ponto Lucano* on the road to Tivoli, and many other landscapes by Gaspard Duguet Poussin, called Guaspre; the portrait of Machiavelli by Andrea del Sarto; six semi-circular landscapes by Annibale Carracci representing the most memorable episodes in the life of the Madonna, the *Flight into Egypt,* the *Visitation,* the *Birth of Jesus,* the *Assumption,* etc.; the portrait of Innocent X, by Velasquez, which appears singular among such beautiful things, and a great Madonna by Sasso-Ferrato. We were tired of admiring. We went in the evening to the pleasant reception given by Signora M. . . , and we have just come back to Grottaferrata, at the stroke of one. There have been no more bandits for two years; yet the coachman was obviously scared to death, which was not reassuring to our lady companions.

GROTTAFERRATA, AUGUST 25 / Except on days of vivid emotion, when the imagination is creative and yields sensations even in connection with a mediocre work, my friends look at a painting only when it is attributed to one of the twenty-nine painters whose names are given herewith:

SCHOOL OF FLORENCE

Michelangelo, Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto

ROMAN SCHOOL

Raphael, Perugino, Giulio Romano, Michelangelo and Polidoro da Caravaggio, Poussin, Lorrain, Garofolo

LOMBARD SCHOOL

Luini, Parmigianino, Correggio

VENETIAN SCHOOL

Giorgione, Tintoretto, Titian, the two Palmas, Paolo Veronese,
Sebastiano del Piombo

SCHOOL OF BOLOGNA

The three Carracci, Guercino, Guido, Cantarini or il Pesarese,
Domenichino, Francia

Most of the paintings in the Borghese gallery were bought directly from the painters or from the persons who had obtained them from the latter. It is one of the places in the world where one may study the *style* of a master with the greatest security.

AUGUST 26 / We went back to Rome. We began with the Academy of San Luca, where we venerated the true skull of the divine Raphael. It shows that Raphael was very short in stature.

From here we went to San Gregorio, to see the two Martyrdoms of Sant'Andrea, admirable frescoes by Guido and Domenichino. The calm and happy situation of this little church.

I much prefer frescoes to oil paintings; but frescoes are invisible for two months to eyes arriving from Paris. Our female traveling companions missed the oil paintings. Excellent little horses, frighteningly ungainly and emaciated, galloped the whole distance that separated us from the Vatican. There, at the third portico of the court of San Damaso, in a large room whose bare walls are painted a tender green, we found the *Transfiguration* and the *Communion of St. Jerome,* a hundred times better placed, in truth, than they ever were in France.

Since the pope cannot be excommunicated, Pius VII took good care not to restore their treasures and their paintings to the convents. He collected in this small museum some fifty excellent works. The *Crucifixion of St. Peter,* by Guido, several paintings by Raphael and Perugino. I noticed by the latter master a St. Louis, king of France, who looks like a contrite young deacon; it was not the physiognomy of that sublime man, who would have been the best disciple of Socrates. But at least this picture radiates that *golden* light (as though it were passing through a cloud at sunset) by which this painter illuminates his works, and which gives them their *general tone.*

Guido's general tone is *silvery;* that of Simone da Pesaro is ashen, etc. In Raphael's *Virgin with the Gift* a dreadful fault in drawing may be observed in the lower part of the face of St. John, which is frightfully emaciated. — If I were not afraid of shocking moral people, I should confess that I have always thought, without saying so, that a woman really belongs to the man who loves her best. I should be inclined to extend this blasphemy to paintings. In Paris we loved them so little that we spoke of our love in a manner that was almost official, like a husband's.

AUGUST 27 / The arts are a privilege, and dearly bought, by how many difficulties, by how many stupidities, by how many days of deep melancholy! At a concert we went to last night I watched some of the prettiest women in Rome. Roman beauty, full of soul and fire, reminds me of Bologna; here there are longer moments of indifference or of sadness.

The effect of high society is perceptible. These ladies have something of the indifference of a duchess under the old regime; but their vivacity carries them away; they often change seats, bestir themselves a great deal in a salon, and it does but enhance their beauty. So many movements would, in Paris, disarrange a pretty dress by Victorine.

AUGUST 28 / We began our tour by seeing again for the fifth time Domenichino's frescoes at the convent of San Basilio in Grottaferrata. San Nilo, a Greek monk, represented in these frescoes, was in his time a man of the greatest courage and wholly superior. He found a painter worthy of him. What I told our female traveling companions of his history doubly enhanced the effect of the frescoes. I was deeply disappointed in these ladies when I perceived this. They are still a long way from enjoying and understanding painting. The subject has nothing to do with a painter's merit; it is a little like the words of a libretto for the music. — Everyone made fun of this idea, even the wise Frederick.

AUGUST 29 / There was a great deal of talk about painting last night at the Duchess of D . . . On the piano stood a magnificent portrait of Caesar Borgia, by Giorgione, which she wanted to buy. This morning, that part of our small caravan which is endowed with executive power decided that instead of going in search of coolness in Neptune's grotto, in Tivoli, as had been planned, we would go and look at pictures. This time frescoes were asked for.

We began with Guido's *Aurora,* at the Rospigliosi Palace. It is, it seems to me, the most *intelligible* of frescoes. This charming painting looks modern; this is because Guido had imitated Greek beauty. But as he had the soul of a great painter, he did not fall into the cold manner, which is the worst of all. He even introduced one or two real heads, correcting the defects, as Raphael does—the two heads near the edge of the painting, to the left, for example.

In the chamber, to the right of the salon, where the *Aurora* hangs, there is a head of a genius in a painting of Samson, by Luigi Carracci; this head looks as though it had been painted by Guercino. The room to the left is famous because of a bad painting by Domenichino: a triumphant David holds the head of Goliath in his hand; Saul rends his garments out of jealousy. Everything in this painting veers toward black, except the flesh, and especially the feet.

As we were very close to the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, we took the occasion to enter it.

Rome has twenty-six churches devoted to this sublime being who is the finest invention of Christian civilization. In Loreto the Madonna is more God than God himself. Human weakness needs to love, and what divinity was ever more worthy of love! Santa Maria degli Angeli was built by the order of Pius IV. Advantage was taken of two rooms of Diocletian's Baths. Michelangelo was the architect. It is a Greek cross of 336 Roman feet in length, by 308 in width. The great nave is eighty-four feet tall and seventy-four wide. Vanvitelli spoiled this church in 1749. Notice eight enormous columns, each cut from a single block of Egyptian granite.

The astonishing freshness of Domenichino's fresco! Heaven owed such a compensation to this great man, for all the intrigues of the charlatan Lanfranc whose victim he was. How utterly this Lanfranc has been forgotten, who was so great a painter for the kings and the great lords of 1640! The charming freshness of St. Sebastian's right foot. The galloping horse is too long; a little confusion in the women whom the soldier on horseback pushes back from the instrument of torture. Beaten down by poverty and by persecution, poor Domenichino was somewhat lacking in invention. On the other hand, an artist devoid of talent may be a master of composition: for example, M. Gérard.

The poor blind cicerone who showed me the *St. Sebastian* told me the current story: Zabuglia *sawed the wall* on which this fresco had been painted in St. Peter's, and brought it here. These elaborate precautions were taken because the general opinion is that after Raphael comes Domenichino. I am of this opinion; after the three great painters, Raphael, Correggio and Titian, I do not see who can rival Domenichino. Annibale Carracci happened to have no soul. Guido's character was marked by levity; this leaves Guercino. The contest would be between the *Santa Petronilla* and the *St. Jerome,* between the frescoes of Sant' Andrea della Valle and the fresco of the *Aurora* in the Villa Ludovisi; the *Agar* of the museum of Milan and the *Sibyl* of the Capitol, in the palace of the Conservatori. What should one put beside the *Games* (the hunt) of Diana at the Borghese Palace? Domenichino was a great landscape painter. Guido's fresco, in San Gregorio Magno, outclasses his across from it.

We went rapidly (without having the barouche stop and without yielding to a single temptation) to Sant'Andrea della Valle. Domenichino's *St. John* was understood; then the other three evangelists. The look of nobility, tempered by a charming timidity, of the women's figures that he has painted above the high altar produced such a great effect that we immediately went to the Borghese gallery, where we looked only at Domenichino's *Diana at the Hunt.* The young nymph bathing in the foreground, and who is perhaps a little cross-eyed, won all hearts. We proudly passed with lowered eyes before the other paintings. Finally we came to la Farnesina.

Here are Raphael's most beautiful frescoes, perhaps, and certainly the easiest to understand. The subjects are taken from the story of Psyche and Amor, once put into French by La Fontaine. After spending half an hour in looking silently, we remembered that yesterday evening we alluded several times to Raphael's life. Raphael, in Rome, is like Hercules in the heroic Greece of yore; everything great and noble that has been done in painting is attributed to this hero. His life itself, whose events are so simple, becomes obscure and fabulous, so enveloped in miracles by the admiration of posterity. We strolled idly through the pretty garden of la Farnesina, on the bank of the Tiber; its orange trees were loaded with fruit. One of us told the story of Raphael's life, which seemed to enhance the effect of his works.

He was born on Holy Friday in 1483, and died on such a day in 1520, at the age of thirty-seven.

Chance, just once, seemed to unite every kind of good fortune in this too brief life. He had the grace and the well-bred restraint of a courtier, without having the falseness nor even the prudence of such a one. Truly simple, like Mozart, once out of the sight of a powerful man, he no longer thought of him. He dreamed of beauty or of his loves. His uncle Bramante, the famous architect, always took it upon himself to intrigue for him. His death at thirty-seven is one of the greatest misfortunes to have befallen the poor human species.

He was born in Urbino, a picturesque little town situated in the mountains, between Pesaro and Perugia. Merely to see this country is to conceive that its inhabitants must sparkle with intelligence and vivacity. About 1480 the fine arts were in vogue here. Raphael's first master was his father, a mediocre painter to be sure, but devoid of *affectation* (see a painting by Giovanni Sanzio, at the Brera museum, in Milan). The unaffected painter studies nature and renders it as he can. The mannered painter teaches his unfortunate pupil certain recipes for making an arm, a leg, etc. (See the paintings of the great painters praised by Diderot, the Vanloos, the Fragonards, etc.) Raphael, while still a child, acquired new ideas by seeing the works of Carnevale, a less mediocre painter than his father. He went to Perugia to work in the shop of Pietro Vanucci, whom we call Perugino. Soon he was able to make paintings absolutely similar to those of his master, save that his heads have a less middle-class cast. His feminine figures are already more beautiful; their faces proclaim a character that is noble *without being wooden*. It is in Milan, in the Brera museum, that one of the masterpieces of Raphael's youth, the *Marriage of the Virgin,* engraved by the famous Longhi, is to be found. The young painter's tender, generous soul, full of graces, begins to pierce through the deep respect that he still feels for the precepts of his master. Before the Revolution a Christ bearing his cross on the way to the torture, a charming little painting absolutely of the same character, was to be seen at the Duke of Orleans; it was like a bas-relief. Raphael always had a horror of *hot* compositions, so dear to Diderot and other men of letters; his sublime soul had felt that it is only in exceptional cases that painting must represent the extreme points of the passions.

Pinturicchio, a painter famous for the works that he had composed in Rome before the birth of Raphael, took the young man with him to help him with the frescoes of the sacristy of Siena. The incredible thing is that he was not jealous of him and played him no ill turn. Many persons are of the opinion that painting had until then produced nothing so agreeable as the great frescoes of this sacristy or library. Raphael was not only Pinturicchio's assistant; barely twenty years of age, he undertook the sketches and the *cartoons* for almost all these charming frescoes, which seem to have been painted only yesterday, so well have the colors kept their freshness. These immense paintings represent the various adventures of Enea Silvio Piccolomini, a famous scientist who became pope under the name of Pius II and reigned for six years.

It seems to me that several of the admirable heads to be seen in this sacristy can be attributed to Raphael. Instead of that devout, egoistical and doleful air that one ordinarily finds in the heads painted around 1503 in the Roman State and in Tuscany, some of the personages of the frescoes of Siena announce a pious, tender and gently melancholy character that invites friendship. If these people had more strength of soul they would rise to *generosity.*

In 1504, Raphael left Siena for Florence; here he met one of the geniuses of painting, Fra Bartolomeo della Porte; this monk showed his young friend *chiaroscuro,* and Raphael taught him *perspective.*

In 1505 we find Raphael in Perugia, where he paints the chapel of Santa Severa. The *Deposition from the Cross* that we saw in the Borghese Palace belongs to this period. Raphael then returned to Florence, whence he left for Rome in 1508. The works that he executed from 1504 to 1508 are in his second manner: for example the Madonna with the infant Jesus and St. John, in a rocky landscape, that is to be seen in the gallery of Florence [1].

In 1508, Raphael, who was then twenty-five years old, arrived in Rome; imagine what rapture the sight of the Eternal City must have induced in that tender, generous soul, so enamored of beauty! The novelty of his ideas and his extreme gentleness aroused the admiration of the terrible Julius II with whom, through Bramante, he early had dealings. Thus, like Canova, that great man had no need to resort to intrigue. At this period the only passion that we find Raphael to possess is the passion for antiquity. He was commissioned to paint the *Stanze* of the Vatican; in a very few months he was regarded in all Rome as the greatest painter who had ever existed. Raphael became the friend of all the enlightened men of his time, among them a great man, Ariosto, and the writer Aretino, who, by himself alone, formed the opposition in the century of Leo X. While Raphael was painting the *Stanze,* Julius II called Michelangelo to his side.

---

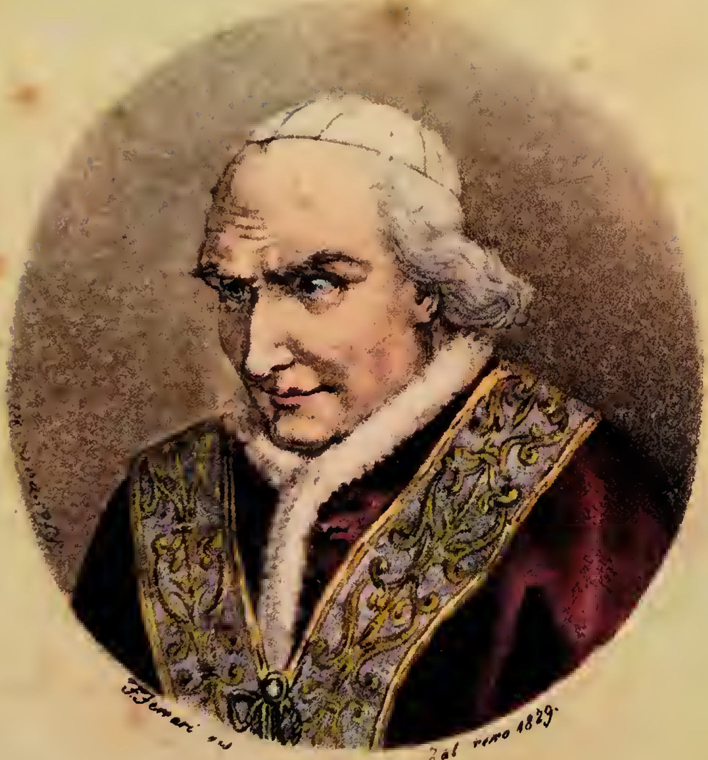
[1] I have set forth these dates somewhat drily, because perhaps forty volumes have been published on this period of Raphael's life. Attempts have been made to garble all this. In general, this rubbish has been written by advocates of Michelangelo, who are great enemies of Raphael. Here, especially, only what has been verified by reference to the works of this great painter is to be believed.

The advocates of the latter were Raphael's sole enemies; but Raphael was not theirs. It does not appear that he ever hated anyone, he was too much taken up with his loves and with his works. As for Michelangelo, he scarcely understood his rival's genius; he used to say that *this young man was an example of what study could do.* It is Corneille speaking of Racine. Raphael was always full of respect for the astonishing man whom the intrigues of the court of Rome held up as his rival. He thanked heaven for having allowed him to be born in the time of Michelangelo. Buonarotti, whose soul was not so pure, would make very studied drawings, to which he would have Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, a pupil of Giorgione, apply colors. A few paintings thus created are to be found in the galleries; they show bodies and not souls; each personage has somewhat the air of being concerned only with himself. There is something of David, and nothing of Mozart. To the efforts of his enemies Raphael owed an extreme activity that seemed to abandon him toward the end of his career, when Michelangelo, a little out of favor with Leo X, spent several years in Florence without doing anything.

I have shown you Raphael's house, in the street that leads to St. Peter's; that is where he breathed his last in 1520, twelve years after his arrival in Rome. We have noticed in the Barberini Palace, and in the last room of the Borghese gallery, portraits of la Fornarina, who occasioned his death. Another portrait attributed to Raphael is one of the ornaments of the gallery of Florence. This head shows a great character; that is to say a complete openness, disdain for any kind of dissimulation, and even the kind of ferocity that one comes across in the Trastevere quarter. This head is a thousand leagues from the affectation of elegance, of melancholy and of physical weakness that the nineteenth century would like to discover in Raphael's mistress. We avenge ourselves by calling her ugly. Raphael loved her with constancy and passion.

We shall speak later of the three great works by Raphael that are to be found in the Vatican: the *Logge,* the *Stanze* and the *Arazzi* or tapestries executed in Arras after his cartoons or colored drawings. These great works cause me much embarrassment; I cannot resolve myself not to speak of them in detail, and I am fearful of being lengthy.

Various explanations are given of the immense quantity of works


F. Benari inc.
dal vero 1829.

PIO VIII. PONT. MAS.

Creato a'dì 31. Marzo 1829

8. POPE PIUS VIII
From a portrait by F. Ferrari, drawn from life in 1829

that Raphael executed for Julius II and Leo X. About 1512 all the wealthy people of Rome sought to win his good graces in order to obtain something produced by his hand. A little before his death, Agostino Chigi, a rich banker, induced him to paint the adventures of Psyche in the charming little palace on the banks of the Tiber where we are now. Raphael lived amid the rattle of arms. In his youth, a tyrant on the order of Machiavelli reigned in Perugia, and the battle of Marignano was fought in 1515.

GROTTAFERRATA, AUGUST 30 / A charming society is to be found at this time in the palaces that occupy the prettiest sites of the mountain of Frascati. It often happens that we decide not to go to Rome and stay in the country.

Last evening at the Villa Aldobrandini there was a man of wit who comes from Naples, Signor Melchiorre Gioja.

Signor Gioja treated us to a charming evening. He spoke to us of Calabria, of Naples, of Greece; for Calabria is as Greek as Epirus. The inhabitants have a Greek brow, and their noses, the way their eyes move, are Greek.

I should be obliged to use high-flown language to give an idea of what we felt, in spite of ourselves, on returning at one in the morning, through the woods, from the Villa Aldobrandini to Grottaferrata. By trying to convey it I would spoil that divine blend of sensuous delight and of moral rapture; and when all was said and done, the inhabitants of the Ile de France would be incapable of understanding me. The climate here is the greatest of artists.

Never would we have had an inkling of these sensations if we had seen Italy only in winter, or indeed if we had remained exclusively in Rome.

SEPTEMBER 12 / Our passion for the countryside and the forest of la Riccia continues. However, we went to Rome this morning, and chance brought us to the *Stanze* of the Vatican. Today we understood Raphael, we looked at his works with the degree of passion that enables one to discover and to feel the details, however blackened the painting may be.

One may measure for a coat a cold and disdainful man, like Childe Harold, who from the height of his pride judges his sensations and even his wit, of which he has a great deal. But it lies within the power of no one to make him have pleasure through the fine arts. Pride must deign to take the trouble to be attentive; one cannot swallow pleasure like a pill. Thus I thought to myself, without saying so to my friends.

As you know, on his arrival from Florence in Rome, in 1508, Raphael received from Julius II the order to paint a wall in one of the *Stanze* of the Vatican. Other painters of great renown were working there at the time. They were Piero della Francesca, Bramantino of Milan, Luca da Cortona, Pietro della Gatta and Pietro Perugino. All were older than Raphael. The hatred and contempt with which they received this well-protected young man may be imagined.

Raphael undertook his painting of *The Dispute of the Holy Sacrament.* Many traces of Perugino are to be found in this great work by his pupil. Instead of representing gold with colors, Raphael, carried away by ideas of richness, which in the mind of the vulgar are so close to those of beauty, here used gold itself for the halos of saints and the rays of the *glory* of God the Father. This *glory* is on the order of that of the fresco of Santa Severa. In some parts the style is hard, petty, timid. Everything is treated with that extreme care which simpletons call dryness, but which many persons prefer to the rapid and vague approximations of modern painting. Raphael began this painting on the right-hand side. By the time he reached the left it can be seen that he improved.

It is believed that this fresco was completed in 1508. Julius II was so impressed by it that he immediately ordered masons to destroy with hammers the frescoes executed in this chamber by the painters whom we have named. Julius II wanted all the paintings in these rooms to be by Raphael. Only a few ornaments by Sodoma and a ceiling by Perugino were kept.

SEPTEMBER 15 / The kindly Colonel Corner was telling me this evening, at Madame Lapugani's, that one day, while his mules were resting, he stopped in an inn in Spain and posted himself at the window.

A blind man appeared, sat down on the bench in front of the inn, tuned his guitar, and then began idly to play. A servant girl came from a distance, carrying a pot of water on her head. First she began to walk in step, then made little jumps, and finally, when she came close to the blind man, she was dancing in earnest. She put down her jug and began to dance wholeheartedly. A stable boy who was crossing the courtyard in the distance, carrying a mule's pack-saddle, dropped his burden and began to dance. Finally, in less than half an hour, thirteen Spaniards were dancing around the blind man. They paid little attention to one another. There was no trace of flirtatiousness, each seemed to dance on his own account, and for his own pleasure, as one smokes a cigar.

The Roman ladies exclaimed at what they regarded as the folly of the Spanish: going to so much trouble for nothing! "It is certain," said Mr. Corner to me, "that there is something somber and tender in our Italian character that does not adapt itself to impulsive movements. This shade of delicacy and sweet voluptuousness is altogether lacking in Spain, where beauty is in fact rare. All that Spanish women have that is exceptionally good is their legs and their pretty feet that they use to dance with. It is also what can be most rarely praised among our women of Italy. Here any kind of movement, when the soul is rapt, seems a painful effort. There are beautiful eyes in Spain; but they are hard, and show rather the energy that is needed for great actions than the veiled and somber fire of passions that are tender and profound.

"The Spaniard likes music that makes him dance; the Italian, music that expresses passions, and thereby feeds the fire of the passion which devours him.

"A resemblance between the two peoples is that a Spanish woman, like a Roman one, desires the same thing for *six months in succession,* or else is agitated by no desire, and is bored. A young Frenchwoman brings to the exercise of her will a fire and a petulance that amaze and exhaust the more prudent soul of a Roman woman. But this fire of straw lasts two days. The character of the tiger depicts Roman sensual enjoyment fairly well, if one add to it moments of absolute madness."

"Indeed," I answered, "we have just met two young Romans with their mistresses and their families, who were returning in a cart from a pleasure jaunt on Mount Testaccio. They were laughing, gesticulating and were absolutely mad, both men and women. There was no physical inebriation, but there was never greater moral inebriation. Consider Casanova."

SEPTEMBER 16 / Italians frown on materialism. *Abstraction* is painful for their minds. They need a philosophy wholly filled with terror and love; that is to say a God as prime mover. Religion has stupidly become *ultra* in the North, it is heading for suicide. What do its agents care? Do they not have fine carriages? We find none of this in Italy. The most enthusiastic promoter of the revolution of Naples was a priest.

In this country an able pope can revive Catholicism for several centuries.

The Italian worships his God through the same fiber that makes him idolize his mistress and love music. This is because for him there is a strong ingredient of fear in *love.* In order to win an Italian woman it is essential to have an exaltable soul. The French spirit, which shows *self-possession,* is an obstacle. This is what the kindly Paul refuses to understand. He is very amusing, but in no way seductive; he is quite astonished at the fact that he is not attractive to women whom he makes laugh to the point of tears.

SEPTEMBER 18 / After a stay of five or six months here, we shall make a point of seeing in detail every one of the frescoes of Raphael's *Stanze* in the Vatican.

Now we often pass through this sanctuary of sublime painting. In passing, we glance at the painting that seems interesting to us on *that particular day.*

SEPTEMBER 20 / It is absolutely essential to develop an idea of the word *style,* otherwise we should fall into endless periphrases.

The Quai Voltaire in Paris is full of prints that represent the *Madonna alla Seggiola* (which Waterloo has restored to the Pitti Palace).

Art-lovers distinguish between two engravings of this famous painting: one by Morghen, the other by M. Desnoyers. There is a certain dissimilarity between these prints, which is what makes the difference in the styles of these two artists. Each has sought in a particular manner the imitation of the same original.

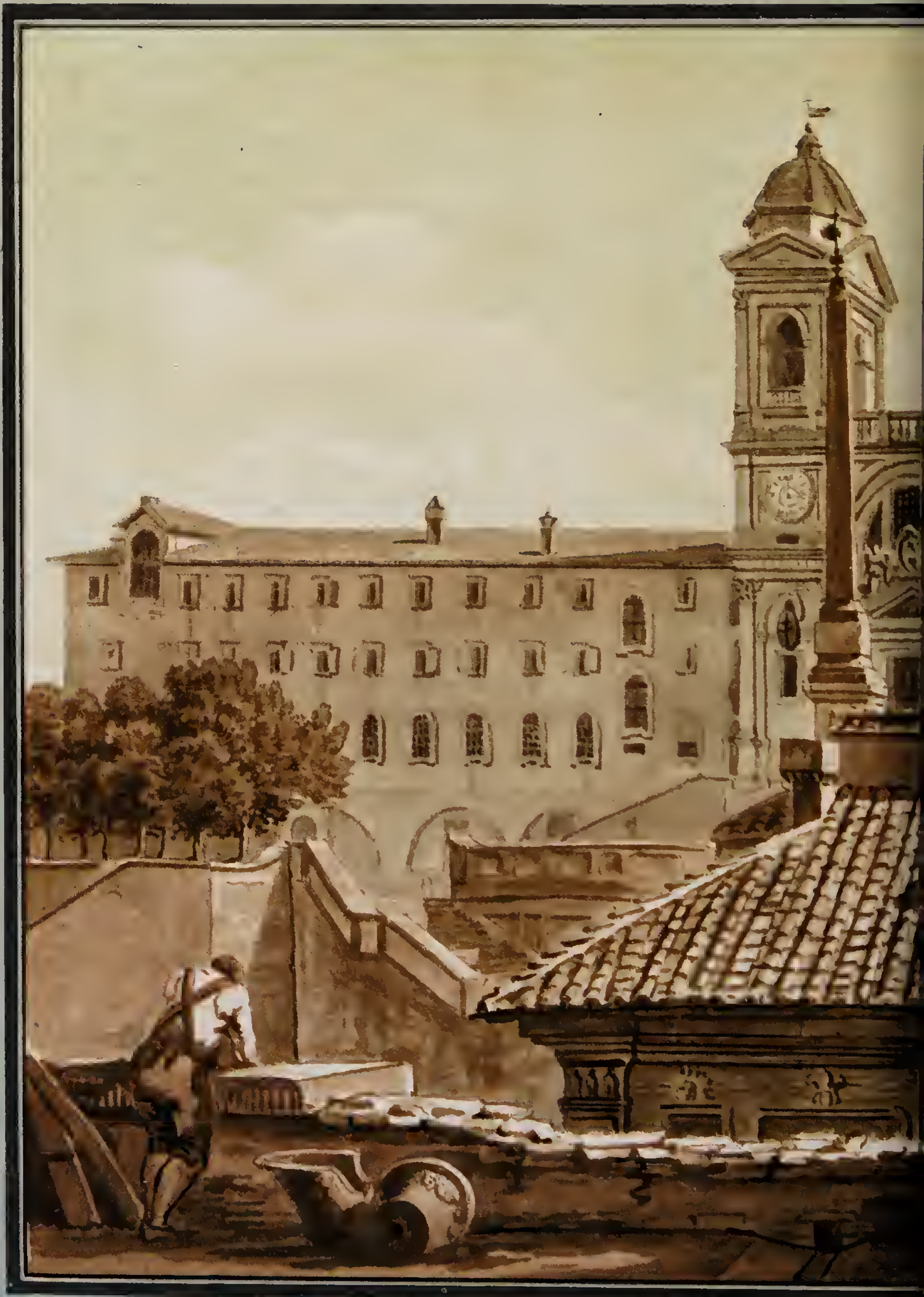
Let us imagine an identical subject treated by several painters—the *Adoration of the Magi,* for example.

Force and terror will mark Michelangelo's painting. The kings will be men worthy of their rank, and will appear to feel before whom they are prostrating themselves.

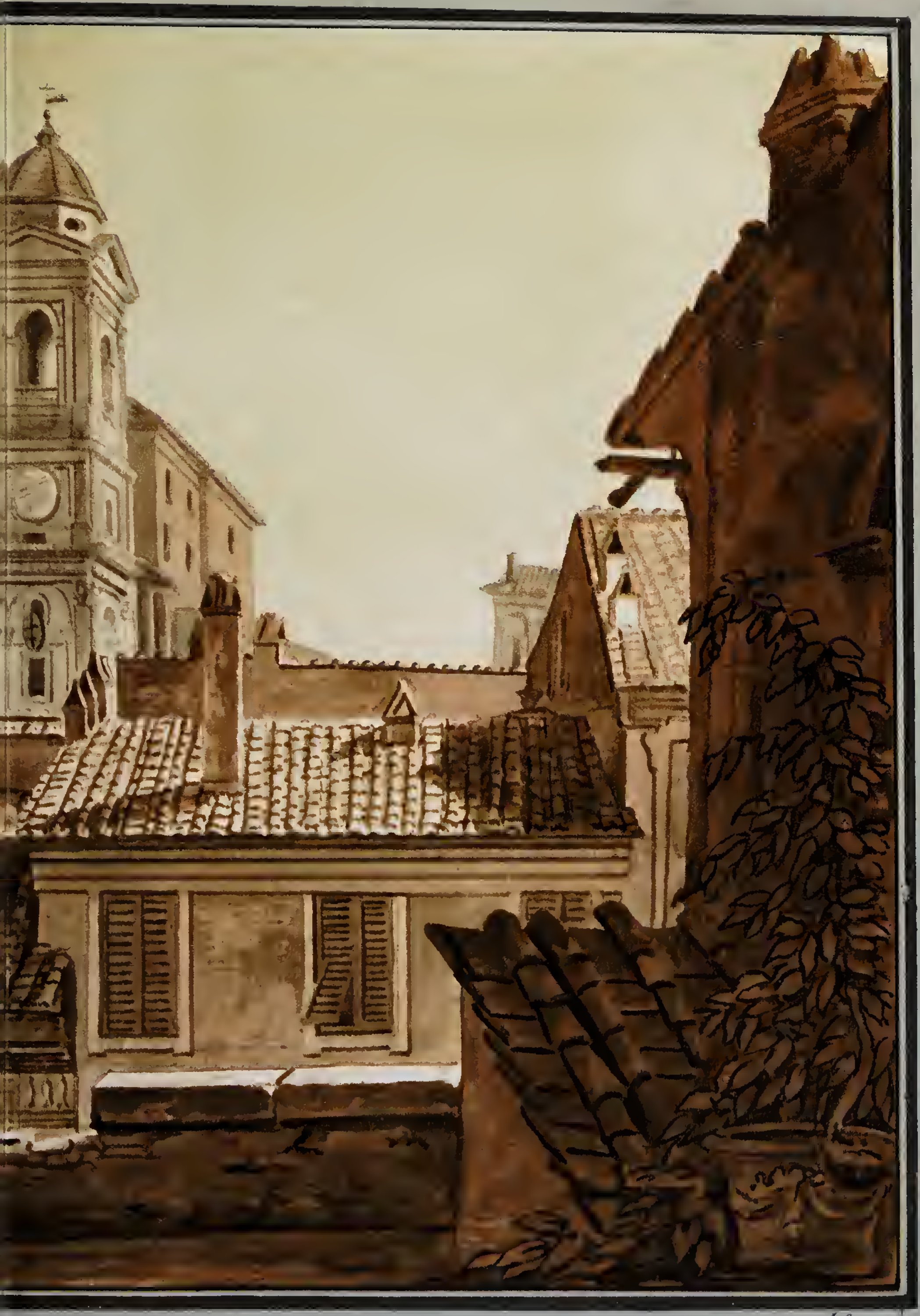
With Raphael we shall be less conscious of the power of the kings; the forms by which they are rendered will be more distinguished, their souls will have more nobility and generosity. But they will all be eclipsed by the celestial purity of Mary and by the expression that emanates from her son's eyes. This scene will have lost its shade of Hebraic ferocity; the spectator will feel confusedly that God is a tender father.

Give the same subject to Leonardo da Vinci. The *nobility* will be

9. FLIGHT OF STEPS TO TRINITÀ DEI MONTI
Watercolor of the period



L'Eglise del



nité de Monti

AC. F^{t}

more perceptible than with Raphael himself; the force and the burning sensibility will not distract us; small souls, which cannot elevate themselves to unaffected majesty, will be charmed by the *noble air* of the kings. The painting, full of dark half-tones, will seem to betoken melancholy.

It will be a feast for the entranced eye if it is by Correggio. But divinity, majesty, nobility will not seize the heart at the first approach; our eyes will be unable to pull themselves away from it, our souls will bask in happiness, and it is by this path that they will come to perceive the presence of the Savior of men.

Style in painting is the particular manner that each one has of saying the same things. Each one of the great painters sought the processes that could convey to the soul that *particular impression* which seemed to him the great aim of painting. A choice of colors, a manner of applying them with the brush, the distribution of the shades, certain accessories, etc., *increase the style* of a drawing. Everyone feels that a woman who is awaiting her lover or her confessor does not put on the same hat. Commonplace artists give the name of *style* above all to the style that is in fashion. In 1810, when people in Paris said, This figure has style, they meant, This figure resembles those of David.

With the true artist, a tree will have a different green if it shades the bath in which Leda plays with the swan (Correggio's delightful painting, engraved by Porporati), or if murderers are taking advantage of the darkness of the forest to cut the throat of a traveler (*The Martyrdom of St. Peter the Inquisitor,* by Titian, now in Venice, where the sun spoils it).

You will feel Raphael's *style* when you recognize the particular shade of his soul in his manner of rendering *chiaroscuro, drawing, color* (these are the three great parts of painting).

SEPTEMBER 23 / I see, much to my grief, that I would irk my friends if I tried forcibly to have them admire the *Stanze.* Deep down, they prefer some color print by Signor Camuccini, and Girodet's *Deluge* seems to them superior to Michelangelo. I resort to historical explanations.

In order to have a good understanding of most of the paintings by the great masters, one must imagine the moral atmosphere in the midst of which Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Correggio and all the great painters who appeared before the school of Bologna lived.[1] They themselves were imbued with a host of prejudices today forgotten, and which prevailed especially among the rich and devout old men who ordered paintings from them.

One old man bore the name of Jean-François Louis; he asked Correggio to make him a painting representing the Madonna holding the Savior in her arms, and he wanted to see around Mary's throne St. John the Baptist, St. Francis, who lived such a long time after him, and St. Louis, king of France. What can these personages say to one another, when in real life they were separated by so many centuries? The rich old man, who bore their names, wanted them to be invested with all their attributes, so that they could be easily recognized. Thus St. Lawrence never walks about without having by his side a small grill which recalls the one on which he suffered martyrdom; St. Catherine always carries a wheel; St. Sebastian bears arrows, etc. Often it must be assumed that the saints placed in a painting are invisible to one another. You feel why the greatest painters concerned themselves so little with *composition,* which is the art of making all the people in the same painting contribute to the same action, as in a drama.

Bronzino and most of the Florentine painters, who blindly imitated Michelangelo, as our sculptors imitate antiquity, think only of making fine nudes in postures that are most singular and scarcely possible. They were led to seek this kind of merit by the devout who asked them for a painting representing St. Peter, St. Leo and St. Francis Xavier. What common action can bind these personages together? But here is a great advantage: the old man who ordered the painting, and probably the painter, firmly believed that, at the moment of the terrible judgment that follows death, St. Peter, St. Leo and St. Francis Xavier would be the devout's intercessors before the All-Powerful, and would plead his cause with the greater zeal the more he had honored them during his life. You have seen in St. Peter's that the peasants of today still believe that the chief of the apostles is most attentive, up in heaven, to the tributes paid to his bronze statue, which is in his church in the Vatican.

---

[1] Here are a few dates:
Michelangelo, born in 1474, died in 1563;
Leonardo da Vinci, born in 1452, died in 1519;
Fra Bartolommeo della Porta, born in 1469, died in 1517;
Raphael Sanzio, born in 1483, died in 1520.
Correggio, born in 1494, died in 1534;
Titian, born in 1477, died in 1576;
Paul Veronese died in 1588, which was roughly the birth-date of Carracci, Guido, Guercino, Domenichino, the great painters of the school of Bologna.

By following in all their details the customs and the beliefs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, one would see the reason for several ridiculous things that may be noticed in the paintings of the great painters[1]. The Christian religion at that time permitted every kind of passion, every kind of vengeance, and required only one thing: that it be believed in.

SEPTEMBER 24 / In the time of Raphael and of Michelangelo the people, as always, were a century behind; but high society went into ecstasies over the writings of Aretino and Machiavelli. Ariosto gave Raphael advice on his painting of *Parnassus* at the Vatican, and the jokes that he has inserted in his divine poem reverberated in the palaces of the nobles. Religion at that time scarcely produced any other effect on the elevated class than to provide old men with a passion: it cured them of boredom and disgust with all things through the fear of hell.

This extreme fear, combined with the memory of the love that had been the passion of their youth, created all the masterpieces of art that we see in the churches. It was from 1450 to 1530 that the most beautiful things were made; sixty years later, the desire for glory produced the school of Bologna, which imitated all the others, but which had far fewer virginal passions on which to act. I doubt that Guido greatly believed in the saints that he painted. Sincerity may be harmful to wit, but I believe it to be indispensable to excel in the arts. Guido moves us by his heads of beautiful women looking at heaven, whom we call *Magdalens*. He used to boast: "I have two hundred different ways of making two beautiful eyes look at heaven."

A poet who wished to please high society in the century of Raphael expressed himself thus: "You ask what is my credo: I believe in good wine and in roast capon; in these lies salvation." (Pulci.)

But in 1515 the bourgeoisie and the common people firmly believed in miracles: every village had its own, and care was taken to renew them every eight or ten years, for in Italy a miracle ages, and the devout have no compunction in admitting it. They believe with such sincerity that they would, if necesary, repeat the words of St. Augustine: *Credo quia absurdum.* I believe because it is absurd.

---

[1] The *halo* of the saints is perhaps the imitation of an electric effect that some young novice may have observed before daylight, on awakening for *matins* a venerable old man lying in woolen sheets.

SEPTEMBER 25 / The Jesuits in our time have re-created religion as it was before Luther. They say to their pupils in the College of Modena: Do what you please and tell us about it afterward.

What a world of difference between this convenient religion, which is content to demand the admission of sins, and the somber faith of the burgher of London who, on Sunday, will not go walking for fear of offending God!

They are more immoral in Rome, but not so stupid. Here we are in the presence of the extreme points of two religions. We see another contrast—the purest freedom and the most complete despotism.

SEPTEMBER 26 / About the year 1515, when Francis I and the French nobility immortalized themselves on the plains of Marignano, the common people of Italy had such beliefs in matters of religion that some day it will appear impossible that there were ever people in the world capable of imagining and writing such things.

In truth, the superior men of this epoch had the misfortune to be atheists, or at least saw in Jesus Christ only a kindly philosopher whose life had been exploited by adroit people.

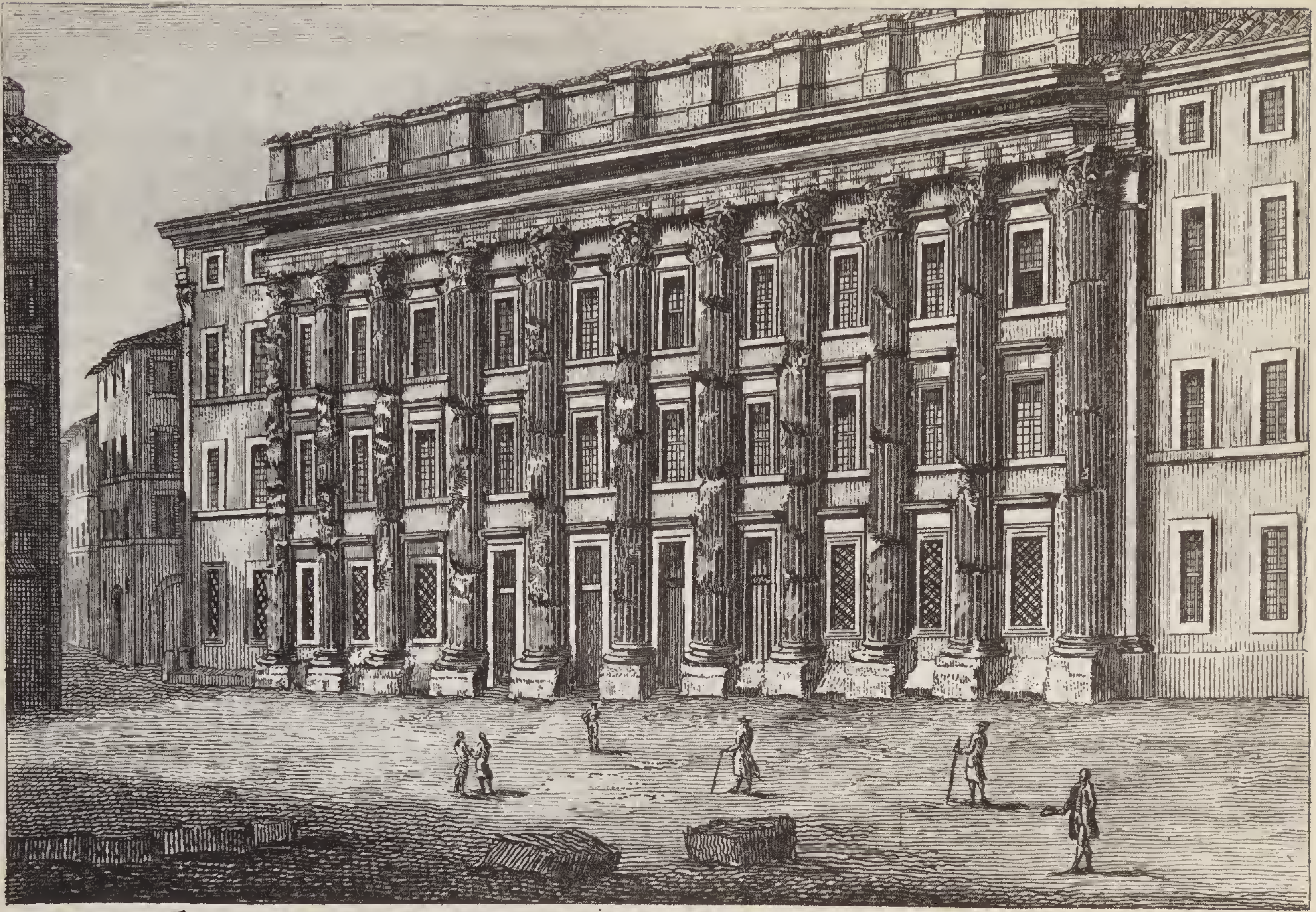
After the complete barbarism of the ninth century, Italy had had merchant republics that gave her that foundation of good sense which, in everything that does not involve miracles and saints, is still to be found in the Italian character. Since 1530 and Charles V, everything possible has been attempted to degrade it [1].

But in the interval of three centuries, from the fall of the republics to the importation of Spanish despotism (from 1230 to 1530), the princes in the different towns who had usurped the sovereign power lived with the country's men of wit. This seems incredible, but less surprising if one consider that Lorenzo dei Medici, Alfonso d'Este, Leo X, Julius II, the Scaligeri, the Malatestas, the Sforzas and many others would have been reckoned among the first of their century even if a revolution had shorn them of power.

Most of the great painters did not survive by a great deal the year 1520, marked by the death of Raphael. At about this time incredulity was rapidly filtering down through the middle classes. "Go and tell my

---

[1] Study in this connection the *model reign* of the great Duke Cosimo I, in Florence. Not content to exile all Tuscans who displayed some generosity, he had them murdered at a distance. Vile men alone were entitled to his protection.



Avanzi d'un Tempio d'Antonino Pio che ſerve oggi di Dogana Pontificia

In Roma presso Piale Neg.e di Stampe, e Carta a S. Carlo al Corso N.º 428. T.II. Pag. 124.

10. TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS PIUS (LAND CUSTOM HOUSE)
Engraving by G. Brun

friend the cardinal," said the dying Rabelais, "that I am going to look for a great perhaps."

Freedom of thought lasted in Italy up to Paul IV, who had been grand inquisitor (1555). This pope saw the peril with which Luther threatened Catholicism. He and his successors seriously concerned themselves with the education of children, and soon the drollest beliefs became dominant again in Rome, in Naples and in all of Italy situated beyond the Apennines. Talking crucifixes, Madonnas who become angry, angels singing litanies in the procession: all this revived in 1814 and lasted until 1820.

About 1750, the upper classes of society still shared these beliefs. And finally, in 1828, I saw in Naples rich and noble families who believed in the liquefaction of the blood of St. January, which occurs on set days, three times a year.

The prettiest women remove their hats so that the priest may apply to their brows the reliquary that contains the venerable blood.

We saw one of the most attractive of these women shed tears at the moment when she kissed this reliquary, and one month before she had gone to endless pains to send to Marseille for a copy of Voltaire. Introducing this work into Naples had been no small matter. The friends of this lady recruited their own friends at the café near the Postal Office to go aboard the French vessel, and when they returned each one carried a volume of Voltaire in each of his pockets.

One evening we heard, beneath the windows of this lady, firecrackers set off by children in the street in honor of a saint whose feast it was; there was great illumination and a great gathering of people in the neighboring church, which bore the name of this saint; the lady had nothing but bad to say about the saint in question. Some Frenchmen who had helped to land the copy of Voltaire took these remarks to be the effect of Voltairian doctrines; they began to make fun of the miracles, but their mockery was not appreciated. The beautiful Neapolitan lady made light of the neighboring saint only through *jealousy*. Her name was Saveria and she worshipped Saint Xavier, her patron, whose feast, occurring a few days before, had been celebrated in much less brilliant fashion.

There was a strain of *Italianism* in Napoleon's character: this was his love of ribbons of all colors and his fear of the priest. The dazzling color of the ribbons has a good deal to do with the pleasure Italians feel in seeing and in wearing them.

Along with the beliefs that reigned exclusively in Italy around 1769, the time of the birth of Napoleon, love led to the most extravagant behavior. A good confession at Easter would wipe out everything; for a week people were heartily frightened, and then they would begin all over again. There was no hypocrisy: they were sincere in fear as in pleasure.

SEPTEMBER 28 / Rome was a republic for a moment in 1798. From 1800 to 1809 it was governed by Pius VII, who, being cardinal and bishop of Cesena, had made a quite liberal proclamation. In 1809, it found itself joined to the French Empire, and the Civil Code began to civilize it, demonstrating to all that justice is the first necessity. Conscription was looked upon with horror; but the returning conscripts civilized their villages, as do in Russia the soldiers who have seen France. From 1814 to 1823, Cardinal Consalvi resisted as best he could the influence of Herr von Metternich and the cardinals paid by Austria. Cardinal Consalvi did not want to recognize the existence of the *Carbonari,* and was extremely loath to order them to be tortured. This superior man had a great fear of the devil.

Things greatly changed under Leo XII; Romagna and even Rome witnessed atrocious tortures inflicted on innocent people. Leo XII also had a real fear of the devil. At night this fear would awaken him with a start.

In 1824 I was present at the canonization of St. Julian. The new saint was elevated to this dignity because, entering the house of a gourmand one day (this was on a Friday), he saw roast larks on the table; at once he restored them to life; they flew out through the window, and the sin was volatilized.

One of us, who has been garrisoned in Italian villages, has often heard about Madonnas whose eyes move or who sigh. The sure effect of this kind of miracle is to enrich the neighboring innkeeper. At the end of six months, when the prodigy begins to give rise to scepticism, ecclesiastical authority prohibits it. Our traveling companions are impatiently waiting for such a miracle in order to go and witness it. We observe that Roman high society believes in these miracles, or at least is afraid of offending the Madonna by allowing itself to make light of them. The bourgeoisie openly jokes about them. The common people of Trastevere, or of Monti, firmly believe in them, and would not deal tenderly with anyone who manifested doubt.

French administration has left in the soul of the Romans a colossal memory which little by little is becoming transformed into admiration. The middle class, which in Rome begins with the man who has an income of one hundred louis, reads Voltaire. The upper classes, on the contrary, have a horror of bad books.

Nothing, however, compares with the solid good sense of the burghers of Rome. Witness the dialogue of the populace with the poor young man who was *mazzolato* at the Porta del Popolo about 1825. The young man, who was perhaps under sixteen, cried out as he was being led to the torture: " Ah! I am innocent of the death of the priest!" The people replied to him in chorus: *"Figlio, pensa a salvar l'anima; del resto poco cale."* (Son, think of saving your soul, there is little you can do about the rest.)

A butcher was condemned to the galleys in 1824 for having sold meat on a Friday. At the same period, in a department in the south of France, a king's attorney demanded a fine of two hundred francs and two weeks in prison in prosecuting before his tribunal two travelers who had eaten meat on a Friday. In France people merely said, "There is a judge who is after the cross." In Rome the people were indignant over the condemnation of the butcher, *e se l'è legata al dito,* as a Roman said to me: the people tied it to their finger, which means: placed this conviction among the number of grievances which they would some day avenge. This people is less distant than we are from great actions; *it takes some things seriously.* In France, as soon as the *reason* for an act of baseness has been wittily explained, it is forgotten.

OCTOBER 12, 1827 / We are enjoying the country and neglecting Rome. I have the impression that our female traveling companions do not yet miss the pretty château ten leagues from Paris. Frederick wisely remarks that as far as he is concerned the day of regrets will be the eve of departure for the return to France.

OCTOBER 26 / Except for facts very close to us, like the conversion of the Protestants by the dragoons of Louis XIV, or for insignificant facts, like the victory of Constantine over Maxentius, history, so it is said, is nothing but an accepted fable; but no one realizes the truth of this maxim. If ever you happen to be in Edinburgh or in Copenhagen, in the best-regulated salons, get someone to tell you the story of the *Terror,* or that of the 18 Brumaire. The history of Rome is scarcely less proved or more romantic than all that it is customary to believe in college concerning the history of France.

OCTOBER 28 / This morning, beyond the Porta del Popolo, we boarded a large boat which we had had brought from Ripetta; this is the port of the Tiber behind the Borghese Palace. We had taken a large boat, because the course of the Tiber is regarded in Rome as dangerous to navigate. We passed under four bridges—the S. Angelo bridge, decorated by Bernini, its direction being north and south; the bridges of Sixtus, Quattro Capi and San Bartolomeo. We saw the remnants of three ruined bridges—the Vatican, the Palatine and the Sublicio bridges; we ventured into the Cloaca Massima.

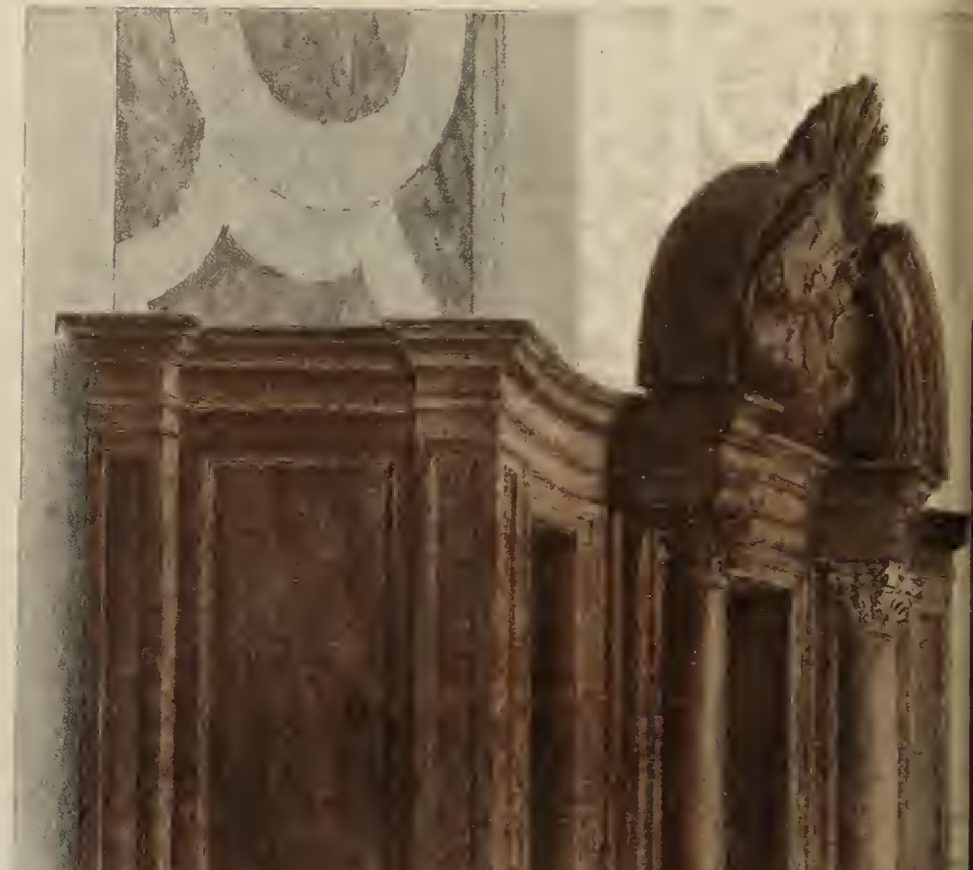
In the time of Augustus, Rome was divided into fourteen districts (*regiones*); we know the names that these regions bore around the year 380. Rome is still today divided into fourteen *rioni* or districts, whose names are written on the street corners.

They are: Monti, in the direction of Santa Maria Maggiore, whose population is reputed to be fierce; Trevi, so named because of the beautiful fountain; Colonna, Campo Marzio, Ponte, Parione, Regola, S. Eustachio, Pigna, Campitelli, S. Angelo and Ripa; In addition, on the Etruscan territory, Trastevere, famous for the energy of its inhabitants, and Borgo: this is the name that Sixtus Quintus gave it in 1587. Previously it had been known as Città Leonina.

ROME, NOVEMBER 2, 1827 / A prefect of King Murat was telling us this evening that a Calabrian, *an honest and kindly man,* had come to him one day and, in the simplicity of his heart, proposed to him that he arrange, at public expense, for the murder of his enemy whose hiding-place he had just discovered, and whom the prefect, for his part, was looking for because the minister's police had ordered him to arrest him. Madame L . . . . asked for the words *kindly and honest* to be repeated: they were uttered in good faith. It is possible to be kindly and honest in Cosenza or in Pizzo, and arrange to have your enemy murdered. In the time of the Dukes of Guise this state of mind prevailed in Paris; and less than fifty years ago the good society of Naples still had such ideas; it was a point of honor. Not to obtain revenge in certain cases by murder was like receiving a slap in the face in Paris without demanding satisfaction.

Therein lies the pleasure of travel. I marvel at this anecdote, which

11. THE TAP OF THE ROD
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



I believe to be true. Told in Paris, it would merely have made me shrug my shoulders.

In the small towns, from the frontier of Tuscany toward Perugia, as far as Reggio Calabria and Otranto, a dispute over a party wall gives rise to affronts that so deeply wound these sensitive hearts (very much like Jean-Jacques Rousseau in his last years) that blood is called for.

The Neapolitan prefect, our friend, upbraided a peasant for not paying his taxes. "What do you want me to do, signore?" the peasant replied, "the highway produces nothing. No one passes; yet I often go there with my gun; but I promise you to go every evening, until I have collected the thirteen ducats that you need." Please observe, if you want to understand Cimarosa's contemporaries, that this peasant does not have the slightest idea that he legitimately owes these thirteen ducats to the king, who for this price provides justice, public administration, etc. He regards the king as a happy man who occupies a fine, long-established place; this happy man is also the strongest of men, and by means of his gendarmes extorts from him, a Calabrian peasant, thirteen ducats which he would much rather use to have masses said for the repose of his father's soul. The king's right over the thirteen ducats seems to him absolutely the same as that which he, a peasant, exercises on the highway—*force.*

What a world of difference between these ideas and those that prevail, since the sale of national property, in the villages of France!

How can you expect to establish a constitutional government among such beings? Thanks to the climate and to the race (these people are Greeks), education will do in ten years in Naples what it can accomplish only in a half-century in Bohemia. Under a Frederick II this country, with ten years of mutual education, could be put on the level of constitutional government. *Carbonarism* is perhaps only a kind of mutual education to which danger gives a surprising sanction (they still resort to shooting in the Calabrias in June, 1827). It is the rabble raised by the monks that is abominable; do not forget that many small towns contain men who, if called upon, would follow the line of the Mirabeaux, the Babeufs, the Dupont de Nemours. How can you expect such a people to fight for the honor of it? They will fight to take vengeance on an enemy or to obey a San Gennaro. Note that their imagination is vivid to the point of madness; they are terrified at the thought of pain and wounds.

As for fighting for their king, you have just seen in what light they regard this happy and powerful being. What does it matter to them whether his name be Ferdinand or Joachim?

The Turk is far less idolatrous than the worshipper of San Gennaro. But I shall stop. The men who hold the power and who give the balls for the rich have begged these latter to castigate as "unseemly" certain true details that could be given about governments. It would be cynical to relate what transpires in the palaces of Naples and of Rome. We must confine ourselves to generalities and invoke for Italy the blessing of education. Spain has had no Voltaire; she needs twenty years like 1826 and ten thousand tortures. Have someone tell you the story of the nuns of Baiano.

ROME, NOVEMBER 4 / What can one not dare in a country that has had only a glimpse of modern civilization from May 17, 1809 to April, 1814? What an immense blessing for the craftsman of Rome was the coming into effect of the Civil Code! And you speak to him about the *two chambers*! It is like speaking of millions to the wretch who needs two francs to be able to go out and eat. This evening, at Signor Tambroni's, a new friend of mine, who will be cardinal, was deploring the existence of this corrupting time (the French administration from 1809 to 1814); very politely he told me that all Frenchmen were heretics. (Do they not preach good deeds and free inquiry?)

The enlightened Roman who most regrets the tribunal of the first instance, the court of appeal and the whole *admirable justice* of the French system (that is their word for it), nevertheless sees with sorrow that we are heretics.

For five years an odd idea was current in Rome: namely, that it was possible to obtain something from a prefect without paying his mistress or his confessor.

My friend said: "Here workers who tend the vineyard of the Lord may dare. If they are momentarily carried away by zeal, they are not exposed to the laughter of impiety and the satiric tales of your freedom of the press."

To which I replied: "If, in a family composed of four sisters, the two older sisters have dresses of a certain lilac-colored material made for them, the younger sisters will die of chagrin until they have obtained similar dresses. Our literature has given France the birthright in Europe: Napoleon and the Republic have renewed this right. France has a certain thing called the Charter. Russia and Italy will weep until they have a charter."

NOVEMBER 6 / Today we awakened curious to study more precisely the sites of the various Roman walls.

You know that the present walls have a circumference of only sixteen miles, whereas Aurelian's wall (so Vopiscus affirms) extended for fifty miles. The most ancient part goes back only to the year 402 and was erected by the orders of Honorius. One has to form a clear idea of the ten or eleven hills over which Rome spreads, and study their history. The Capitoline Mount with its two summits, Mount Coelius, first called Querquetularius, because of the oaks that covered it, etc.

As a result of vast works, the ancient monuments of Rome have completely changed their appearance since 1809, and the science that concerns itself with them has become more reasonable.

Frederick likes the Etruscans and their influence on the Romans! I have the misfortune to believe only what is proved. Instead of dreaming about history, I prefer to exercise my imagination in the fields of music or of painting.

Frederick disparages Cimarosa or Correggio when I refuse to believe in the great deeds of the Etruscans.

They were the pupils of the Egyptians and the masters of the Romans; but the Romans, whose chief concern was war, at first took only their religion from them, and for a long time rejected their arts. The patricians wanted their religion only because the institution of the *oath* was useful for recruiting soldiers. The Etruscans knew how to build canals, according to their friends; they had a very advanced architecture. Shall we conclude, from the pyramidal form given to the tomb of Porsenna (doubtful) that the Etruscans admired the pyramids of Egypt? Is not the pyramidal form given by the piles of stones formed in the corners of fields in mountainous countries like Tuscany? The Etruscans had apparently invented the vault, that miracle of young architecture unknown to the Egyptians.

It takes only a somber and tender man like Jean-Jacques Rousseau to inoculate a people with a religion. If such a man develops the love of power, or the spite of pride against his enemies, to the point of getting himself burned to death, his religion will make even greater headway thereby. So give the courage of a woman of Calcutta to a St. Paul, and the new religion will grow wings.

There was probably a caste in Etruria that made the simpletons work for its advantage (profit). It had magic secrets. Those of its magic formulae that cured animals are to be found in the work of Cato the

Censor entitled *de Re rustica.* Prince von Hohenlohe, in our day, proves that when a sick man believes in certain words, they often cure him. The patricians who derived such great benefit from the augurs took them from the Etruscans.

Imagine a president of an electoral college who is appointed by M. de Villèle to manipulate votes. The moment he sees a dozen liberal electors enter he announces that he sees two swallows flying in an odd direction and of bad omen. Whereupon he dissolves the meeting, and the opposing electors themselves withdraw, quite flabbergasted.

Such were the augurs taken over from Etruria for the Romans who were the contemporaries of Fabius Maximus!

Is the air of the Vatican of a nature to inspire *credulity*? What a fine place to bring together an assembly of archeologists!

The alphabet of the Etruscans derived, like all the others, from that of the Phoenicians, a population of manufacturers. The Etruscans had not received their letters from the Greeks, since they wrote from right to left and eliminated the short vowels, like the Hebrews.

The strange aspiration that is found in the Italian of Florence comes from the Etruscan.

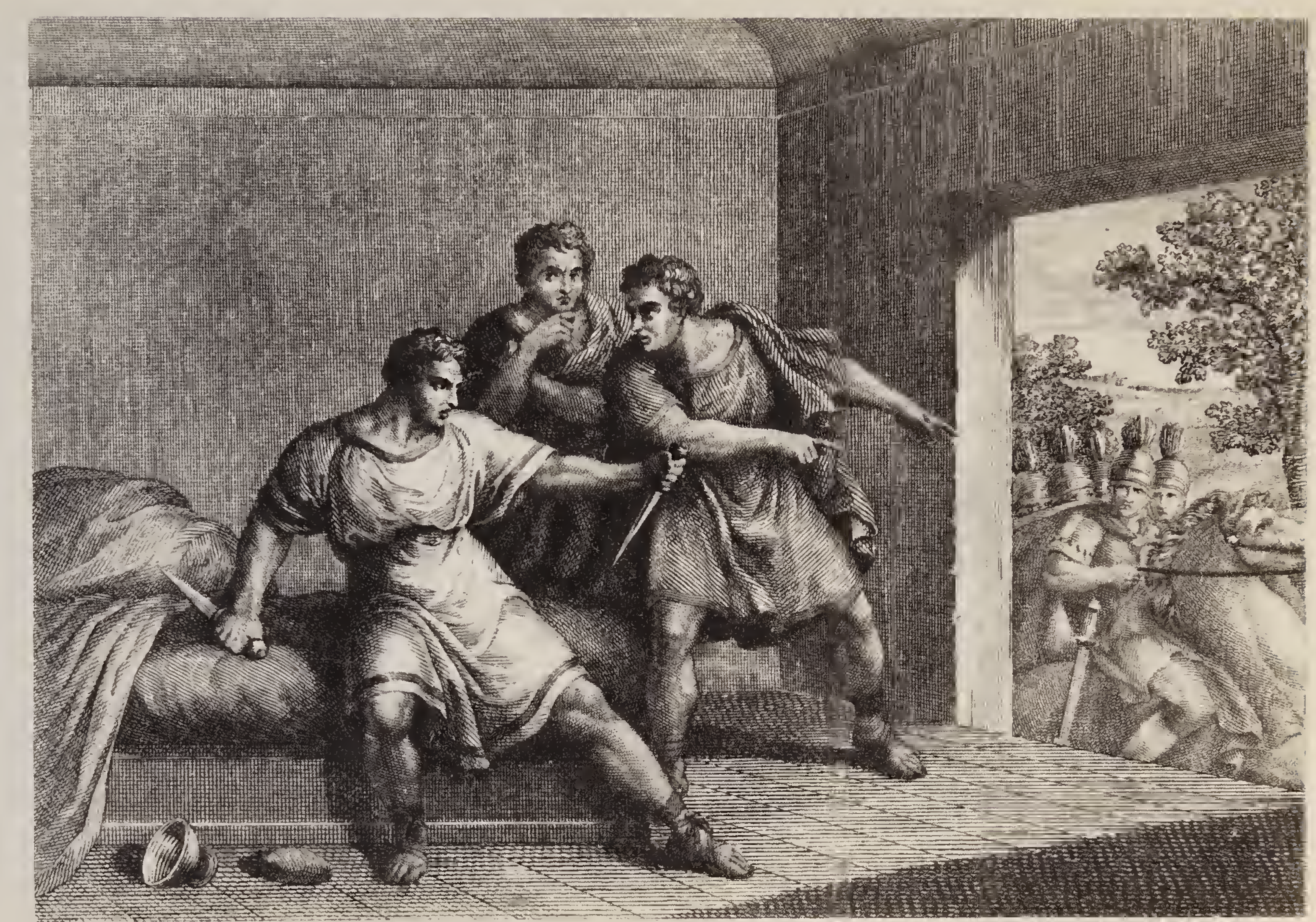
NOVEMBER 10 / This morning the ladies of our group complained of finding no music in Italy. From what they had been told about this country, I think they imagined that people speak to one another only in song. They assert that all travelers are liars.

In the street, across from the Café dei Servi, in Milan, we heard some sublime light music, to which these ladies paid not the slightest attention. In the street, in France, one hears verbal exchanges full of finesse, and music that sets one's teeth on edge.

A traveler notes what he finds strange; if he does not say that it is daylight at noon in Modena, do you conclude that the sun does not rise on the headquarters of the Jesuits? A traveler notes differences; assume that everything that he does not speak about is done as in France.

No, that last line is completely false. It is not true that the simplest action is performed in Rome as it is in Paris. But to explain this difference is the hardest thing in the world. A friend of mine tried it once: grave people accused him of being fanciful. Eyes accustomed to focus on the great interests of peoples do not see the subtle shades of customs and of passions.

Italy has seven or eight centers of civilization. The simplest act is



B. Pinelli inv.

G. Cecchetti inc.

Nerone decide di darsi la morte

12. DEATH OF NERO
Engraving by G. Mochetti from a drawing by Bartolomeo Pinelli

performed in a quite different way in Turin and in Venice, in Rome and in Naples, in Milan and in Genova, in Bologna and in Florence. Venice, despite unbelievable misfortunes that will submerge it, is openly gay; Turin is the city of bilious aristocracy. The Milanese good-nature is as well known as the Genoese avarice. To be considered in Genoa, one must eat only one-quarter of one's income and, if one is old and rich, play mean tricks on one's children: for example, slip insidious conditions into their marriage contracts. But everything is full of exceptions in this world. The house in Italy where strangers are received with the most grace is that of the Marquis del Negro, in Genoa. The situation of la Villetta, this pleasant man's garden, is unique in beauty and picturesqueness. I saw a famous doctor there who gets angry when the English want to pay him at each visit. Despite this bright contrast, Genoa nevertheless remains the city of avarice; one might take it for a small town in the south of France.

The Bolognese are full of fire, of passions, of generosity and sometimes of imprudence. In Florence the people are very logical, prudent and even witty; but I have never seen men more devoid of passions; love itself is so unknown there that pleasure has usurped its name. The great and deep passions inhabit Rome. As for the Neapolitan, he is the slave of the sensation of the moment, he remembers as little of what he felt yesterday as he foresees what will stir him tomorrow. I do believe that at the two ends of the universe one would not find beings so opposite, and understanding each other so little, as the Neapolitan and the inhabitant of Florence.

There is more gayety in Siena, which is only six leagues from Florence; one finds passion in Arezzo. Everything changes in Italy every ten leagues. To begin with, the races of men are different. Imagine two islands in the South Sea which the chance of a shipwreck has populated with greyhounds and barbets; a third is filled with spaniels; a fourth with English lap dogs. The customs are different. The outlandishness of the comparison will enable you to grasp the whole extent of the difference that experience establishes between the phlegmatic Dutchman, the Bergamask, half-crazed by the violence of his passions, and the Neapolitan, half-crazed by the impetuousness with which he seizes upon the sensation of the moment.

Long before the Romans, Italy was divided into twenty or thirty tribes, not only strangers to one another, but enemies. These states, conquered at a more or less late date by the Romans, kept their customs and probably their language. They reassumed their individuality at the time of the inroads of the barbarians, and reconquered their independence in the ninth century, at the time of the establishment of the famous republics of the Middle Ages. Thus the effect of the difference in the races of men has been strengthened by political interests.

Five or six little details of customs would have shown more clearly what I have tried to indicate in these sentences full of gravity.

NOVEMBER 12 / The differences that one notices between Florence, Naples, Venice, etc. vanish in men whose fathers had incomes of fifty thousands pounds. Many rich and noble youths of Naples have the air of gayety of a young Englishman at Almack's ball.

Among young Italians who are neither very noble nor very rich, hatred, love, etc. prevent vanity from arising. In general they are poorly dressed, their beards and hair are too long, their neckties and their rings are too massive. All this puts them at a great disadvantage in the eyes of the lovely ladies who come from the North. They see graces only in the young Florentine dandies; passions do not make them forget vanity. They are very handsome. The balls of Prince Borghese, in Florence, impressed us. Every Saturday His Highness offers to society thirty-seven salons on one floor, magnificently furnished and lighted. His architect, a clever man, had all the stuffs made in Lyons; the designs are adapted to the size of each salon, and the color is calculated to harmonize or contrast with the color of the draping in the adjoining salon. The balls of Prince Borghese and of the banker Torlonia, in Rome, are superior to those formerly given by the emperor Napoleon and to anything we have seen in the North.

NOVEMBER 17 / Rome contains within its walls ten or eleven hills that closely press the Tiber and make of it a rapid and deeply embanked river. These hills seem drawn by the genius of Poussin, to give the eye a grave and, in a sense, funereal pleasure. In my opinion, Rome is more beautiful on a day of storm. The beautiful, tranquil sun of a spring day does not suit it. This soil seems to be disposed purposely for architecture. To be sure, there is no delightful sea here, as in Naples; the appeal to the senses is lacking. But Rome is the city of tombs. The happiness that one can imagine here is the somber happiness of the passions, and not the sensuous delight of the shore of Posillipo.

What view could be more singular than the one from the priory of

Malta, built on the western summit of Mount Aventine which, on the Tiber side, ends in a precipice! What a deep impression the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Appenine Way and the Campagna of Rome produce when seen from this height! At the other end of the city, to the north, what can one prefer to the view one has from Monte Pincio, formerly occupied by three or four convents, and which the French government has transformed into a magnificent garden? Would you believe that the monks are petitioning for the destruction of this garden, the only one that exists in Rome for the use of the public? Cardinal Consalvi was ungodly in the eyes of the village curates because he did not grant exclusively to a score of Augustine monks the delightful view of the Roman Campagna and of Monte Mario, situated opposite the Pincio. There is no reason to believe that the Augustines or the Camaldolesi will not be restored to their rights. The high hills that border the Tiber in Rome form tortuous, deep valleys. The labyrinths produced by these little valleys and the hills seem arranged, in the words of the famous architect Fontana, so as to enable architecture to display its greatest beauties.

I have seen Romans spend whole hours in mute admiration, leaning on a window of the Villa Lante, on Mount Janiculus. In the distance one perceives the fine figures formed by the palace of Monte Cavallo, the Capitol, the tower of Nero, Monte Pincio and the Academy of France, and before one's eyes, at the foot of the hill, one has the Corsini Palace, the Farnesina, the Farnese Palace. Never could the combination of the prettiest houses of London and Paris, were they to be whitewashed with a hundred times more of elegance, give the slightest idea of this. In Rome a simple *shed* is often monumental [1].

It is not on the hills that the Corso and the Rome that is now inhabited were built, but on the plain, near the Tiber, and at the foot of the mounts. Modern Rome occupies the Field of Mars of the ancients; this is where Cato and Caesar engaged in gymnastic exercises, necessary to the general as to the soldier before the invention of gunpowder.

The inhabited part of Rome extends south to the Capitoline Mount and the Tarpeian rock, west to the Tiber, beyond which there are only a few poor streets, and east to the mounts of Pincio and Quirinal. Three-fourths of Rome to the east and to the south, Mount Viminal, Mount Esquiline, Mount Coelius, the Aventine, are solitary and silent. Fever reigns in this area and it is planted in vines. It is in the middle of this vast silence that are to be found most of the monuments sought by the curiosity of the traveler.

---

[1] This is why architects who love their art cannot tear themselves away from Rome.

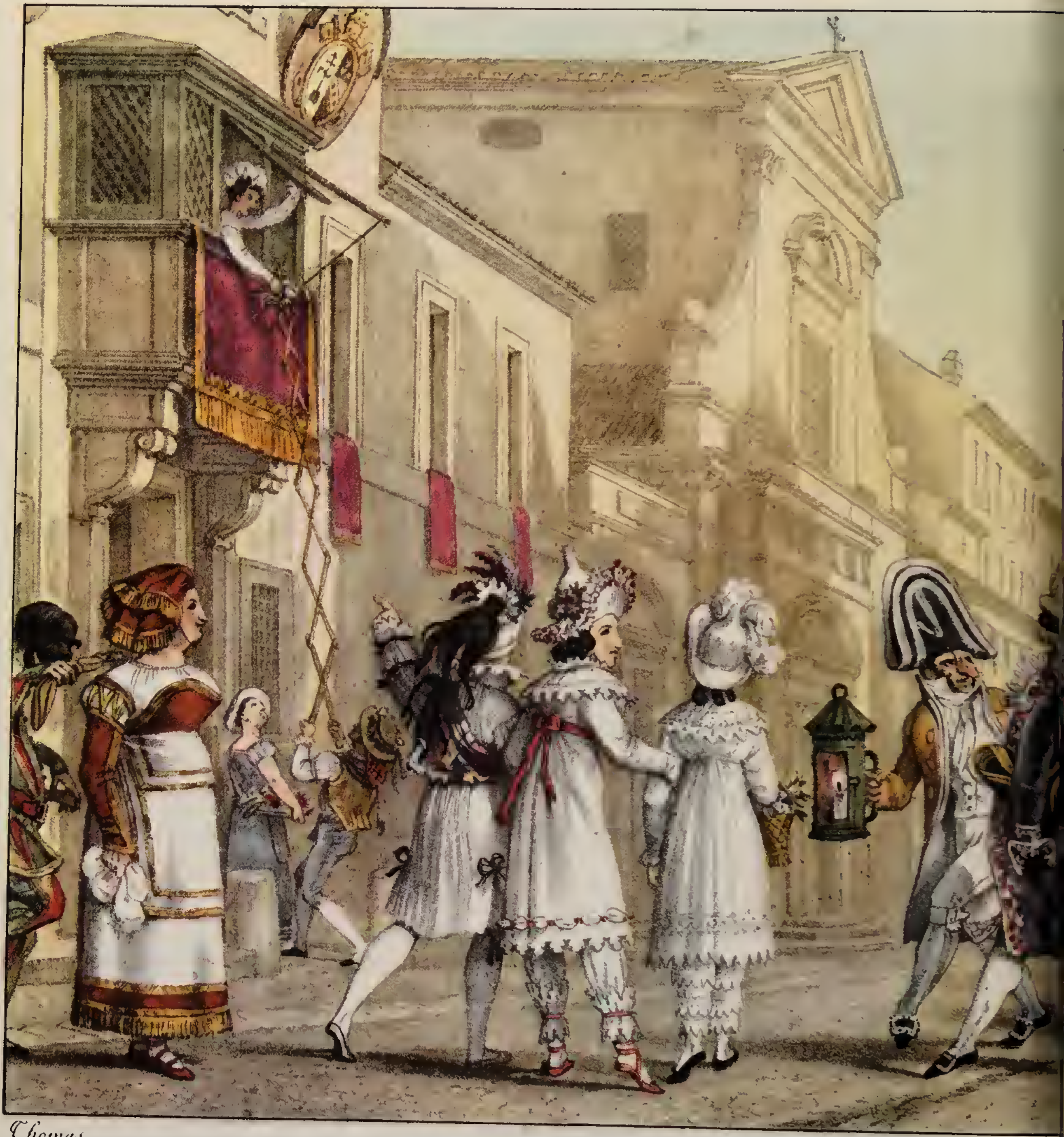
NOVEMBER 18 / The more unfamiliar a sensation is, the more quickly one tires of it. This is what we read in the bored eyes of most of the foreigners who tramp the streets of Rome one month after their arrival. In the town where they live, they would see an arts object eight or ten times a year; in Rome they must see every day eight or ten things that are in no way useful in enabling them to earn money, and in no way entertaining. They are only *beautiful.*

Foreigners soon have more than their eyes can stand of paintings, statues and great architectural works. If, as a crowning misfortune, by reason of some whim of the government of priests, there is no theatre, travelers develop an aversion for Rome. The kind of conversation that they are likely to run into in the evening at the ambassador's is still only admiration for artistic masterpieces. Nothing seems more insipid. The moment the first symptoms of the malady I have just indicated appear, the remedy must not be spared: you must flee and go spend a week in Naples or on the island of Ischia; and if you have the courage, go by sea; you embark at Ostia.

In Paris, the moment you decide to undertake the voyage to Rome, you should impose upon yourself the obligation to go to museums every other day; in this way you would accustom your soul to the sensation of the beautiful. The two statues by Michelangelo that are in the Museum of Angoulême would make you understand the grandiose in the fifteenth century.

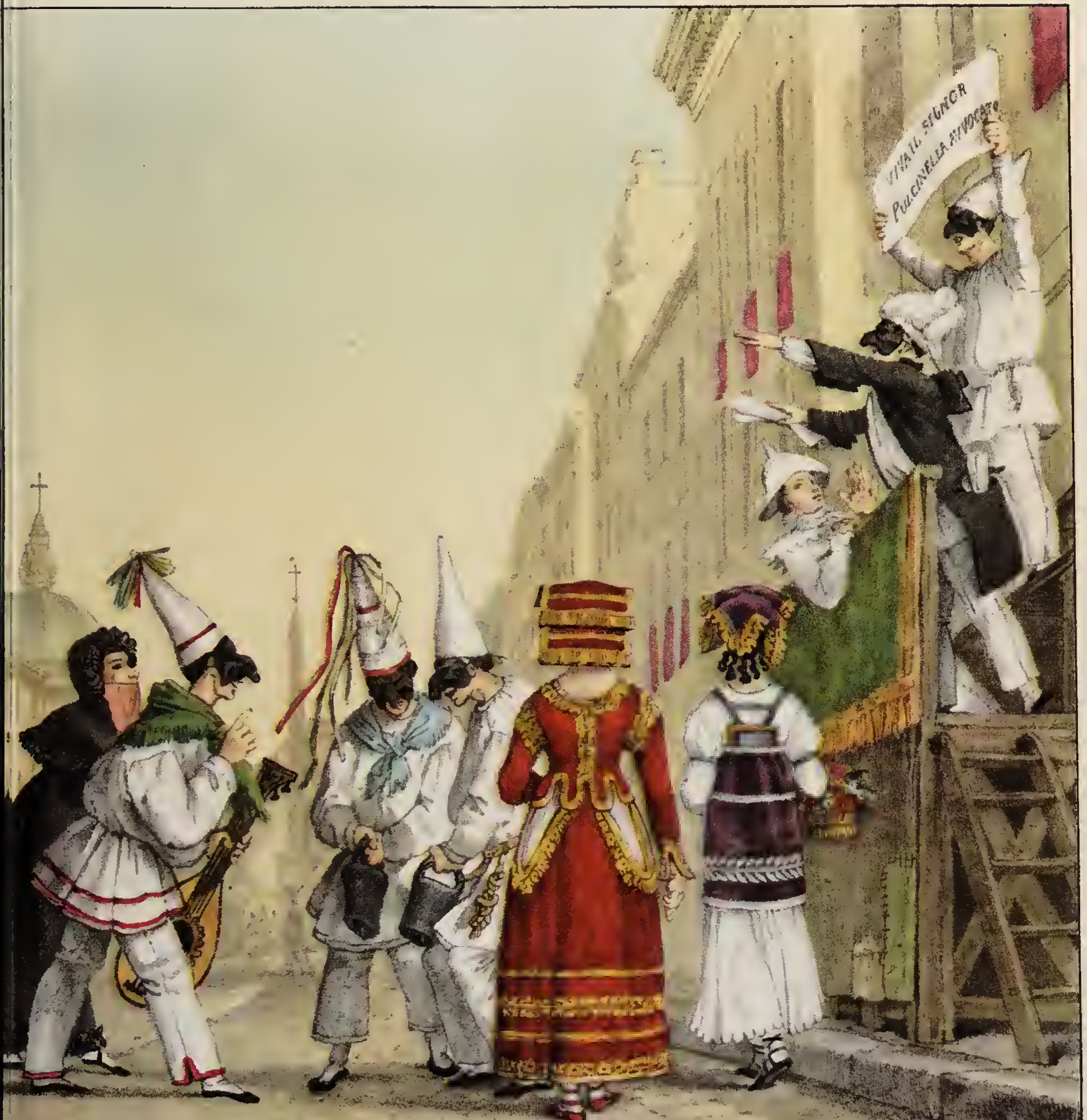
NOVEMBER 22 / This evening Frederick made a very good defense of the traveler Lalande against the insults of a learned Englishman. M. de Lalande's Jesuit friends provided him with a great number of memoirs on every town of Italy. These memoirs had the advantage of being written by Jesuits living in these towns, and very good extracts from them are to be found in Lalande's *Book of Travel.* The famous atheist has simplicity and wit; he is irritating only when he copies the inanities which Messrs. Cochin or Falconet have printed on the fine arts. What a tone those unknown artists assume in speaking of the greatest masters! The historic part of Lalande's voyage is full of Jesuitical falsifications. He is careful, for example, not to speak of the letters that Petrarch wrote on the court of the popes. Unfortunately Petrarch tries to achieve

13. CARNIVAL SCENE
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



Thomas

Costume


VIVA IL SIGNOR
PULCINELLA AVVOCATO

Lith. de Villain rue de Sèvres, N° 11

Carnaval.

a fine Latin style, and often becomes vague and obscure. Agreeable memoirs could be written with these letters. We read several of them, when we returned to our lodgings, in the fine in-folio copy of Petrarch's *Works,* which the bookdealer of Romanis has just sold to Frederick for the price of 120 pauls; it could have been bought for a louis in Paris.

I forgot to mention a great discussion on *ideal beauty* at the home of the Duchess of D . . . Cardinal Spina, Monsignor N. and Mr. Nyström, a young Swedish architect, spoke very cleverly. The first centuries of painting had no notion of *ideal beauty.*

See the paintings of Ghirlandaio, which were painted in about 1480, in Tuscany. The heads are of a surprising vivacity and have a truth that enchants. The term beautiful was applied to what was faithfully copied; *ideal beauty* would have been regarded as a fault. If that century wished to honor a painter it called him the *ape* of nature. Painters aspired only to be faithful mirrors, rarely did they choose. The idea of choosing appeared only about 1490.

GROTTAFERRATA, NOVEMBER 23 / The weather has definitely turned to rain; we shall spend three days in Rome, in order to see St. Peter's, as though we were leaving it forever.

ROME, NOVEMBER 24 / This morning, when our barouche had crossed the Sant'Angelo bridge, we perceived St. Peter's at the end of a narrow street. Napoleon had announced the project of marking his entry into Rome by the purchase and the demolition of all the houses that stand on the left side of this street. He said once that this decree would be signed by his son; but the world has resumed it petty pace, and the constitutional regime is too prudent ever to indulge in such a mad expenditure.

We followed this straight street, opened by Alexander VI, and reached the Piazza Rusticucci, on which the pope's guard parades every day at noon with a fanfare of music and drums, but without ever being able to keep step. This square opens on the immense colonnade forming two semi-circles on the right and on the left which so effectively announce the most beautiful temple of the Christian religion. The spectator perceives to the right, above this colonnade, a very tall palace: this is the Vatican. It were better, for the effect of St. Peter's, that this palace did not exist.

The square comprised between the two semi-circular parts of the colonnade of Bernini (but I beg you to cast your eyes on a lithograph of St. Peter's) is to my mind the most beautiful in existence. In the middle, a great Egyptian obelisk; to right and left, two ever-spurting fountains whose waters, after rising in a spray, fall back into vast basins. This tranquil and continuous sound echoes between the two colonnades and induces revery. This moment admirably disposes one to be moved by St. Peter's, but it escapes sightseers who arrive by carriage. One must descend at the entrance to the Piazza Rusticucci. The two fountains adorn this charming spot, without in any way diminishing its majesty. This is quite simply the *perfection of art.* Imagine a few more ornaments, and the majesty would be diminished; a little less, and there would be bareness. This delightful effect is due to the cavalier Bernini, and this colonnade is his masterpiece. To Pope Alexander VII belongs the glory of having it erected. The vulgar said that it would spoil St. Peter's.

Bernini's two circular porches are composed of two hundred eighty-four great travertine columns and sixty-four pilasters; these columns form three galleries. In the course of certain solemnities, the cardinal's carriages pass beneath the middle one.

Pliny, the man who teaches us the greatest number of things on antiquity, because instead of making phrases like Cicero he talks plainly, tells us that the obelisk that stands before St. Peter's was erected at the behest of Nuncoré, king of Egypt, in the city of Heliopolis.

At the sides of the obelisk one sees the two fountains. The sparkling pyramids of white foam that rise into the air fall back into two basins, each formed of a single piece of oriental granite fifty feet in circumference. The highest jet rises to nine feet.

St. Peter's occupies the site of the circus where Nero gave himself over to his passion for chariot races; many martyrs met their death here[1]. The first Christians interred their remains in a grotto located at the foot of Mount Vatican; shortly afterward, St. Peter having been crucified, his body was transported to this cemetery by one of his disciples named Marcel. *Sic dicitur.*

In the year 65 of Jesus Christ Pope Anaclet caused an oratorium to be erected on the spot where the apostle had been buried.

In the year 306, Constantine became Christian in order to give himself a party and to wipe out the memory of his various crimes.

---

[1] See the account by Tacitus (*Ann. book xv, Par.* 44). No sooner did the religion of the martyrs get the upper hand than it had its *auto-da-fés,* and several kings of Spain took pleasure in them as did Nero. The poor victims burned at the stake are always the same, the passionate and poetic souls. Civilization, by etiolating these last two qualities, will destroy cruelty.

Conquering the emperor was an immense step for the new religion; an agreement was soon made. As the price of the general absolution that baptism conferred on him, the new Christian had to erect a sumptuous basilica. This was the former St. Peter's, of which nothing today remains [1].

The basilica erected by Constantine lasted eleven centuries. About the year 1440 it was in danger of ruin, and Nicolas V undertook to build a new St. Peter's. This pope was a man of true genius who perhaps loved the arts with a more sincere love than Leo X himself. Rossellini and Leon Battista Alberti were the architects of Nicolas V; but this prince died (1455), and the new edifice, which had risen by only four or five feet above the ground, was abandoned.

At last Julius II appeared on the pontifical throne. This pope had a genius for great things. He decided to finish St. Peter's; he knew men, and chose the plan of the famous Bramante Lazzari; he told him to try to make the most beautiful thing in the world and not to think about expense.

Bramante died in 1514, one year after Julius II. Leo X came to the throne, from which poison toppled him nine years later, in 1522. He appointed Giulio Gangallo and the great Raphael as architects for St. Peter's. They strengthened the foundations of the four pillars, which they considered too weak to hold up an immense dome. Raphael, it is said, conceived the plan of giving the church the form of a Latin cross, which it now has. In 1520 an imprudence of love and a doctor's mistake brought this great man to the tomb. The architects appointed by several popes often changed the plan of the edifice. Finally Paul III, not allowing himself to be waylaid by powerful intrigues, put the direction of St. Peter's into the hands of Michelangelo (1546).

This great man had the idea of giving to the dome of St. Peter's the form of the Pantheon. He made the model, but he died before the cupola was completed. Fortunately Michelangelo was in vogue when he died, and despite their envious longing successors were prevented from changing the design of the cupola. It was completed only in 1573, by Giacomo della Porta.

Paul V (Borghese) had the glory of bringing to completion the world's most beautiful edifice. Charles Maderno, more of a courtier than an architect, went back to the idea of the Latin cross, in order to enclose in the new basilica all the space that had been occupied by the old, and that had been hallowed by the blood of the martyrs and by a worship of eleven centuries. This architect was anxious to please the priests and to die rich. He built the three chapels nearest the entrance on either side of the nave, and finished the façade in 1612.

---

[1] See Gibbon. This writer is learned, he tells the truth; but it must be grasped through a declamatory style. Gibbon was petty in character, and sacrificed to fashion.

Bernini later added the two great arches at the two extremes of the façade. After which he made the famous colonnade under Alexander VII, and the effect of St. Peter's was doubly enhanced.

The cross placed on top of St. Peter's is 432 feet from ground level. On June 28 and 29 of each year, days dedicated to St. Peter and to St. Paul, the façade, the three cupolas and the colonnade are illuminated by 3800 lanterns and 690 torches. It is from the balcony, above the main doorway, that the sovereign pontif, on Holy Thursday, on Easter Day and on Ascension Day, gives the benediction *urbi et orbi*.

As one approaches the church, one presently finds oneself beneath a great vestibule devoid of distinction. At the two extremes stand two bad *equestrian statues* that bear the names of Constantine and of Charlemagne, benefactors of the popes. If Charlemagne had had the genius that is attributed to him, he would have given the popes a whole province, but situated in the middle of France.

St. Peter's has five doors. One of them is walled up and is opened only every twenty-five years, for the ceremony of the jubilee. The jubilee, which once brought 400,000 pilgrims of all classes together in Rome, assembled only 400 beggars in 1825. One must hasten to see the ceremonies of a religion that is going to undergo change and die out.

With difficulty we push open a great leather door, and here we are in St. Peter's. One cannot help worshipping the religion that produces such things. Nothing in the world can be compared to the interior of St. Peter's. After a year's stay in Rome, I still went and spent whole hours there with pleasure. Almost all travelers have this experience. One may be bored in Rome in the second month of one's stay, but never in the sixth; and if one remains to the twelfth one becomes possessed with the idea of settling here.

Nothing in the architecture of St. Peter's betrays effort, everything seems naturally great. The presence of the genius of Bramante and of Michelangelo makes itself so felt that things which are ridiculous are no longer so here, they are merely insignificant.

I do not believe architects have ever deserved a finer eulogy. I should be unjust if I did not add the name of Bernini to those of these two great men. Bernini, who in his life attempted so many things heedlessly, succeeded perfectly with the altar canopy and the colonnade.

In lifting one's eyes when one is close to the altar one perceives the great cupola, and the most prosaic being can form an idea of the genius of Michelangelo. If one possesses ever so little of the sacred fire, one is dazed with admiration. I advise the traveler to sit down on a wooden bench and lean his head against the back; there he will be able to rest and contemplate at leisure the immense void suspended above his head.

On the frieze of the entablature, one may read in characters four and a half feet tall executed in mosaic, the famous pun on which the power of the pope is founded, and by virtue of which the totality of the soil of France was given three times to the Church.

Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram oedificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum. It must be admitted that this honor was owed to him.

When one has succeeded in tearing oneself away from the sight of the cupola, one reaches the back of the church, but if one has any soul one is already overcome with fatigue and is able to admire further only *through duty.*

At the back of the gallery one notices four gigantic figures in bronze, who with the tips of their fingers, gracefully, like dancers in a ballet by Gardel, support an armchair likewise of bronze. It serves as a frame for the wooden pulpit which St. Peter and his successors used for a long time in their ecclesiastical functions. By the slightness of effect produced by these four colossal statues, placed in the most beautiful spot in the world, you may recognize the *spirit* of Bernini. What would Michelangelo not have done with this mass of bronze, to spectators prepared by the colonnade, by the sight of the church and by the cupola! But Michelangelo lacked intrigue to get himself employed. Since genius in the realm of the awe-inspiring has not reappeared on earth since the death of that great man, all we can do is copy him.

A clever pope might make a gift to some church in America of Bernini's four statues, admirable for burghers, but altogether unworthy, by their comic exaggeration, of the place that they occupy in St. Peter's. In compensation, next to these mitred dancers, the spectator perceives on his left a tomb which is sublimely beautiful: it is that of Paul III (Farnese). Giacomo della Porta executed it under Michelangelo's direction. Beneath the figure of the pope, which is of bronze, is that famous statue of white marble representing Justice, which is so beautiful that it was found necessary to cover it with a copper drapery. Examine that head; it is the character of beauty of Roman women caught with a rare talent. It is beautiful from all angles, as true sculpture must be. To this statue I owe the honor of arguing for ten years with the immortal Canova. In his opinion it has too much *force.*

The tomb to the right is that of Urban VIII (Barberini), who died in 1644, 124 years after Raphael, and there is nothing that does not show it. The figure of the pope is of bronze; Charity and Justice are of marble. Bernini wanted to appeal to fashion, and he succeeded; the century of *prettiness,* which changes every fifty years, was approaching.

On the day of the Ascension, the ladies in our group saw with astonishment, and even with terror, several hundred Sabine peasants; they were gathered in the great nave, around a statue of St. Peter in bronze. They have worn down the bronze foot of this idol with their kisses. These peasants come down from their mountains to celebrate the great feast in St. Peter's and to attend the *funzione.* They were covered with ragged woolen cloaks; their legs were wrapped in strips of canvas held in place with cords; their haggard eyes were hidden by disheveled black hair; against their chests they held felt hats which rain and sun had turned a reddish black. These peasants were accompanied by their families, no less savage than themselves.

After having examined them in all the parts of the church where their dispersal enabled us to see them at close range, we went back to the bronze St. Peter, placed on the right-hand side in the great nave. This rigid statue was a Jupiter; it is now a St. Peter. It has gained in personal morality; but its votaries are not the equals of those of Jupiter. Antiquity had neither inquisitions nor St. Bartholomew massacres, nor *Puritan gloom.* It had no fanaticism, that passion which is the mother of the most unspeakable cruelties. Fanaticism was created by this passage: *Multi sunt vocati, pauci vero electi*—outside the Church there is no salvation.

The sound of the voices of these peasants, which seems to me *beautiful,* makes our lady companions shudder. Such is the origin of many of our disputes: many things that are insignificant to my eyes seem to them pretty, and what is sublime beauty for me frightens them. The Romans, who have heard talk of Michelangelo since childhood, are accustomed to venerate him. It is a cult. Their souls, at once simple and great, understand him.

The inhabitants of the mountains between Rome, the lake of Fucino, Aquila and Ascoli represent rather well to my mind the moral state of Italy in about the year 1400. In their eyes nothing happens except by miracle; it is the perfection of the Catholic principle; if lightning falls on an old chestnut tree, it is because God wants to punish the owner. I have come upon the same moral state in the island of Ischia.

The ladies in our company noticed some peasants on their knees eight or ten paces from a confessional; a long white rod would descend on their heads, removing their venial sins. A few privileged confessionals were occupied by monks, each of them holding a rod. One never laughs in Italy; all this was most grave. Besides, there was not a single Roman of the upper classes in the church.

Following the north wall, from the tomb of Urban VIII, we noticed a mosaic representing the archangel St. Michael; it is a copy of Guido's famous painting, which we saw on the day after our arrival at the Cappuccini on the Piazza Barberini. First among the painters, Guido had the idea of imitating Greek beauty for the features of the face; he studied the heads of the *Niobe* group, and especially that of the unfortunate mother. We shall see, in a letter addressed to Count Baldassar Castiglione by Raphael, that he sought beauty by copying the most beautiful women's faces that he could find and *correcting* their defects. The work that had to take place in the head of a great painter to *find beauty* was obstructed by Plato's reveries, very much in vogue at the time of Raphael.

The great serenity that may be observed on the brow and in the upper part of the head of the archangel St. Michael obviously comes from the Greeks and, it seems to me, is never found in Raphael.

Close to the archangel may be seen the most beautiful mosaic in St. Peter's; it is by the knight Cristofari, the copy of the St. Petronilla by Guercino, of which the original was in Paris and is now to be found in the Capitol. The saint is represented at the moment of her exhumation; the mosaic has succeeded in keeping nearly all the warmth of the painting, which is one of its author's masterpieces. One of us, representing French taste, was much shocked by the fact that Guercino has given to some of his personages the Italian costume of the year 1650. This painting is as warm as a novel by the Abbé Prévost.

We pass before the tomb of Clement X (Altieri), who died in 1676; everything about it is mediocre. The *Martyrdom of St. Erasmus* by

Poussin is an estimable painting, but highly disagreeable to look at.

On the other hand, almost everything is sublime in the tomb of Clement XIII (Rezzonico), who died in 1769. His father, a rich banker of Venice, had bought him the cardinal's hat (at the price of 300,000 francs). Money was perhaps not without playing a part in his promotion to the papacy. All his life the good Rezzonico felt remorse at this great simony. He was a mediocre man, quite honest, and unreservedly devout.

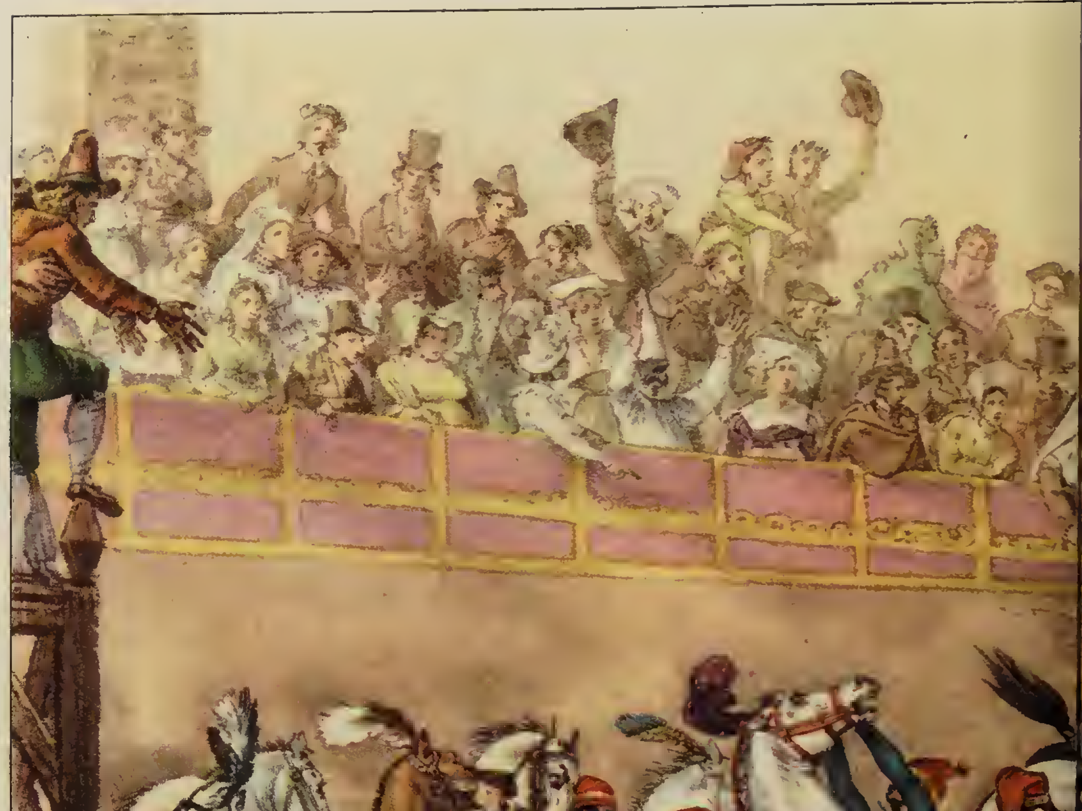
This is what the immortal Canova has divinely expressed in the face of this pope, whom he has represented engaged in prayer. The colossal figure of Clement XIII is kneeling on his mausoleum. His head is turned toward the great altar of St. Peter's; to the traveler's left is the figure of Religion, standing; it holds a cross. On the other side is the genius of death, seated, and in an attitude of grief. This genius is perhaps too pretty; it can be criticized for suggesting the idea of fatuity.

The door to the sacristy that is set in the lower part of the mausoleum produces an admirable effect; it seems to lead to the kingdom of death. That is how genius finds a way of making the most of difficulties. It is at either side of this door that one sees those admirable figures of lions that are so famous among artists. They express two different shades of extreme grief: deep dejection and anger. Here we are perhaps in the presence of the perfection of art. Canova was very poor when his protectors obtained for him from the Rezzonico family the *commission* for this tomb; he was obliged to carve with his own hands the mantle of the figure representing Religion; with a brace and bit pressed to the left side of his chest, he pierced the whole space between this mantle and the side of the statue of Religion. This was the origin of the violent stomach pains from which this great artist suffered all his life, and which brought him to the grave in 1823, at the age of sixty-three.

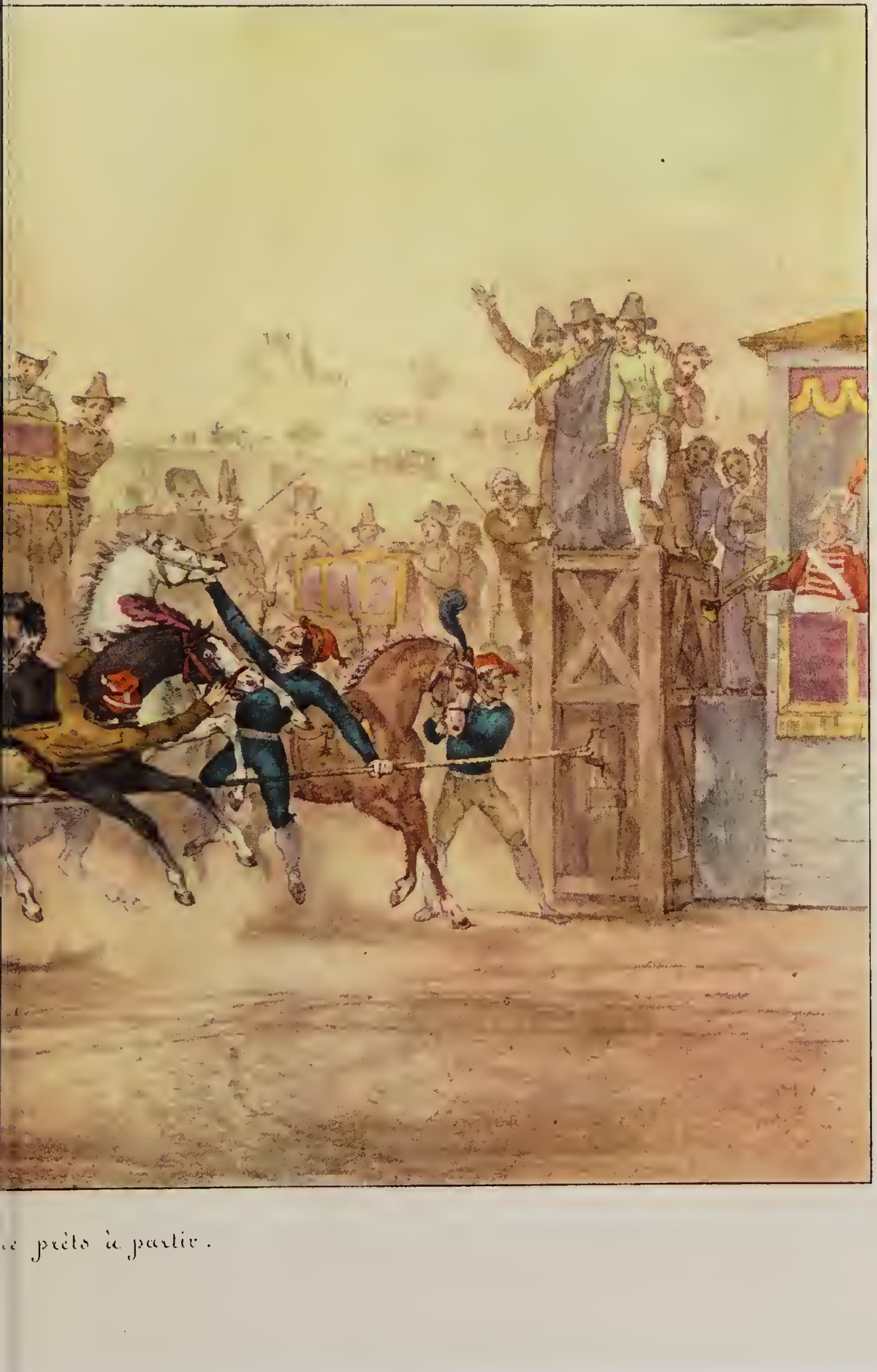
I have seen many persons admire the figure of the pope and the two lions without reservations. "Religion" leaves something to be desired; in the brow and in the eyes one misses Michelangelo's awe-inspiring force. Draftsmen of David's school have applied their cold compasses to the genius of death and found, I believe, something to criticize in the proportion of one leg.

We have reached the beautiful mosaic that makes a pair with Raphael's *Transfiguration,* placed at the other side of the church, on the south: it is the famous *Communion of St. Jerome,* by Domenichino. Inferior to the *Transfiguration* in respect to the sublimity of the faces, the *Communion* outranks it in chiaroscuro. Chiaroscuro gives unity,

14. BARBARY HORSES AT THE STARTING LINE
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



Les chevaux de



e prêts à partir .

which is why it produces more effect in St. Peter's. This painting has another advantage: the unity of the subject. The mosaic is by Cristofari.

We pass before two mediocre tombs, the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the tombs of Innocent XI and of the famous Countess Mathilde and the chapel of St. Sebastian, and we finally come to the chapel of the Pietà, so called because of Michelangelo's famous group on the altar: the Virgin holds on her knees the dead body of her son. This group is in marble.

In the beautiful Italian language, *una Pietà* (a Pity) is the term more specifically given to the representation of the most moving scene in the Christian religion. Michelangelo executed this masterpiece for Cardinal de Villiers, the Abbott of St. Denis and ambassador of Charles VIII to Pope Alexander VI.

A chill comes over us when we read that Louis XI, in having the Duke of Nemours beheaded, ordered his small sons to be placed beneath the execution block so that they would be bathed in their father's blood; but those sons were of a tender age, and perhaps more stunned than affected by the execution of so barbarous an order; they were not yet sufficiently familiar with life's misfortunes to grasp the full horror of that day.

If perchance one of them, older than the others, did feel this horror, the idea of a vengeance as atrocious as the offense no doubt filled his soul and infused it with life and warmth. But a mother in her declining years, a mother no longer able to love her husband, in whom the affections had all been concentrated on a son who was young, comely, full of genius and yet sensitive as though he had been a man like any other, such a mother no longer has any hope for herself, no longer has anything to sustain her; her heart is far from being stirred with the desire for a spectacular vengeance. What can she, a poor, weak woman, do against a fierce mob that has murdered her son? She has lost this son, the most lovable and the tenderest of men, who had precisely those qualities that are vividly felt by women; an enchanting eloquence employed unceasingly in defending a philosophy in which the name and the sentiment of love constantly recurred[1].

After having seen him die by an infamous torture, she holds his inanimate head on her knees. This is without doubt the greatest grief that a mother's heart can feel.

---

[1] Like Signor Dupin in his polemic against Signor Salvator, we here consider Jesus only as a man and protest our respect for public morality (Stendhal).

But here in the blinking of an eye religion annuls what would move you in this episode had it occurred in a humble cottage. If Mary believes that her son is God (and this I cannot doubt), she believes him to be omnipotent. Hence it is not left to the reader to search his own conscience, and if he is capable of any true feeling he will see that Mary can no longer love Jesus with a mother's love, with that most intimate love, composed of the memory of a past protection and the hope of a future support.

If Jesus dies, it is obviously because this suits his designs; but this death, rather than being moving, is odious for Mary who, while Jesus bore a mortal form, had grown to love him. If Jesus had the slightest feeling of gratitude for her, he ought at the very least to have spared her this sight.

It is superfluous to observe that this death is inexplicable to Mary. Here is an omnipotent and infinitely good God who suffers the anguish of a human death to gratify the vengeance of another infinitely good God.

The death of Jesus, rendered visible to Mary, could therefore only be a gratuitous cruelty to her. We are a thousand leagues from the compassion and the sentiments of a mother.

The representation of an event in which God himself is an actor may be singular, curious, extraordinary, but cannot be moving. Canova himself would have attempted in vain to bring tears to our eyes with a group representing Mary mourning the death of her son.

You may ask: "What about that Japanese in the painting by Tiarini, which is in the chapel of San Domenico in Bologna, who sees his son ressuscitated by the intervention of San Francesco Saverio?" I shall answer: "If he feels a vivid gratitude, it is inspired in him by a man. If it had been God who had performed the miracle, why, since he is omnipotent, did he first allow that child to die? And besides, of what does San Francesco Saverio deprive himself by ressuscicating him? It is Hercules bringing Alcestes back from the kingdom of the dead, it is not Alcestes who sacrifices her to save the life of her spouse."

The only feeling that divinity can inspire in feeble mortals is terror; and Michelangelo seems to have been born expressly to impress this dread upon the soul with marble and with colors. When the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel become visible to your eyes, you will understand how much logical truth entered into Michelangelo's genius, and how lasting his merit will be. He will survive even the memory of Catholicism.

Like Canova, Michelangelo began by faithfully imitating nature. Later the sermons and the death of Savonarola made him understand the *Catholic religion,* and he adopted the sublime and awe-inspiring style in which no one can be compared to him. Born in Florence in 1474, he died in Rome in 1563.

In a corner of the chapel of the Pietà one notices an iron grille that surrounds a marble column; it is the one on which Jesus Christ leaned in arguing with the doctors in Solomon's temple. Some persons believe this to be one of the columns of the same form that Constantine had had brought from Greece, and that were placed, at his orders, around the tomb of the prince of the apostles in the former church of St. Peter.

The ancient urn adorned with bas-reliefs that we see here belonged to Probus Anicius, prefect of Rome, who died in 395. It served as a baptismal fount in the former basilica.

The ceiling of the church is resplendent with gold, like the gallery of Compiègne; it is composed of rosettes and panels in gilt stucco. This magnificent ceiling gives St. Peter's the appearance of the chapel of a great sovereign whose power is based on religion, rather than of a Catholic church. Do you not agree that only the Gothic style is in harmony with a terror-inspiring religion, which says to the greatest number of those who enter its churches: *Thou shalt be damned*?

St. Peter's was perfectly suited to the elegant court of a clever pope, like Leo X. The most bigoted popes who have had work done on it since have not been able to make it lose its character of worldly and courtly beauty. Prayer, in St. Peter's, is not the lifting of the heart toward a terrible judge who must at all costs be placated, it is a ceremony to be performed toward a being who is kindly and indifferent in regard to many things.

All these ideas, presented to the ladies traveling in our group, were not received without opposition. I beg the reader to remember that I am only assuming the role of general advocate; I propose *motives of conviction.* I invite him to be suspicious of everyone and even of myself. The important thing is to admire only what really gives pleasure, and always to believe that the man next to you who is admiring is being paid to deceive you: Monsignor D . . ., for example, who was dining next to me at the Russian ambassador's, and who was fervently boasting about the administration of criminal justice in Rome (a very few months after this he was made a cardinal). I apologize for the brief, and somewhat *blunt,* manner of speaking. Three words used instead of one would often soften the form, but would bring this itinerary to three volumes.

We saw once again the most pleasing of Canova's masterpieces; this is the tomb of James III, king of England, and of his two sons, the Cardinal of York and the Pretender, the spouse of the sparkling Countess of Albany who was loved by Alfieri. The present King of England, George IV, faithful to his reputation as the most accomplished gentleman of the three kingdoms, wished to honor the ashes of unhappy princes whom he would have sent to the scaffold in their lifetime, had they fallen into his power. The form of this tomb is a little Gothic. On a plinth one sees the busts of the three Stuarts, in semi-relief, treated in a slightly effeminate manner which recalls the total absence of character that was observed in these men, undoubtedly the most unfortunate in their century.

Above these busts, a great bas-relief represents the door to a tomb, and on the two sides two angels whose beauty it is in truth impossible for me to describe. Just opposite there is a wooden bench on which, in 1817 and 1828, I have spent the sweetest hours of my sojourn in Rome. It is especially at the approach of night that the beauty of these angels appears celestial. They recalled to me the memory of Correggio's *Night,* in Dresden. On arriving in Rome it is before the tomb of the Stuarts that one must come to learn whether chance has endowed one with a heart capable of feeling sculpture. The tender and naïve beauty of these young inhabitants of heaven becomes manifest to the traveler long before he can understand that of the *Apollo Belvedere,* and ever so long before he is sensitive to the sublimity of the Elgin marbles. Compared to the statue of Theseus, these angels are almost a portrait. It is against these angels that the furious hatred of certain men is most unbridled, who to the misfortune of the arts have become sculptors. If only they had become cloth manufacturers or bankers—they could have achieved opulence more quickly.

The last chapel of the part added by Paul V is that of the choir (*del coro*). This is where the Chapter of St. Peter officiates daily. The Chapter is composed of a cardinal arch-priest, a monsignore, who is his vicar, thirty canons, thirty-six beneficiaries and twenty-six clerics. This chapel is, by itself, as big as a church, and is separated from the rest of St. Peter's by panes of glass set between the iron bars of the door. They serve as a protection against cold draughts for the old priests who come to sing the praises of the Lord, and the *soprani* who assist them with their acrid voices. The vault is magnificently ornamented, one would say by a Greek sculptor to see the many nude figures that stand out in white against a gold setting. These ornaments are an outrage both to the spirit and to the letter of Christianity; but those who ordered these figures from Giacomo della Porta, who died about 1610, knew no better. The proprieties had not yet made the dreary progress which today confines artists who work for the Church to the tedious type.

On Sunday mornings, toward noon, one sees before this iron door a great gathering of pretty English women holding their doleful husbands by the arm. These gentlemen wear enormous mustaches. Sooner or later one comes to know all foreigners by sight. The castrates of 1820 are pitiful; Rome has great need of a pope who loves the arts, otherwise people will stop coming here. The only beautiful voice of this kind was in Dresden six years ago; as a result there was always a crowd at the king's mass.

Proceeding toward the back of the church, we come upon a frightful tomb. An enormous skeleton of gilded brass holds up a drapery of yellow marble; it is Bernini's last work. Here rests Alexander VII (Chigi). The pope is kneeling; he is seen surrounded by figures of women who represent Justice, Prudence and Charity. Bernini had dared to show Truth in all the simplicity of her natural costume; she has since been cloaked in a bronze drapery.

I shall not deny that there is a certain fire of execution here that draws the eyes of the people. I have often seen eight or ten Sabine peasants stand gaping before this tomb. But that which is of a nature to affect the vulgar revolts my friends. Here lies the great difficulty of the arts and of literature in the nineteenth century. The world is full of people impelled by wealth to *buy,* but the grossness of whose taste prevents them from *appreciating.* These people are the prey of charlatans. The successes which these charlatans achieve choke the reputation of the talented painter. Fortunate indeed is that man of talent if he do not become envious and resentful! One should make up one's mind to work either for the *gross* public or for *the happy few.* One cannot please both at the same time.

The Sabine peasants, after having considered the enormous gilded skeleton of the tomb of Alexander VII, return to their mountains much better Catholics. This is an effect that our clergy in France does not understand when it banishes music and the fine arts; it is too much afraid of Voltaire's jokes. The people must breathe religion through all their pores. Before Mozart's *Requiem* was banned from St. Sulpice I used to see people there who were far from devout.

One sad reflection dominates all others, after one has made the round of St. Peter's. Government by two chambers will spread over the world and deal the final blow to the fine arts. Sovereigns, instead of concerning themselves with the building of a fine church, will think of investing money in America so that they will be rich private individuals in case they should be overthrown. Once the two chambers have set themselves up in authority in a country, I foresee two things:

1. They will never give twenty millions for fifty years in succession in order to make a monument like St. Peter's.

2. They will bring into the salons a crowd of people who will be most estimable, most honorable and most rich, but deprived by their education of that exquisite tact needed for the fine arts. I sincerely hope that the latter will find a way to surmount these three misfortunes.

If ever one was to finish St. Peter's, all the bad paintings would have to be replaced by mosaics executed after Titian's *Assumption* and his *St. Peter,* Annibale Carracci's *Resurrection of Christ,* Raphael's *St. Cecilia,* Domenichino's *Martyrdom of St. Andrew* (a fresco at the St. Gregory, in Rome), the *Deposition from the Cross* by Daniele da Volterra (at the Trinità dei Monti), etc., etc.

To many of these paintings I should prefer mosaics executed after certain parts of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel; here they would be seen; but I was hooted this morning, when I proposed this idea to my travel companions. Almost all the statues placed in St. Peter's are ridiculous; Herr Rauch of Berlin would make better ones.

The vestibule looks too worldly; there absolutely should be four great tombs, that is to say the memory of death mingled with that of a great man. What a fine idea for religion!

St. Peter's lacks an organ worthy of such a vessel.

St. Peter's, lighted by gas and with a single mass of light placed above the high altar, will perhaps some day afford a sight of which we have no idea. But what a profane expression I have just used: *Afford a sight*! Alas! St. Peter's fine days are over; in order to enjoy it, in order to derive a deep emotion from it, one must first of all be a believer.

The roofs of St. Peter's and the underground church are well worth seeing, but I dare not detain the reader longer. I sacrifice twenty pages of little facts which it would interest me very much to write about.

GROTTAFERRATA, DECEMBER 5, 1827 / In Paris it is only in the conversation of some cantankerous old solicitor that one is likely to come upon the truth, in all its wretched crudeness, on many subjects. All the rest of society likes to draw a veil over the seamy side of life. The excess of the disguise sometimes becomes ridiculous among people who have had the misfortune to be born very noble and very rich; but in general this manner of representing life constitutes the charm of French society.

The Roman, however, resorts to no subterfuges to disguise the *harshness of the reality of life.* The society in which he lives is sown with too many mortal dangers for him to run the risk of indulging in faulty reasoning, or that of giving false counsel. His imagination goes wild at every discovery of an unknown misfortune. It wants to see everything at first glance, and then try to become accustomed to it.

This *respect for truth* and the *permanence of desires* are, to our mind, the two great features that most separate the Roman from the Parisian. Paul said yesterday, very aptly: this sincerity of Roman society, to which we are unaccustomed, makes them seem ill-natured at first sight; it is nevertheless the source of *good nature.* Here a friend does not receive you each day in a different mood. This would disturb the revery and the *dolce far niente,* which in this climate are the first of pleasures and the fertile soil in which sensual delight germinates.

Peoples are unintelligible to one another. The term *Italian good nature* has made you shrug your shoulders; this good nature kills wit.

Were he to apply himself to it assiduously all his life, no Roman, however nimble of wit—even a Gherardo de Rossi—could ever grasp the full extent of *Parisian levity.* At every moment, unable to grasp the truth, he would assume hypocrisy in the object of his observations.

Madame N . . . was telling us this evening that perhaps the greatest pleasure of travel was the *wonder of the return.* It is true: and to my mind the return has the value of making us discover good sides even in men and things which, before leaving, we had considered utterly insipid.

One cannot consider oneself to have even a limited knowledge of present-day Rome until one has come into the habit of having frequent conversations with its citizens. One must not choose one's contacts in the *primo ceto.* The very rich and well-bred people in foreign countries have approximately the manners and the character of the Frenchmen of the court of Louis XV. One finds in them a very susceptible vanity, quite commonly a somewhat heavy politeness and, besides, an almost total absence of all the passions and of all the habits that give a local physiognomy.

We discover in them the defect of aping us a little. A Milanese burgher, a dandy by profession, used to carry one shoulder a little higher than the other because the last print in the Paris fashion journal had this fault in drawing.

Frederick, the man of resource in our small caravan, has been able to bring us into relation with some middle-class people who are comfortably off, but not rich. This has been possible only with merchants; for Romans who live on their annuities avoid, through fear, any kind of relation with foreigners, whom they always assume to be frowned upon by their governments. They are less curious and more prudent. People who have any connection whatsoever with trade miss no occasion to castigate the manner in which Leo XII governs.

A friend of Frederick's occasionally consents to come and have a cup of chocolate with us. He is a Roman of old stock, I mean a man whose moral nature was formed before 1797 and the establishment of the *Roman Republic.* Although at heart very liberal, he almost believes in a great number of miracles. His grandfather, who raised him, had come into society about 1740, and wholly believed in them.

Our friend tells us that in his childhood they used to go to St. Paul to see the famous crucifix that spoke to St. Bridget; another crucifix, in Santa Maria in Transpontina, had on several occasions had conversations with St. Peter and St. Paul. One day the Madonna of San Cosma e Damiano at the Forum (the singular church that was formerly the temple of Remus and Romulus) sharply upbraided St. Gregory, who passed before her without greeting her.

In the charming church of Santa Sabina (on Mount Aventine), people used to go to see a large stone that the devil had thrown from above at St. Dominicus to crush him; but the stone was deflected, and the saint miraculously left unscathed. This story might well conceal an attempted murder.

It is less than a century ago that a portrait of Jesus was being shown in the church of St. Sylvester (*al campo Marzo*), made, so it was said, by the Savior himself, and which he sent to King Abgarus. Eusebius reports the letters of Abgarus to Jesus Christ, and of Jesus Christ to Abgarus; but he says nothing of the picture. It is claimed that John Damascenus spoke of it.

The Ark of the Covenant, as well as Moses's rod, Aaron's rod, and a part of the body of Jesus Christ, were to be found in San Giovanni in Laterano. In the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which stands almost opposite, on the other side of the highway that leads to Naples, was shown one of the pieces of silver that Judas received, this traitor's lantern, and the cross on which the penitent thief was crucified.

San Giacomo Scossacavalli possessed the stone on which Jesus Christ was circumcized, showing the imprint of one of the heels of the infant; this stone was on the altar of the Presentation.

On the altar of Sant'Anna was kept the marble table that had been prepared for the sacrifice of Isaac.

The empress Helen, mother of Constantine, sent these relics with the order that they should be placed in St. Peter's; but when the chariot that bore them passed before San Giacomo it was stopped by an invisible hand, and the horses were nearly knocked over by the recoil. Whence the name of Scossacavalli given to San Giacomo, which received the relics.

The books that were habitually read in Rome about 1720 are almost as curious as the miracles that were believed in the same period. In order to have an idea of a library one must look through one of its volumes. The most notoriously impious writers cannot help paying tribute to the subtlety of wit and to the logic, both *delicate* and *profound,* that guides the casuists in the deduction of their reasonings. Many fashionable historians could take lessons in logic from these ecclesiastical writers who are so neglected today.

As with the Arab philosophers, the original datum of the reasonings of those people is perhaps not sufficiently proved; but one cannot too greatly admire the force and the depth with which they deduce consequences from these.

I was forgetting the miracle of Santa Maria Maggiore: one of the pictures of the Madonna painted by St. Luke is kept there, and on several occasions angels have been found singing Litanies around this painting.

DECEMBER 6 / We have just visited the antiquities of the Jewish quarter. It was Pope Paul IV (Caraffa, that old Neapolitan who seriously believed himself to be infallible and who feared that he would be eternally damned if he did not yield to the secret impulses that commanded him to persecute), who began to vex the Jews (1556). He obliged them to live in the Ghetto, the district on the banks of the Tiber, near the Ponte Rotto, now so dirty and wretched. The Jews were forced to return to the Ghetto at twenty-four hours (that is to say at sundown); Paul IV made them sell their possessions, and allowed them to engage in no other trade than that of old clothes. They were obliged to wear a yellow hat. Gregory XIII gave a reasonable complement to these measures: he obliged a certain number of Jews to listen to a Christian sermon every Saturday.

Despite all these vexations, and a number of others that would cause me to be regarded as a Jacobin if I were to relate them, such is the admirable energy with which this unfortunate people still clings to the law of Moses, that it has not ceased greatly to multiply. The Jews have a precept that commands them to marry at the age of twenty at the latest, failing which they expose themselves to be treated with opprobrium and like people living in sin.

All these persecutions invented by Pope Caraffa had fallen into disuse in the reign of the kindly Cardinal Consalvi; but after the death of Pius VII it all began again; the Jews are locked up in the Ghetto at eight o'clock. The day before yesterday, at the theatre, it was pointed out to us that the whole pit was filled, because it was the day when the gates to the Ghetto are left open until ten o'clock (or half past two at night, the sun at present setting at quarter past seven). The *ventiquattro* (the twenty-four hours) change every fortnight. The retrograde party is very much attached to this inconvenient way of having the bells rung; the other manner is called *alla francese.*

Frederick was reading Mr. Baehr's *History of Roman Literature* this evening. He tells us of several customs of the Romans in the first centuries. For a long time the iron hand of necessity kept every kind of luxury from Rome.

DECEMBER 8, 1827 / Foreigners usually curse the remains of the temple of Antoninus the Pious, although its eleven columns form what is perhaps the finest ruin of its kind that exists in Rome. The customs office has been built here. This is where the unfortunate traveler is taken when he arrives; and if it should happen that three or four barouches have preceded his, and they are filled with Englishmen, whose *spleen* seizes the occasion for a quarrel with the customs officers, one may well have a wait of two or three hours. Will you lose your temper?

No. The unwarranted pride of the English will be for you like a Helot's drunkenness in the eyes of a Lacedemonian. No, you will remember the mountain of patience that you have set aside before presenting yourself in this country of petty vexations and of petty despots. I advise you to approach a customs officer with a jovial air, and to give him a *paul* (fifty-two centimes). Touched by so great a generosity and your gay manner, this man will be useful to *il signor Francese*. This name, linked to that of Napoleon, still carries immense weight in Italy. Ah, if our ministers knew how to exploit the heritage of that great man, what an influence would they not give to the king of France by distributing to the most worthy, as Louis XIV did, twenty pensions of a hundred louis and thirty crosses!

Only eleven fluted marble columns of Corinthian order remain of the temple of Antoninus the Pious; they are thirty-nine feet six inches tall and have a diameter of four feet two inches. The base is Attic and the capital adorned with olive leaves.

Although greatly damaged by fires, this ruin is magnificent. These eleven columns formed a lateral part of the porch that surrounded the temple. Try to imagine them thus; forget the ignoble customs office, and see the rest of the monument as it existed for the Romans. If you are accustomed to the magnificent decorations that Signor Sanquirico makes for the theatre of La Scala, in Milan, the ruins of Rome will give you much greater pleasure. You will more easily be able to *imagine what is lacking,* and *disregard what is there.*

What I am asking you to do for a ruin is what one must do in the presence of nearly all bearers of great reputations; most of them, alas! are also ruins.

Hard by the temple of Antoninus stands the church of St. Ignatius. The great painter Domenichino had made two plans; a Jesuit took half of each of these plans, and it is thus that the present church has come to us, begun in 1626 and completed in 1685. The interior is rich rather than beautiful. In the post of honor, above the great pillars of the transept, a Jesuit has painted two murders drawn from the Bible.

DECEMBER 10 / Next to the church of the Jesuits is the Roman Collegio. You would take me for a bilious and clumsy satirist if I were to unfold to you the kind of truths that are taught there. I believe it required a papal bull to permit the presentation, but *as a hypothesis* *only,* of the system according to which the earth revolves around the sun. Did not Joshua say, *Sta sol*—sun, stand still? Whence that famous persecution of Galileo which is lied about even today, in 1829. The truth is to be found only in two fat volumes, printed a long time ago, and which have been put on sale only a few years ago, in Florence. I found them in the shop of M. Vieusseux, a bookdealer and man of wit, the publisher of *l'Antologia,* the best newspaper in Italy. This review is subjected to censorship, but to make up for it it is written with *scruple,* a thing which is perhaps unique on the continent.

On returning to the Corso we saw the Sciarra Palace, a very attractive piece of architecture. The gallery of paintings in this palace being situated on the south and well lighted, we saved it for a rainy day. On the other hand, the Doria Palace, which is naturally dark, should be visited at eleven o'clock on a fine sunny day.

Nothing is more curious, for one who loves painting, than an old copy of Raphael made by a good painter. The Sciarra gallery is proud of the copy of the *Transfiguration* attributed to *Monsu* Valentin (a good French painter, who died young in 1632). Here one sees works by Garofolo, a pupil of Raphael, thirty-two of whose paintings are hung in the Borghese Palace and the greatest of whose extant works are in the Doria gallery. There is a dryness and a hardness about his painting, but also greatness and simplicity, which are so rare since the sixteenth century. The works of Garofolo resemble the mediocre tragedies of the great Corneille. In the Sciarra gallery one sees Baroccios, Guidos, Andrea del Sartos, paintings by Innocenzo da Imola, a copyist of Raphael, and by Sacchi, who fifty years ago, I know not why, was regarded as a great painter. Nothing is so astonishing as a piece of charlatanism when it has toppled; from this point of view the history of several of our great men of 1829 will be curious to read in 1850. I who am speaking to you have seen M. Esménard featured as a great man and more extolled even than M . . . is today. The last room in the Sciarra Palace has a portrait of Raphael, painted in 1518, two years before his death; *Vanity and Modesty,* the famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci, inferior to its reputation; a *Decapitation* by Giorgione, the rival of Titian, who died of love at thirty-four. The cold Titian died of the plague at ninety-nine. We admired—the ladies in our party especially—a *Magdalen,* a sublime work by Guido. Toward the end of his life this great man became a gambler and sometimes, when pressed by his creditors, made as many as three paintings in a single day.

We pass in front of several palaces whose façades, remarkable for their style, need only a wider street to be highly impressive. We reach the Doria Palace, which formerly belonged to the Pamphili family, enriched by Pope Innocent X, in about 1650.

This very large palace is remarkable less for its architecture, which dates from the seventeenth century, a period of decadence, than for its superb gallery of paintings. We paused only a moment; our lady companions wanted to see architecture this morning; they claimed to understand it.

Toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV, in the time of Madame de Sévigné, when the works of La Bruyère, Descartes and Bayle were in all hands, the Duke of Mazarin and the Duchess of Guise caused the statues that belonged to them to be covered with plaster, and the paintings that they considered indecent to be burned. Under Louis XIII, a M. Desnoyer, an under-minister, eager for advancement, had Correggio's *Leda* cut into bits. We had in the museum a picture by this great painter, which disappeared about 1816. Where is it?

Prince Pamphili, who lived in 1688, was very rich and very young; the Jesuits insistently urged him to join their society. The poor young man decided to have plaster shirts put on a great number of magnificent antique statues that he had just inherited from his father. He ordered a famous *Venus* by Carracci to be smeared over. A few years later he fell in love, married and sent the Jesuits packing; he had the plaster that veiled his statues removed; but unfortunately the masons had rusticated the marble, to make the plaster adhere.

The day before yesterday, at the Farnese gallery, we were shown a small bit of apparel made of tin, a replica of which was placed on every male statue a few months ago in order to please a great personage. It is generally old men who own the palaces and the galleries of paintings, and it is to be feared that the return of ecclesiastical severity that is felt in Rome at this time may be fatal to several objects of art.

Near the Doria Palace may be seen the two Bonaparte palaces. On emerging upon the adjoining square one is struck by the appearance of a kind of fortress; it is the Palazzo Venezia; it was built in 1468, with stones from the Colosseum. There resided the amiable cavalier Tambroni in his capacity as supervisor of German artists in Rome. The Emperor of Austria has seized this palace, which belonged to the Republic of Venice until its fall, in 1798. This is where the Countess d'Appony receives so charmingly on Fridays.

DECEMBER 11 / Across the way stands the palace of Signor Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano, where we attended the ball this evening[1]. From the most lowly condition, Signor Torlonia has raised himself, by his ability, to the most brilliant position. The excessive love of money is, in my opinion, what most spoils the human face. The mouth especially, devoid of appeal in people of money, often becomes unspeakably hideous. It is a curious experience to hear Signor Torlonia when he tells about the rivalry of the young Roman princes who solicited his daughters' hands. There is a kind of naïveté in his limitless respect for money. For more than ten years he has not dared to come to live in the palace where we danced this evening; a fortune-teller had told him that he would die on the first night that he slept there.

These are deeply rooted prejudices. Nothing is more natural, as everyone here learns theology, which can lead to anything; and physics leads to prison. Signor Torlonia is the banker of all the Englishmen who come to Rome, and makes enormous profits by paying for their pounds sterling in Roman *scudi*. Every winter is enlivened by some new tale featuring, on the one hand, the stinginess of the cold and unperturbed banker, and, on the other, the great anger of some rich Englishman, who complains of the *exchange*. In compensation, Signor Torlonia offers charming balls to his clients, entry to which would not be paid too dearly at forty francs a head. On that day he is no longer miserly.

The four sides of the court of his palace are taken up by a magnificent gallery that communicates with several vast salons, in which one dances. The best living painters, Messrs. Palaggi, Cammuccini, Landi, have adorned them with paintings. A salon has been built to accomodate appropriately the famous colossal group by Canova, *Enraged Hercules Hurling Lycas into the Sea*. On days when balls are given, this group is illuminated in a picturesque manner by masses of lights placed at points indicated by Canova himself. Signor Torlonia's parties are finer and better planned than those of most sovereigns of Europe. There are, for example, always enough people and never an uncomfortable congestion. Can you see, in the midst of groups composed of the prettiest women of England and Rome, a little old man with a worried look, wearing a white waistcoat that is too long? He is the master of the house; he is surely telling the foreigners some anecdotes of domestic economy. For example, that little Portuguese with the beautifully curled head of hair and the sparkling wit, Count de F . . ., was admiring just a moment ago the magnificent mirrors hung just opposite Canova's *Hercules.* Signor Torlonia announces an anecdote. A circle forms around him, and he goes into all the details of a clever trick by means of which he gets a five per cent discount from the Paris mirror dealers.

---

[1] This rich banker is no more. He followed to the grave, by a short interval, a man as hated as he himself was envied. Leo XII died on February 10 and Signor Torlonia on the 28th. The well-known Father Fortis, general of the Jesuits, had preceded them by a very few days.

On this occasion he dressed even more poorly than usual, and he gave to his physiognomy an even more wretched and more Jewish cast; thus disguised, he presented himself before the Paris merchants. He told them that the Italian banker Torlonia, famed for his miserliness, had commisioned him, a poor mirror-maker of Rome, to buy mirrors in London or in Paris. He offered to pay cash. "That is how," said the millionaire triumphantly, "I got a five-per cent discount on the lowest price I could have obtained had I presented myself in my own name; this discount of five per cent amounts to quite a tidy sum." And the banker's little eyes sparkled with joy and for a moment lost their worried expression.

Later, close to one o'clock, the Duke of Bracciano spoke of his sons to the group which included poor Miss Bathurst. "One of them," he said, indicating the elder one, "is a simpleton, I'm afraid; he likes paintings, the arts, statues; I shall leave him three million and two duchies. But the other one is something quite different—he is a man; he knows the price of money; so I shall leave my banking establishment to him, he will enlarge it, extend it, and some day you will see him richer, not than this or that prince, but than all the Roman princes together; and if he develops one-half of his father's prudence, he will make his son a pope."

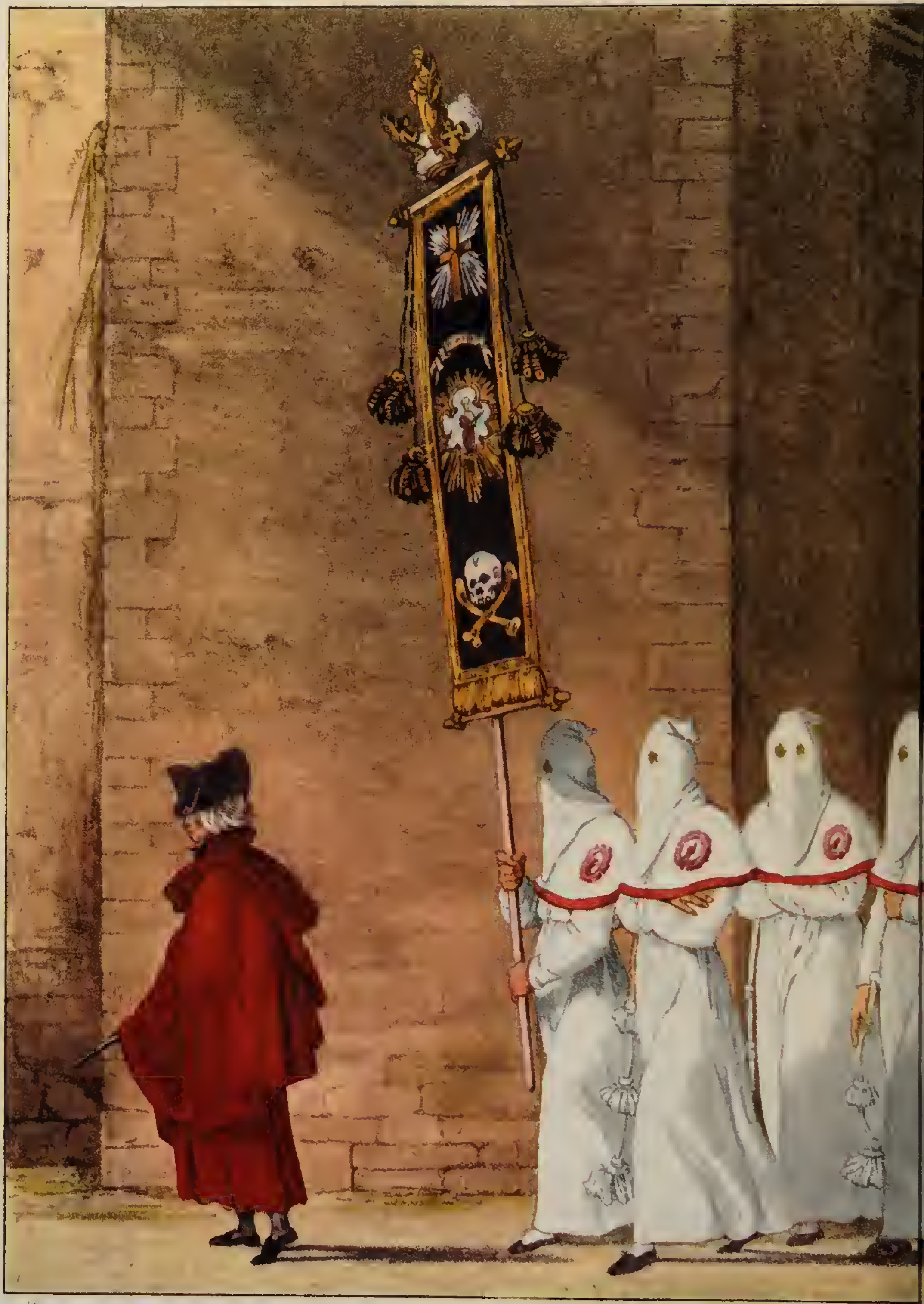
(As did the banker Rezzonico or Agostino Chigi, whom Bandello so well portrays; Agostino was a clever man who devoted himself to improving the financial position of all the men of talent who were his contemporaries.)

At two paces from the duke, the famous Lady N . . . was saddened to see this moneyed figure. "Torlonia," she said, "ought not to attend the balls that he gives, he should leave his daughters the princesses to do the honors. In spite of oneself one has to notice that face; it is all too evident that he is incapable of enjoying the beautiful things with which he has surrounded himself, and this paralyzes their effect." As for myself, I see a good deal of envy in all these remarks. Signor Torlonia is the *man of money* par excellence; he cares nothing for adulation and does not have newspapers of his own to praise him; to tell the truth, in Rome everyone knows everyone else, and charlatanism is impossible here. (This is why Rome is the one place where artists may still be looked for.)

The ladies in our group had taken a violent dislike to Signor Torlonia, and at first did not want to go to his ball. I had to resort to a great deal of eloquence in order to dissipate this repugnance. Everyone these days, from the prince down to the lackey, speaks of a young M. de Saint-Pri . . ., who, living improvidently and having come to the end of his resources, has just blown out his brains in desperation. There are those who say that Torlonia harshly refused him an advance of a few thousand francs on the eve of his death, and the following morning, ten minutes perhaps before the young Frenchman blew out his brains, the banker received funds for him.

This man, who is the object of so much jealousy, is in no sense blameworthy in this case. He has a real talent for divining the *movements of money* or of *goods* that occur in this country, impoverished by the laziness of its inhabitants, and even more by the baroque regulations that some adroit intriguer from time to time manages to obtain from his sovereigns. For example, Pope Louis XII, who in his youth was an agreeable man and nothing more has just put a very high tax on the *vetturini* who bring travelers to Rome, without whom this unhappy town would not have enough to pay for a mass. This evening there was great indignation over the matter, toward the end of the ball. Everything will go badly here until some pope has the wit to take a banker as minister of finance; but usage requires that the treasurer of the church shall be a *monsignore,* that is to say a prelate. After he has been four years in office, no cardinal can be appointed without his getting a hat. Nor can he be destituted without being made cardinal. That is how an arch-scoundrel, who has recently died, obtained the hat in the time of Pius VI.

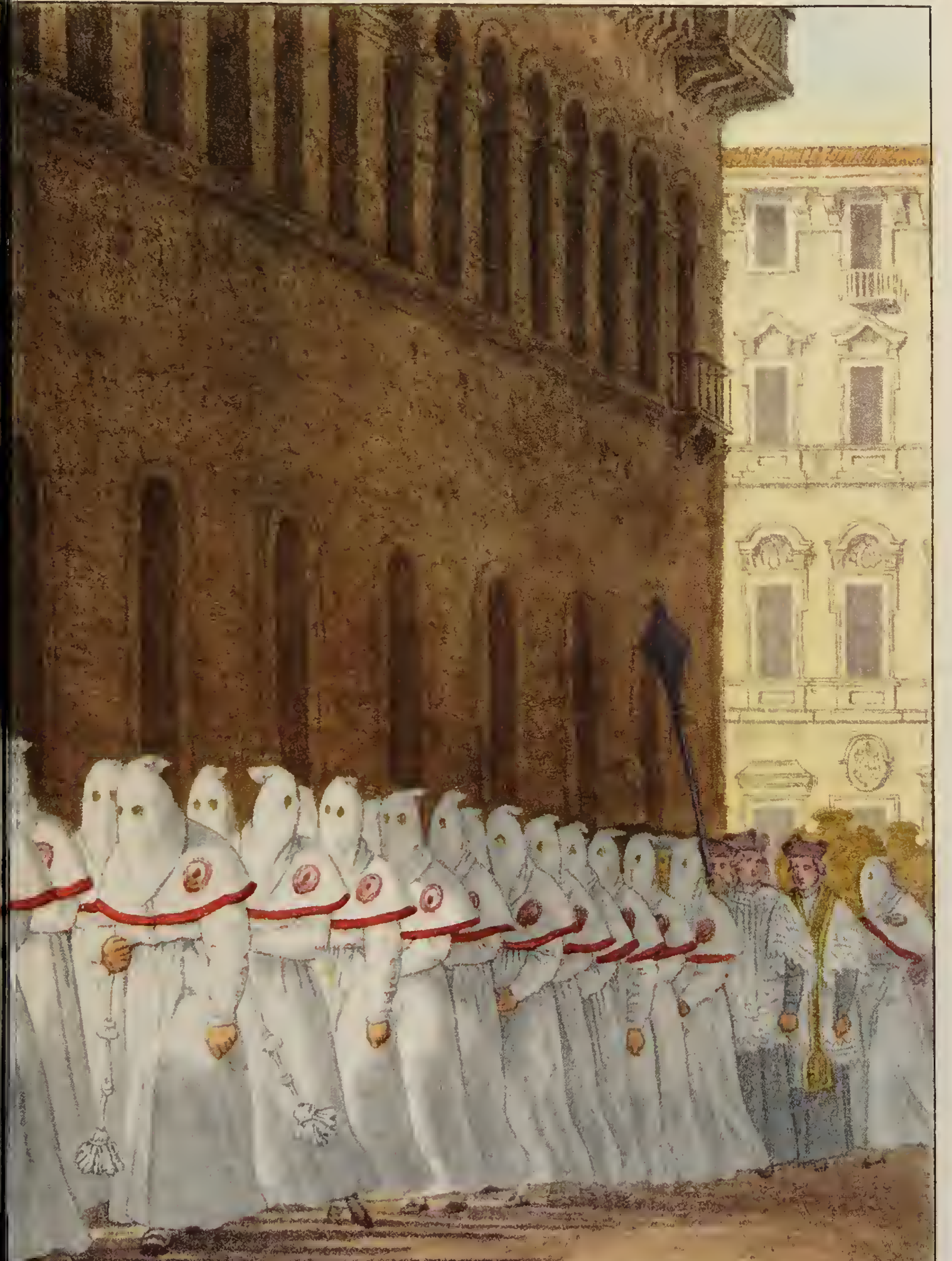
Nothing more distinguished and more noble can be imagined than the princesses who are the Duke of Bracciano's daughters. Perhaps they blush a little at their father's appearance. In my life I have not attended three balls that surpassed the ones that he gives. They combine *comfort* with supreme elegance; the ladies in our party were forced to admit it. "But," one of them said to me, "I see hovering about me the ghost of



Chérau

Confrérie allant che

Pl. 11



Lith. de Villain

r un mort à son logis.

16. FRIARS GOING TO FETCH THE BODY OF A BROTHER
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas

that poor Saint-Pri . . ., whose life could have been saved with half of what this magnificent supper cost." "Madame," I replied, "Chamfort used to say that when one frequents high society, one must swallow a toad every morning."

DECEMBER 12 / The Corso ends at the foot of the Capitoline hill. Here, between the two Bonaparte palaces, one turns to the right and one reaches the magnificent church of Jesus.

This is the central house of the Jesuits, and it is here that their general resides.

Because of the elevation of the Capitoline hill and the way the streets are laid out, it is generally windy near the church of the Jesuits. The story goes that one day the devil was walking in Rome with the wind; as they came close to the church of Jesus, the devil said to the wind, "I have business inside, wait for me here." The devil has never come out since, and the wind is still waiting at the door.

This magnificent church was erected in 1580, on plans drawn by Vignola; the interior is very rich; a mediocre painter named Bacciccio has filled it with great frescoes. There is warmth and a fine disorder in the group of the vices toppled over by a ray that proceeds from the name of Jesus. One particularly notices the altar to the left, beneath which the body of St. Ignatius of Loyola reposes, in a tomb of gilded bronze, adorned with precious stones. That Spanish adventurer, filled with exaltation and a little mad, died in 1556, and was canonized in 1622. The generals who have succeeded him, and among others Lainez, a man to be compared in talent with Cardinal de Richelieu, and even with St. Paul, have made the Jesuits what they are. I should like an atheist to write their history *sine ira et studio*. Is this society not one of the most remarkable, since the one instituted by Lycurgus, since the one instituted by Moses? M. de Lalande was wont to say, "Do you know why all the priests extol me? Because I am an atheist-Jesuit!"

Two Frenchmen are guilty of the execrable sculptures that are to be seen by the tomb of St. Ignatius—Messrs. Legros and Théodon. On leaving the church one presently reaches a small square, from which one perceives the three palaces standing on the Capitoline hill, and the great stairway that leads up to them. There is nothing exceptionally beautiful about any of this, but there are days when one is moved by the memories of history and by the great name of the Capitol.

DECEMBER 13 / Preparatory studies are needed for the voyage to Rome. This unfortunate truth is aggravated by the fact that everyone in Parisian society firmly believes that he loves the fine arts and is well versed in them. It is through love of the fine arts that one comes to Rome, and here this love abandons you, and as usual, hatred is on the point of taking its place.

The Porta del Popolo, although redesigned by Michelangelo, is unimpressive; but the neighboring church, Santa Maria del Popolo, is very beautiful. The tombs that it contains were erected in about the year 1540; this was the century of good taste. The sacking of Rome in 1527 had dispersed Raphael's pupils; but as soon as the Romans were able to banish the memory of the horrors of war from their minds and think about the fine arts, they came back to the ideas that had prevailed with Leo X.

About the year 1099, some astute man terrified the people of Rome with the specter of Nero, who had died only 1031 years previously. The cruel emperor, buried in his family's tomb on the Collis Hortulorum, today the Monte Pincio, was amusing himself by reappearing at night to torment the living. In those days probably no great difference was made between a demon and a *Roman emperor* who persecuted Christians. So they built the pretty church in which we are now standing, and Nero, terrified, never reappeared. If you like venerable antiquity in painting, look, in the first chapel to the right as you enter, and in the third, for paintings by Pinturicchio, the pupil of Perugino and Raphael's companion. The pictures by this painter (I am speaking of those in Rome and not of the immortal frescoes in Siena) are more curious than agreeable, and they inspire what is called an *historic interest.*

Two fine tombs by Sansovino are worth examining. In the chapel to the right of the high altar there is an *Assumption* by Annibale Carracci. The two paintings next to it are by Michelangelo da Caravaggio; this great painter was a scoundrel. The next-to-the-last chapel belongs to the family of the banker Chigi, for whom Raphael painted the *Farnesina.* It is said that this Chigi chapel was built after his plans. The execrable taste of the eighteenth century explodes in the tomb of Princess Odescalchi-Chigi.

About 1760 the artists of Italy were scarcely better than ours. Besides, dampness has spoiled nearly all the paintings. The desire to adorn the churches with paintings took possession of rich people about the year 1300; but it is fortunate that the idea of forming galleries has since developed; a canvas painted in oil cannot with impunity remain in a church for two centuries.

Surprisingly, it is the French, who sometimes do such ridiculous things in Paris, who built those admirable steps that lead from the level of the Piazza del Popolo to the summit of Monte Pincio. It should be said that there was in Rome, about 1810, an architect of the greatest talent, Raphael Sterni, and Rome is too small a town for intrigue and the lies of newspapers to be able to assign a rank to artists.

The small plain that crowns the Pincio is sufficiently spacious to afford an adequate ramble for persons in a carriage. In the center of the garden stands an obelisk; the trees planted by the order of Napoleon are already tall. On the side of Raphael's villa the garden ends at the rampart wall of Rome, which is breast-high and rises fifty or sixty feet above the small valley that descends from the Porta Pia to the Villa Borghese.

Whenever one sees a promenade planted with trees in Italy, one may be assured that it is the work of some French prefect. The Spoleto promenade, for example, is due to M. Roederer. Modern Italians abhor trees; the people of the North, who need the shade less than twenty times a year, are very fond of them; this is instinctive with this race of men born in the woods.

The garden of the Pincio is not buried, like the Tuileries garden; it dominates the Tiber and the surrounding countryside by eighty or a hundred feet. The view is superb. Here, in the winter, around two o'clock, one often sees the young women of Rome get out of their carriages and go for a walk; it is their Bois de Boulogne. The pleasure stroll is a French innovation. The schools for girls established by Napoleon are beginning to change the customs; there are more strolls and fewer ladies' attendants. A stranger is no longer told, "Sir, you cannot be presented to Princess So-and-so at the present time, because she is *innamorata.*" One day, on the Pincio, I was struck by the remarkably intelligent and somewhat melancholy look of a man who was walking, with a heavy stick in his hand; it was M. Jérôme Bonaparte; he was once king, and commanded a division at Waterloo.

As one proceeds along the Corso, one comes upon the Ruspoli Palace, the ground floor of which is occupied by the finest café in Rome; one is struck by the magnificence of the rooms and by their lack of cleanliness. The labor of wiping a marble table twenty times a day is the worst of tortures for a Roman; a Frenchman of the lower classes, on the contrary, enjoys activity. The difference between the Gallic race and the Roman race. The Romans were much less tall than the Gauls and were afraid of them. Thoroughly disgusted by the Ruspoli Café, we crossed the street and entered the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, where a fine crucifix attributed to Guido is to be seen. Here Poussin's remains were deposited. The Vicomte de Châteaubriand is going to have a tomb erected for him. We were driven from this parish church by a most marked bad odor.

Marcus Aurelius's arch of triumph once stood at the corner of the square, in the Corso. It was barbarously demolished by the order of Alexander VII in 1660 in order (so reads the inscription) to widen the street, which could have circled around it. The number of monuments of antiquity destroyed by the popes or by their nephews is quite considerable. For some time this has caused blushes, and the makers of itineraries have orders not to speak of these monuments. But is must be remembered that Alexander VII thought he was doing the right thing, and if the popes had lived in any other city than Rome, would they have acquired in their youth the love of the fine arts that led them, once they had reached the throne, to erect so many magnificent monuments? We see the Fiano Palace, built about the year 1300 on the ruins of a palace of Domitian's.

DECEMBER 16 / The Corso, which I judged unfairly for two years because of its smell of rotten cabbage and the rags glimpsed in the apartments through windows, is perhaps the most beautiful street in the universe.

A path in the mountain may be beautiful because of the view that one enjoys while walking. The Corso is beautiful because of the stones that have been piled up in rows. The palaces that edge this street have a great deal of *style.* This style is sublime and far superior to that of the Via Balbi in Genoa. Regent Street, in London, arouses wonder, but it gives no pleasure and has no *style.* One sees extremely rich barbarians, who lead the world with the *steam engine* and their jury, but who for the rest are responsive only to the somber melancholy of Gothic architecture or, what amounts to the same thing, to Hamlet's soliloquy as he holds Yorick's skull in his hand.

The rue Saint Florentin, when you enter it from the rue Saint

Honoré and look toward the terrace of the Tuileries, can give some idea of the Corso in Rome.

All high class funeral processions pass down this street at nightfall (at twenty-three and a half hours). Here, in the midst of a hundred lighted candles, I saw the young Marchesa Cesarini Sforza pass on a stretcher with her head exposed—an atrocious spectacle that I shall not forget so long as I live, but that makes one think of death, or rather that strikes one's imagination with it, and in this sense a spectacle highly useful to those who reign in this world by making people fear the other.

The Corso is unfortunately narrow and damp, somewhat like the rue de Provence in Paris; it is bordered on the east by a succession of hills.

The Chigi Palace has defects; but by its imposing mass it contributes to keep alive the name of the famous banker, the contemporary of Raphael. When a man, whoever he be, has millions with which to employ the best sculptors and architects of his century, he has some chance of becoming immortal . . .

One goes to the Chigi Palace to see a few good Greek statues and five or six paintings by Carracci, Titian and Guercino. Foreigners set this palace aside for rainy days. Our lady traveling companions were much struck by two small works of Bernini, which represent Death and Life. Life is featured by a lovely child of white marble, who sleeps on a cushion of touchstone. Opposite is a death's-head, also of white marble, on a black cushion. This is quite suggestive of Catholicism; the ancients would have regarded such a sight with horror.

In the middle of the pretty adjoining square stands the Antonine column; it is composed of twenty-eight blocks of white marble placed one on top of another. It has a diameter of 11½ feet, and its total height is 148 feet. By means of a very awkward series of steps one may climb to the summit. The former pedestal of this column remains buried eleven feet deep. It was the great man Sixtus Quintus who had the column restored in 1589. He had a gilded bronze statue, named St. Paul, placed on the summit.

The bas-reliefs that surround the shaft of the column relate to the exploits of the emperor Marcus Aurelius against the Germans. These bas-reliefs, often imitated from those of the Trajan column, are very inferior to them. The form of the Antonine column as a whole is not gool; it looks like a stovepipe (an artist's term), but the total effect of the square is very pretty.

DECEMBER 21 / For two weeks now we have been awakened as early as four o'clock in the morning by the *piferari,* or bagpipe players. These people are enough to disgust one with music. They are crude peasants covered with sheepskins, who descend from the mountains of the Abruzzi and come to serenade the Madonnas of Rome on the occasion of the Nativity of the Savior. They arrive a fortnight before Christmas and leave only a fortnight after; one gives them two *paoli* (one franc four centimes) for a nine-day serenade, evening and morning. But in order to be well looked-upon by one's neighbors and not expose oneself to a denunciation before the parish priest, anyone who is afraid of being regarded as a liberal subscribes for two *novene.*

Nothing is so infuriating as to be awakened in the middle of the night by the lugubrious sound of the bagpipes of these people; it grates on one's nerves like the bleat of the harmonica. Leo XII, who had experienced the annoyance before mounting on the throne, enjoined them not to wake his subjects before four o'clock. In the back of every shop in Rome one sees a Madonna lighted up in the evening by two lamps. There is no Roman, I believe, who does not also have a Madonna in his apartment. They are greatly attached to the Savior's mother; and even though the police takes a hand in protecting worship, it has not yet succeeded in diminishing the people's fervor. I have seen artists, who were afraid of being considered liberal, paint a Madonna in fresco on the wall of their studio, and pay four *paoli* to the *piferari* to have two *novene* of serenades. The *piferaro* with whom I dealt in my small apartment told me that he hoped to take back with him thirty scudi (161 francs), an enormous sum in the Abruzzi, which will enable him to spend seven or eight months without working. He asked me if I thought Napoleon was dead; he obviously liked this great man; yet he ended by saying that "if Napoleon had continued to have the upper hand, our trade would have dropped to nothing (*andava a terra*)." He was greatly impressed by my pistols, on display in my room, which he regarded as a sign of nobility. He was overjoyed when I allowed him to handle them. His face assumed such a ferocious expression when he made the gesture of aiming with these pistols that I brought him along to Signora Lampugnani's. He created a considerable sensation. He was fed dinner at the neighboring cabaret, and in the evening he came and answered questions put to him by these ladies regarding his country, his family, what he had suffered in the invasions of the Germans and the Neapolitans, etc. I could fill a volume with our remarks on the *piferaro's* answers. He told us a song that the young bagpipe players sing to the fair Roman ladies:

Fior de castagna,
Venite ad abitare nella vigna,
Che siete una bellezza di campagna.

Here are some lines composed by a peasant, whose sweetheart was receiving the attentions of a French soldier:

Io benedico il fior di camomilla:
Giacchè vi siete data a far la Galla,
Vi volto il tergo, e me ne vado in villa.
Fior de Gran-Turco:
Voi me fate paura più dell'Orco,
E credo ancor, che la fareste a un Turco.

Nothing is so melancholy as the cantilena of these songs; some of the lines are not too decent. Herr von .... claims that this form of song, the first verse of which is composed of the name of a flower, is to be found among the Latin poets, and that the form antedates the Romans.

What strikes me about these songs is the music, marked with such a deep passion, and so unconcerned about other men that it is irritating. What do other men matter to the passionate man? He sees in nature only the faithlessness of his mistress and his own despair.

DECEMBER 25, 1827 / We have just returned from St. Peter's. The ceremony was magnificent. There were perhaps a hundred English ladies, several of them of the rarest beauty. Behind the high altar had been built an enclosure hung with red damask. His Holiness designated a cardinal to say mass in his stead. The Savior's blood was brought to the pope seated on his throne behind the altar, and he sucked it with a gold straw.

I have never seen anything so imposing as this ceremony; St. Peter's was sublime in magnificence and beauty. The effect of the dome especially seemed to me wonderful; I was almost as much of a believer as a Roman.

The ladies in our company continue to marvel at the spectacle, at once so great and so simple.

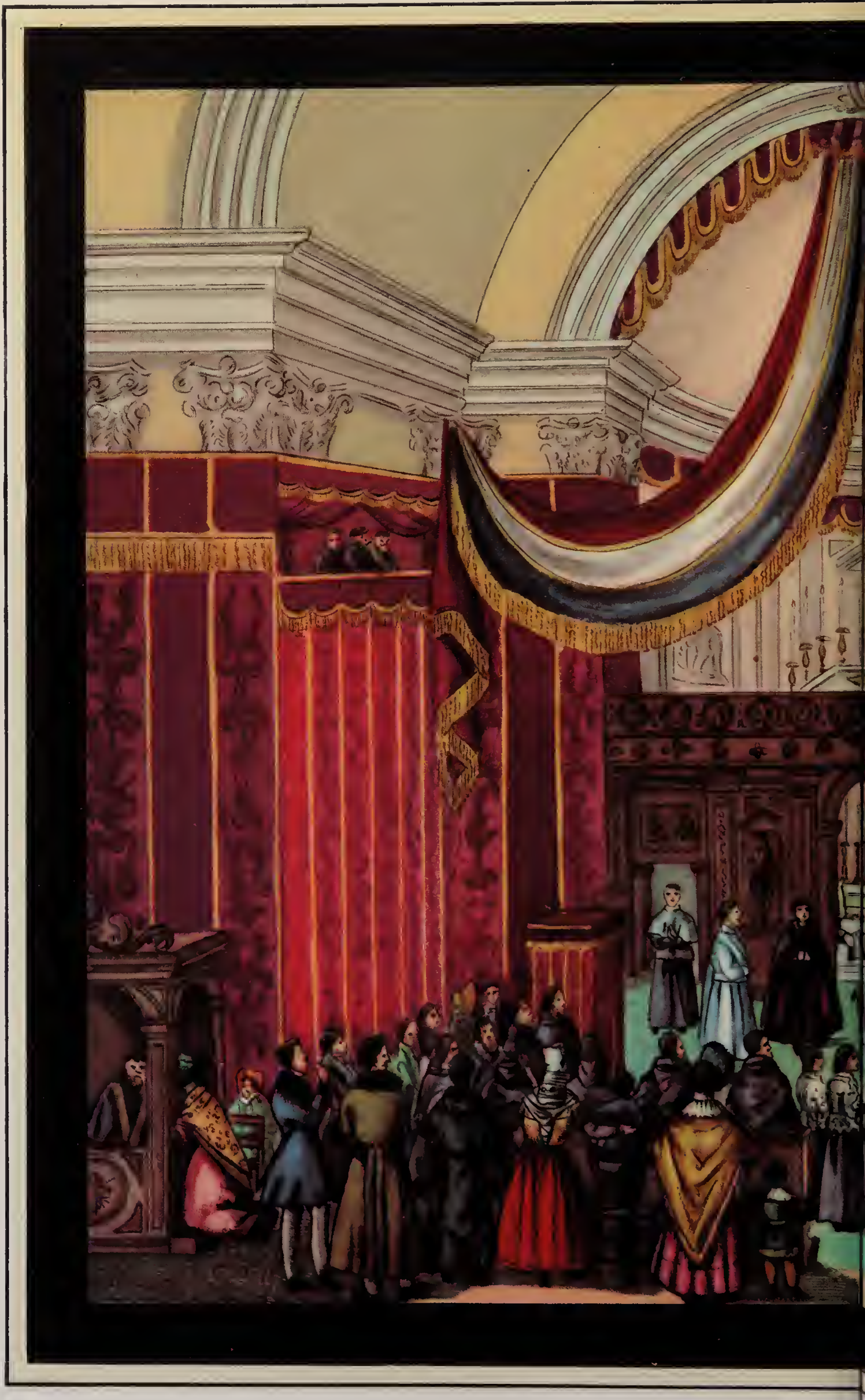
To tell the truth, on seeing St. Peter's bedecked in all its finery, so gay and so noble, one could not imagine that the religion whose feast was being celebrated announces an eternal hell that must forever engulf the major portion of mankind. *Multi sunt vocati; pauci vero electi.*

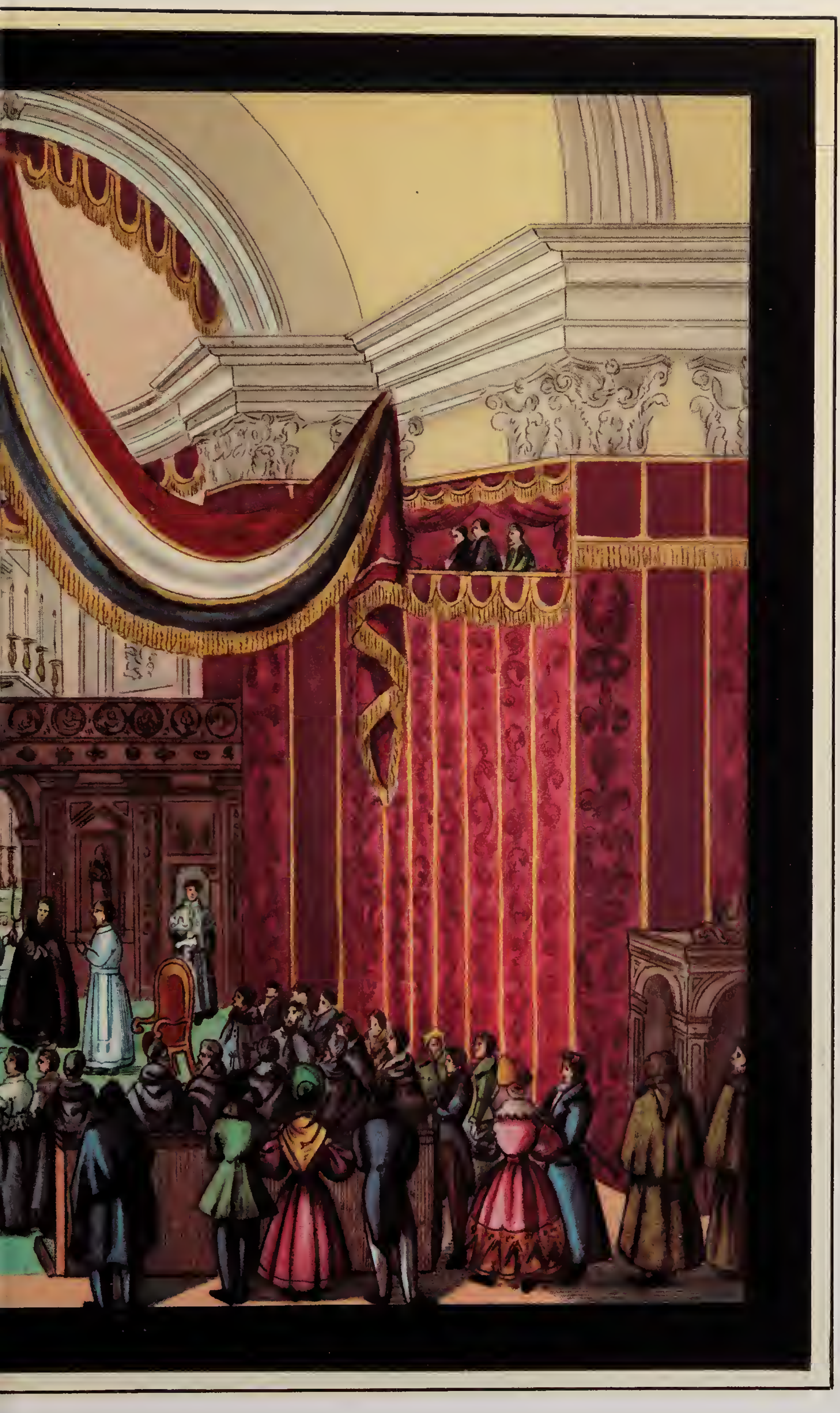
We had been obliged to abandon our lady companions who had found excellent seats in the amphitheatre to the right of the high altar. Paul's Voltairian quips pained me; I attached myself to a monsignore whom I know, a great Latinist, who tried to convert me. It was a case of falling from the frying pan into the fire.

DECEMBER 28, 1827 / We have been to the Capitol (ask for the Campidoglio). This famous hill is situated at the southern extremity of the Corso. It is a little hill that was the center of the Roman Empire and now has an elevation of only thirty-eight feet above sea level. It has two summits, one to the rising sun, one toward the Tiber; between the two was a space called *Intermontium.* That is where we now see the square of the Capitol and the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

The summit at the eastern end is occupied by the church of Ara Coeli, officiated over by the monks of St. Francis. They have the power to attract to their church every year all the devout of Rome and the surrounding countryside by putting on view a doll that is called *il santo Bambino.* This child of olive-wood, magnificently swaddled, represents Jesus Christ at the moment of his birth. This is what is being done in 1829 to pick up a little money, on the spot once revered by the masters of the world as the center of their power.

17. CEREMONY IN S. LUIGI DE' FRANCESI
Lithograph of the period





II. JANUARY-MAY, 1828

JANUARY 8, 1828 / We have returned to the statue of Marcus Aurelius. It occupies the center of the little square in the form of a trapezoid redesigned by Michelangelo in the *Intermontium.* It was Paul III (Farnese), who, about the year 1540, had the two lateral buildings erected. Although they are by Michelangelo, they seem to me without character. In such a place, two façades of antique temples were called for. Nothing could be too majestic or too severe, and Michelangelo seemed created for just such a mission. Paul III redesigned the façade of the palace of the senator of Rome which occupies the slope of the Capitol hill, toward the Forum.

It was also Paul III who had transported here, from the square that it occupied near San Giovanni in Laterano, the admirable equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. It is the best equestrian statue in bronze that has been left to us from the Romans. The admirable statues of the Balbi in Naples are of marble. In its expression, the admirable naturalness and beauty of the design, the statue of Marcus Aurelius is the opposite of those that our sculptors give us in Paris. For example, the Henry IV on the Pont Neuf looks as if his only concern is not to fall off the horse. Marcus Aurelius is calm and simple. He considers himself in no way obliged to be a charlatan, he speaks to his soldiers. One sees his character and almost hears what he says.

The somewhat material spirits who are stirred all day long merely by the delight of earning money or by the fear of losing it will prefer the galloping Louis XIV on the Place des Victoires. While I should not wish to spend my life with people of this kind, nevertheless I make no difficulty of admitting that from their point of view they are perfectly right. In *boldly praising what gives them pleasure* they accomplish a courageous act, which is the foundation of good taste. Whence my admiration for M. Simond, of Geneva, who makes light of Michelangelo's *Last Judgment.*

The immense majority of travelers thought the same as M. Simond, but did not dare to say so.

This is not the case with our statues. We are without rivals in our admiration.

An art-loving prince might try to place a bronze copy of the Marcus Aurelius of Rome in some corner of one of our boulevards. This statue would at first seem cold and graceless to our clever people of Paris. After a time, by dint of seeing it praised in the newspapers, they would admire it.

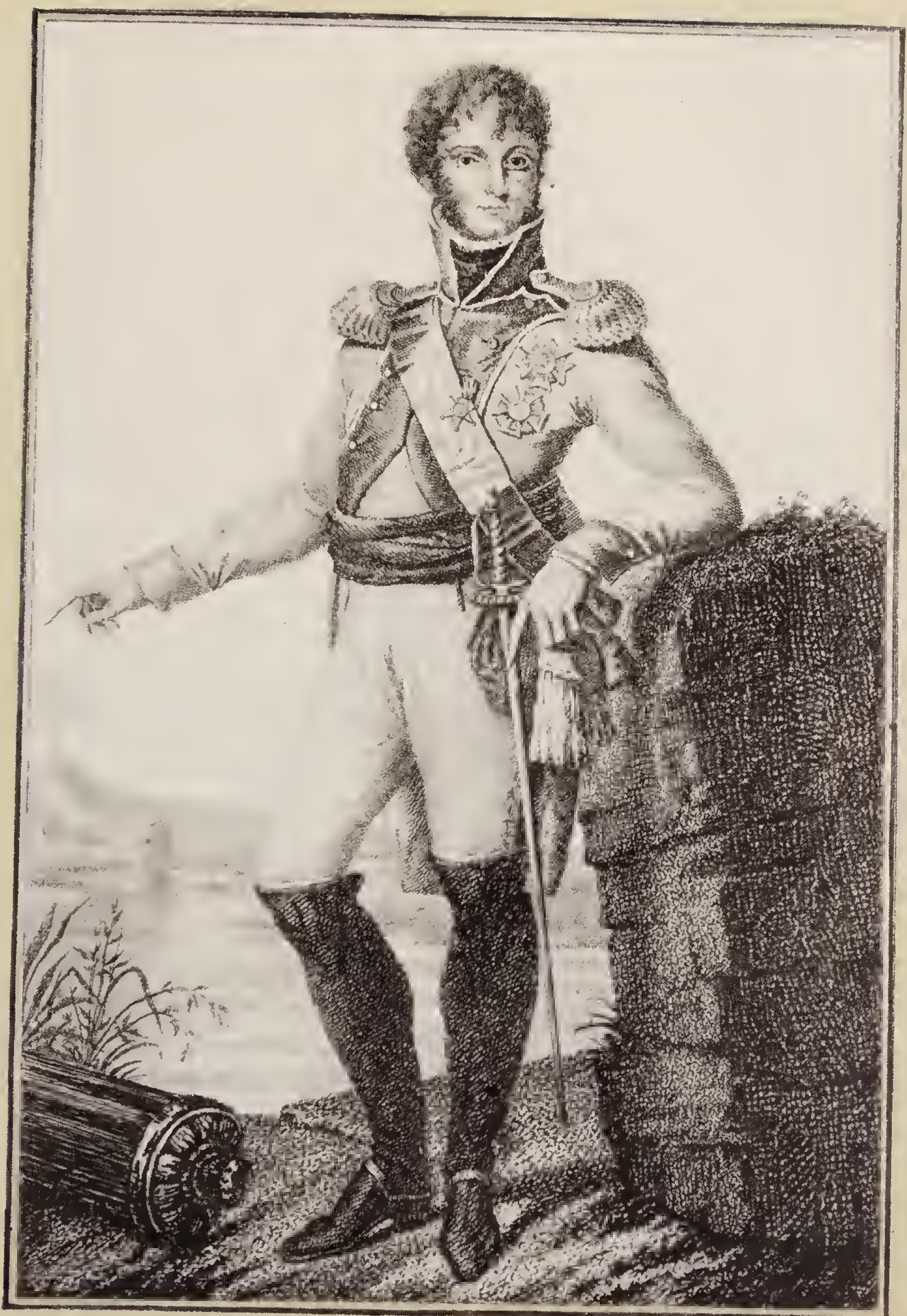
The birthplace of Voltaire, Molière and Courier has long been the city of wit; but the country between the Loire, the Meuse and the sea has an aversion to the fine arts. Why? It likes *the pretty* and hates *energy.*

Whence comes this hatred? Perhaps from the fact that the nerves are strung to a different key two or three times a day by a too inconstant climate. Who can love Correggio in Paris when there is a northeast wind? On such days one must read Bentham and Ricardo.

Of the three buildings that adorn the modern Capitol, the one facing us as we approach is the palace of the senator of Rome, erected about the year 1390 by Pope Boniface IX, on the foundations of Catullus's *tabularium.*

In 1390 there was little concern with the *beautiful;* before thinking about living pleasantly one must be sure of living. Boniface IX was trying to build a fortress. At the same period, or a little before, the Colosseum served as a stronghold for the Annibaldis. The arch of triumph of Janus Quadrifrons, the admirable tomb of Cecilia Metella (which we saw out in the country, on the road to Albano), and many other ancient monuments were used as fortresses.

The first step taken by the mind of a foreigner who is fond of ruins (that is to say whose somewhat melancholy soul finds pleasure in disregarding what is and imagining a whole building as it once was when it was frequented by men wearing togas), is to distinguish the remains of the works of the Middle Ages, undertaken around the year 1300 to serve for defense, from what was built more anciently to give the sensation of the beautiful; for as soon as they have bread and a little



Bosio dis. Rados inc

Gioachino Murat.

18. JOAQUIN MURAT
Engraving by J. B. Bosio from a drawing by Louis Rados

tranquility, the men of our European races are enamored of this sensation of the *beautiful.*

It is by the aid of the small number of columns still subsisting in a ruin that one imagines what the ancient monument was. Every small detail of what remains constitutes a revelation. But in order to hear the voices of truth, which in this case speak so low, one must not be dazed by rhetorical declamations and the pseudo-light of the systematizing spirit. Beings who have no aptitude for sensations of this kind discover *coldness* in everything that is reasonable.

Since we were looking for architectural pleasures in visiting the modern Capitol today, we entered the museums (open twice a week, Thursdays and Mondays) only to verify that in the building to the left are to be found the *Dying Gladiator* and the *Capitoline Venus,* the bust of Brutus and other masterpieces that we have seen in Paris (the Roman heads have a bump above the ears: this is due to military activity).

In the building that stands to the right, called the Palazzo dei Conservatori, one sees a statue of Julius Caesar which is rightly regarded as the only authentic portrait of that famous man existing in Rome. Close to here is the bust of Cimarosa, which Cardinal Consalvi, a friend of that famous man, ordered from Canova; but this bust is so placed that it cannot be seen. The directors of the museums of Rome deserve a prize for absurdity, surpassing even those of Florence, who do not allow visitors to wear coats in the winter in their icy galleries.

JANUARY 10 / A number of excellent paintings are to be found in the Palazzo dei Conservatori, including Guercino's *St. Petronilla,* of which we saw the copy in mosaic at St. Peter's.

After having put a few *baiocchi* in the small bags of the prisoners, who deafened us with their cries, we went up to the palace of the senator to see the famous bronze *She-Wolf struck by lightning* (an Etruscan sculpture).

We shall speak later about the Capitol's galleries of paintings and statues.

After having admired the view that one gets from the top of the tower, we went down into the Forum by the street that is to the left, behind the Via da Marc'Aurelio, which ends opposite the arch of triumph of Septimius Severus.

It appears that the Forum was still in its full splendor in the seventh century. But in the year 1084, when Brennus's Gauls again came to

Rome, led this time by Robert Guiscard, this center of Roman magnificence experienced the fate that the Cossacks wished to inflict on us in 1814. These buildings, so famous throughout the universe, were precisely because of this stripped of all their ornaments and, so it appears, completely ruined.

Subsequently, as a crowning misfortune, the Forum became the cattle market, and it is by the ignoble name of Campo Vaccino that it was known up to the period of the excavations ordered by Napoleon.

These were the sequel of a new conquest by the Gauls; it must be recognized that the warlike courage of this people has ravaged all antiquity. Bravery is probably connected with vanity and with the pleasure of getting oneself talked about; how many marshals of France have come from Gascony!

When the Romans of today reproach us for our bad taste in the arts, we can reply to them with the compliment that Virgil addressed to the ancient Romans:

> Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera;
> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento [1].
>
> *Aeneid,* lib. VI.

"Our ancestors," said Paul to some Romans who were chaffing us on the ugliness of the streets of Paris, "made two certain and devastating incursions on Rome—that of Brennus and that of Robert Guiscard; under a third Frenchman, the constable of Bourbon, Rome was pillaged and Raphael's frescoes damaged. Finally, the terrible right of war having softened, the French who in 1798 could severely have punished N. and N., the real assassins of General Duphot, and exercised the most righteous vengeance, contented themselves with a peace treaty. The masterpieces of the arts proved *more useful* to France than the heads of a few wretches; and the general of the Gauls this time was able to master his anger sufficiently to see *the useful.*"

An emotion that nothing can restrain impels the traveler to go through the entire Forum. We afterward came back to the arch of Septimius Severus, which we encounter upon descending from the Capitol.

One clearly senses, from the appearance of this monument, the deep reason that guided the spirit of the ancients; it may be said that with them the beautiful was always the projection of the useful. What first strikes one about the arch of Septimius Severus is the long inscription intended to convey to the most remote posterity the history of his exploits.

---

[1] Others will be able, better than you, to invest bronze with all the graces of life. Remember, O Roman, that to you it is given to govern and to conquer!

It was in the year 205 of the Christian Era that the senate and the Roman people erected this arch of triumph in honor of Septimius Severus, and of Caracalla and Geta, his sons, for the victories won over the Parthians and other barbarous nations of the East. This arch is of Pentelican marble, with three openings, like the one on the Place du Carrousel. It is decorated with eight fluted columns, of composite order; the bas-reliefs are mediocre in sculpture and already reveal signs of decadence. Toward the end of the third line of the inscription, and in the whole fourth, the marble can be seen to have been tampered with. When Caracalla had killed his brother Geta, he had his name effaced from all the monuments, and had it replaced by words that were not a part of the original inscription. In 1803, Pope Pius VII ordered the removal of the earth that hid and preserved this monument to a height of twelve feet.

Here we confront the greatest problem that modern Rome presents to the curiosity of the traveler. What is the origin of those ten to twelve feet of earth that spread over the soil-level of ancient Rome? This earth partly covers most of the monuments, even those that are situated in high places. This is not debris of bricks or mortar, it is good, honest vegetable earth.

JANUARY 15 / Mr. Demidoff, that singular man, so rich and so beneficent, who collected portraits by Greuze and relics of St. Nicolas, had a troupe of French actors in Rome and had them put on vaudevilles from the Gymnase at the Ruspoli Palace. Unfortunately, it happened one day that one of the characters in one of these vaudevilles was named St. Ange, and the exclamation "By God!" was remarked in the play. These circumstances greatly offended His Excellency Monsignor della Genga, the deputy cardinal (entrusted by the pope with the duties of bishop of Rome). Later, in the reign of Leo XII, Mr. Demidoff's actors, impulsive as the French are, were guilty of presenting a vaudeville, one of whose characters was called Saint-Léon. On one occasion, a performance given on a Thursday ended only at a quarter past midnight, thus encroaching by fifteen minutes on the Friday, a day hallowed by the death of Jesus Christ. These grounds drew upon Mr. Demidoff all the vexations of the police (in this country it still assumes the dread forms of the Inquisition); and the charitable Russian, who provided a living for several hundred poor people, and gave two charming parties every week, went and established himself in Florence.

While he was living in the Ruspoli Palace, Mr. Demidoff said one day in my presence that since he wanted to leave a monument of his sojourn in Rome, he might well undertake to arrange for the removal of the ten or twelve feet of earth that cover the pavement of the Forum, from the Capitol to the arch of Titus. The government was putting at his disposal five hundred galley slaves, whom Mr. Demidoff had to pay at the rate of five *soldi* per day. He figured that during the winter he would have as many peasants from the Abruzzi as he wanted, by paying them ten *soldi* per day.

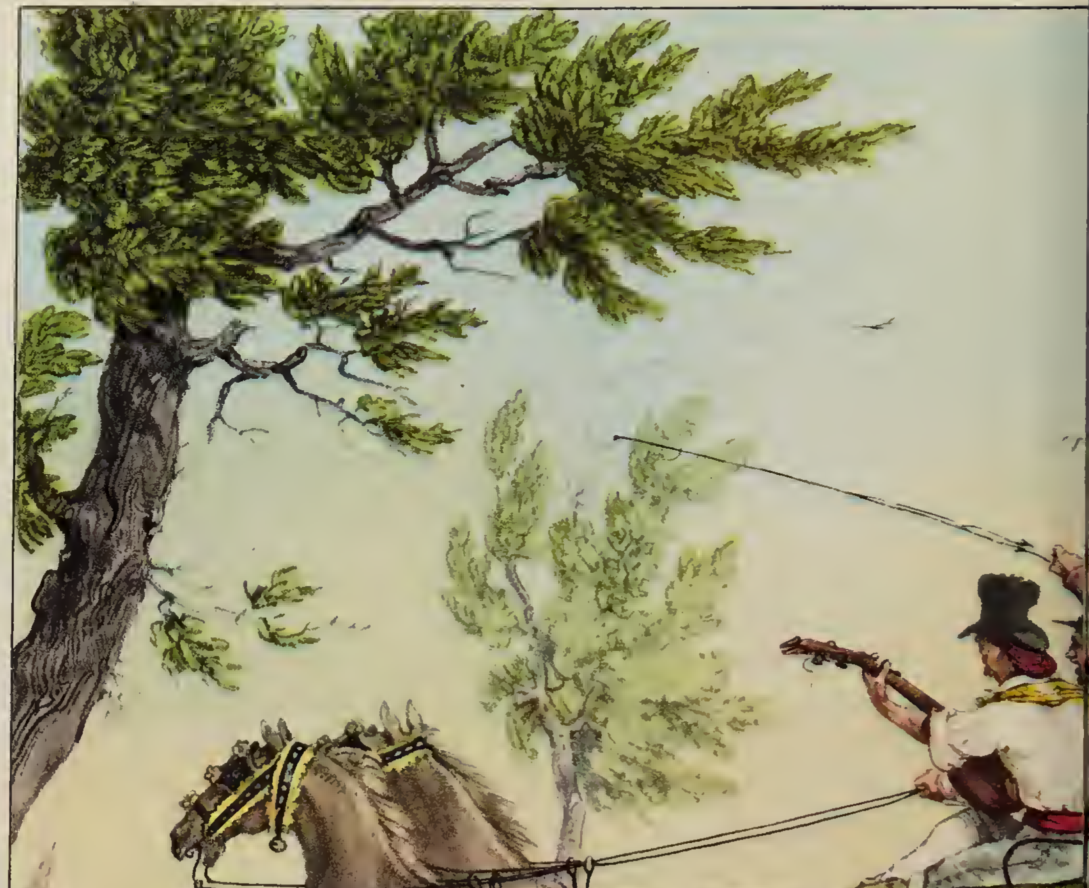
All costs were calculated, pencil in hand; the total cost was not to exceed 200,000 francs, including the construction of a canal to convey the rainwaters into the Cloaca Maxima (by the arch of Janus Quadrifrons). Rome was quickly notified of this important plan. It came to naught, for the reason that a character in a vaudeville bore the name of Saint-Léon; and we wonder at the Roman people's hatred of their government!

JANUARY 23 / This morning we began our day with the inspection of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, only three columns of which remain. It is the monument closest to the ancient wall of the Capitol. These fluted columns of Corinthian order are of Carrara marble. They are four feet two inches in diameter and forty-six feet tall; various sacrificial instruments are sculptured in bas-reliefs on the frieze which, like the entablature, is of rare beauty.

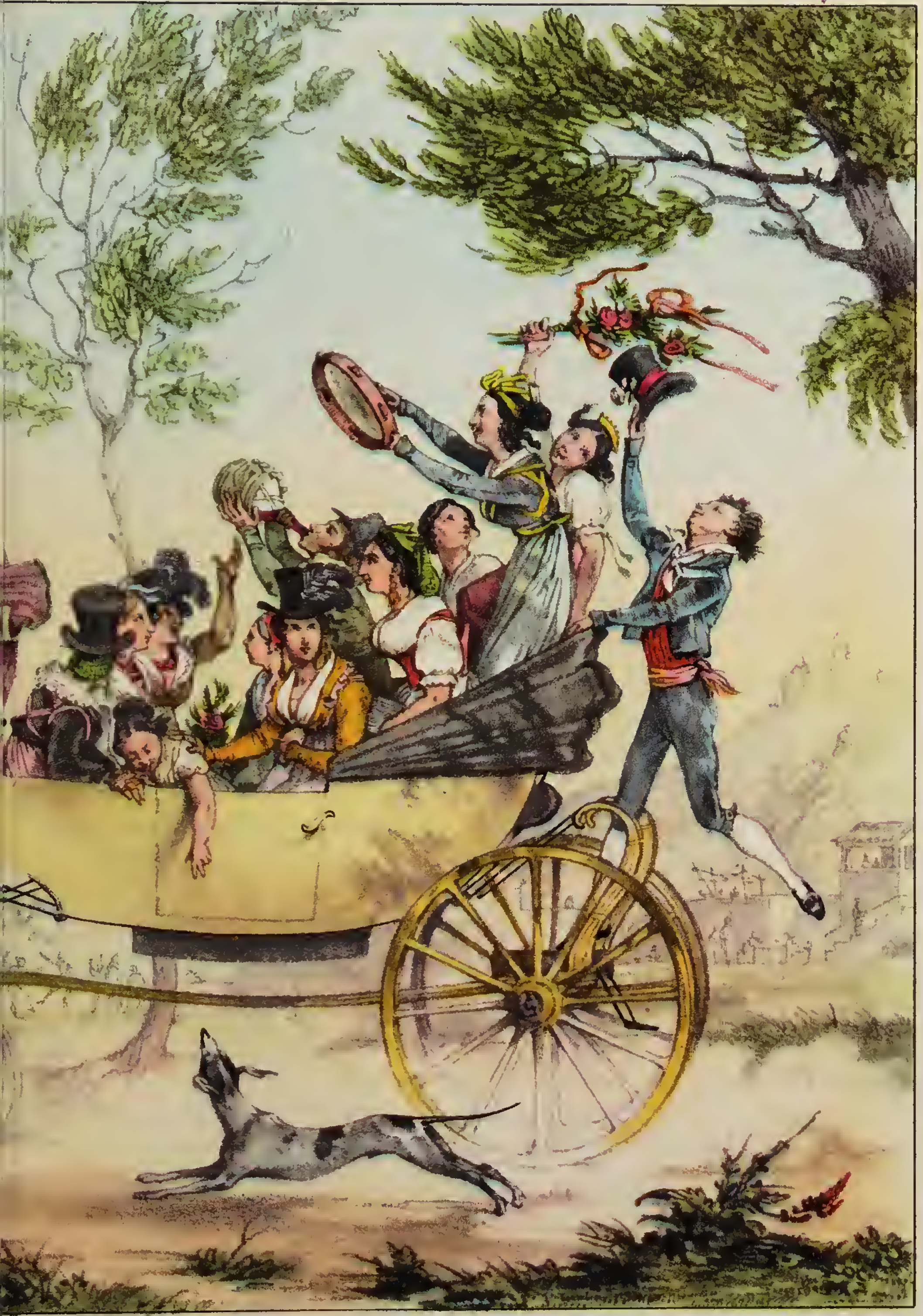
The French have uncovered, before this temple, the pavement of the ancient street, composed of blocks of basaltic lava. This street, probably the Clivus Capitolinus, was extremely narrow, a very convenient arrangement in countries where the sun is dangerous. We examined, with a childish emotion, this street on which Caesar and Brutus have walked. The street was so narrow before the temple of Jupiter Tonans that the stairs needed to reach the interior of the temple had been contrived between the columns of the porch.

JANUARY 24, 1828 / These eight columns, which one sees near the

19. CARRIAGE GOING TO TESTACCIO
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



Caratella a



Lith. de [illegible]

i Testaccio.

remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, are designated by the name of Temple of Fortune. A fire destroyed this monument in the time of the emperor Maxentius, and the senate had it rebuilt.

Further on in the Forum stands an isolated column. It is of marble, of Corinthian order, and fluted. Until 1813, this column was regarded as belonging to the temple of Jupiter Custos. On March 13, 1813, one of the last excavations ordered by Napoleon led the workers to the inscription placed eight or ten feet underground, and it was seen that this column had been erected in honor of Phocas, by Smaragdus, exarch of Italy, in the year 608. It bore a statue of the tyrant, in gilded bronze.

Near this isolated column, which is surrounded by a deep excavation into which we descended, we admired three magnificent columns; they are of Pentelican marble, fluted, and of Corinthian order; they are forty-five feet tall. Not so long ago this magnificent remnant of antiquity was known as the temple of Jupiter Stator. Scholars today give it the name of *Graecostasis*. The phrases of these poor people are indeed ridiculous; and one is well advised not to read them; any discussion, even a well-developed one, takes something away from the beauty of the admirable ruins of antiquity [1].

The magnificent temple of Antoninus and of Faustina, which one perceives across the way, has the advantage of giving the traveler a perfectly clear idea of an ancient temple. This one was on the Via Sacra and, it is said, outside the Forum; the Via Sacra began by the Colosseum and, passing beneath the arch of Titus, before the temple of Antoninus and of Faustina, and beneath the arch of Septimius Severus, reached the Capitol by the Clivus Capitolinus. It was on this road, laid out in the midst of the tall trees of a forest, that Romulus and Tatius, king of the Sabines, concluded peace. The sacrifices that were made on this occasion and the religious ceremonies that took place on the Via Sacra gave it its name.

The temple that we are viewing was erected by order of the senate, in honor of Faustina, the young wife of Marcus Antoninus. After this emperor's death, his name was added to the inscription. The porch is formed by ten great columns, each hewn out of a single block of Cipolin marble; they are fourteen feet in circumference and forty-three feet in height. The entablature is composed of immense blocks of marble. This temple, erected in honor of the wife of the reigning sovereign, may serve to give us an idea of Roman magnificence.

---

[1] I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

Childe Harold, canto IV, stanza liii.

There is nothing more venerable, in its remote antiquity, than the temple of Romulus and Remus, which we see hard by. We are on the ground where Rome came into being. The *cella* of this temple is round in form. It appears that it was repaired about the time of Constantine (310). In 527, Pope Felix IV built a church here that he dedicated to St. Cosma and Damiano; of the sanctuary of the temple of the founders of Rome he made the vestibule to his church. By the orders of Urban VIII the soil was raised; a stairway placed near the high altar gives access to the ancient temple below.

JANUARY 25, 1828 / "You are pretty proud to have seen Rome six times!" Paul said to me this morning in the Forum, in reference to the remarks that I have just noted down in brief form. "The greatest misfortune," I replied, "that can befall an English garden that one enjoys is to know it. What would I not give to have seen only one single painting by Correggio in my life, or never to have gone to Lake Como!" Alas! Every science resembles old age in one respect, the worst symptom of which is the *science of life,* which prevents one from conceiving a passion for and losing one's head over nothing. I should like to find in Naples, after having seen Italy, the Lethean waters that would make me forget everything, and then begin my travel over again, and spend my days in this way. But this beneficent water does not exist; every new voyage that one makes to this country has its character, and a little science unfortunately enters into the sixth. Instead of admiring the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Tonans as I did twenty-six years ago, my imagination is shackled by all the stupidities I have read about it.

If you expect to see Rome only once, try to form quickly a clear idea of the eleven hills over which the houses of modern Rome and the vines covered with the ruins of ancient Rome are spread. Start from the Porta del Popolo, near the Tiber; follow the road outside the walls, and circle the town as far as Mount Testaccio (formed of broken potsherds); climb up to the priory of Malta, in order to enjoy a delightful view. The following day, go outside the walls through the Vatican gate, and re-enter the town opposite the priory of Malta; on the third day climb to Sant'Onofrio or to the Villa Lante. Enjoy the magnificent view that unfolds at your feet, and you will have an *exact* idea of the Roman hills.

But if you want to return to Rome with pleasure and find surprises, do not look for this *exact* idea, but eschew it rather. It is true that you will not scintillate in speaking of Rome; some people will even think that you have not been there.

JANUARY 27 / We are told the touching anecdote of Colonel Romanelli, who put an end to his life in Naples because the Duchess C. had left him. "I would gladly kill my rival," he said to his servant, "but it would make the duchess too unhappy."

Having completed our inspection of the Forum, we set out this morning to see the Baths of Caracalla, which are in the city; that is to say, within the walls. We covered three-quarters of a league; and during the last half-hour we walked amid vines and hills, far from any habitation. After having left behind us the Capitoline hill and the Colosseum, we followed the ruins of the walls of Romulus, recognized those of the great circus, followed the stream named Acqua Crabra, and finally reached those immense walls of brick which were the object of our excursion.

These neglected remains, remarkable only by the *size* of the strips of walls that remain standing, were formerly one of the most ornamented places of Rome. These Thermae held 1600 marble seats, apparently like the porphyry seat that is kept in the Louvre, and that recalls an anecdote on the election of the popes. Here 2300 persons could bathe at the same time without being seen by one another; the small rooms were covered with precious marbles and adorned with gilded bronze.

These Baths have no columns—which, in my opinion, deprives them of all *expression*. The Baths, among the ancients, had something of the function of our cafés and our clubs. The Baths of Diocletian, on Mount Quirinal, were vaster than these; the Baths of Titus and of Nero were considered the most beautiful. We shall see evidence in Pompeii that the ancients met in shops to indulge in the pleasure of conversation, and had hot drinks served to them.

Last night there were two murders. A butcher, hardly more than a child, stabbed his rival with a dagger—a young man of twenty-four and very comely, adds the son of my neighbor who tells me about it. "But they were both from the *dei Monti* district; they are terrible people." Observe that this district is but a stone's throw from us, over by Santa Maria Maggiore. In Rome, the width of a square changes the customs.

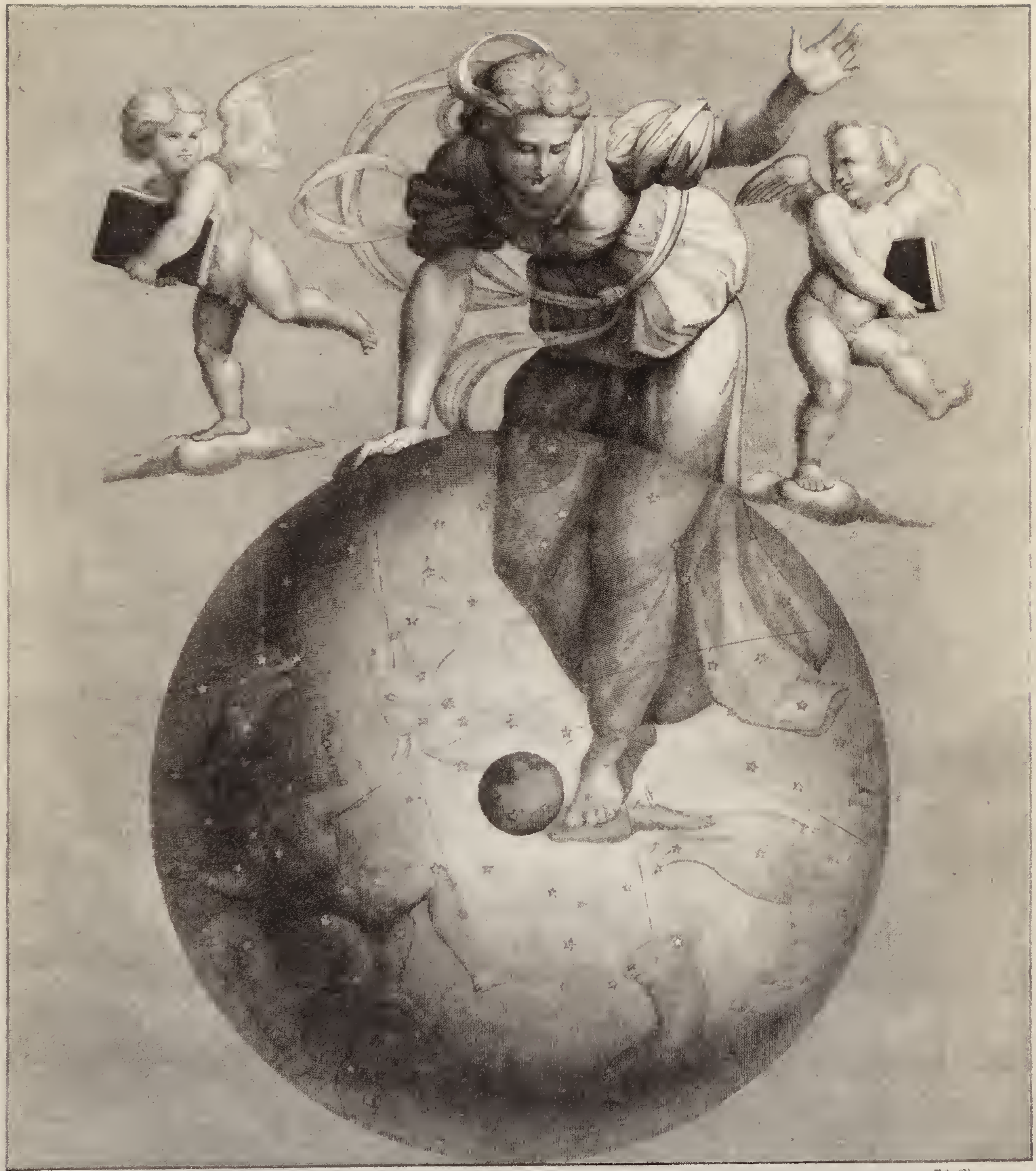
The other murder occurred near St. Peter's, among the Transteverins; this is also an ill-reputed district, though to me it is superb. There is *energy,* that is to say the quality that the nineteenth century most lacks. In our day the secret has been found of being very brave without energy or character. No one knows *how to will;* our education causes us to unlearn this great science. The English know how to will; but it is not without difficulty that they do violence to the genius of modern civilization; their life thereby becomes a continuous effort.

"What a digression! And the kind I detest!" Paul tells us. But are these not the ideas that came to us as we were studying the brick walls of the Baths of Caracalla?

Among the Romans of the lower classes the knife replaces the fist. Signor Tambroni was telling us that under the reign of Pius VI, from 1775 to 1800, there were eighteen thousand murders; this amounts to two per day. The *atrocity* of the laws of Napoleon, to speak like Cardinal N . . ., had corrected this bad habit. In Rome the sympathy is always on the side of the murderer who is led to prison, and if the pious and retrograde government that has succeeded Cardinal Consalvi is to the slightest degree popular, it is because it rarely resorts to the death penalty for any crime other than *Carbonarism.* Pinelli, the young neighbor who spends an hour telling me all this, discusses as he talks to me whether the butcher was wrong or right in killing his rival. "This rival," he explains gravely, "had been warned several times that he would come to grief if he was often seen at their mistress', etc. . . ."

In order to get on the good side of Pinelli, who himself has some very fine Spanish firearms, I showed him some pistols. I let him believe that I had helped one of my relatives, in my country, to get rid of an enemy; it was as a result of this *accident* that I went to Paris, etc. In a matter of hours, this story won me a great deal of consideration in the house. Nothing is so amusing as to have to maintain a completely absurd lie; it is a way of drawing out even a bore; but Pinelli is not in this category.

Thanks to him, after a long search, I have at last found a young and talkative barber; I was set on his being a Transteverin, and I am paying a high price for him. Work is a thing so contrary to nature for a true Roman that he needs a powerful incentive to make him put himself out day after day. The Transteverins claim to descend from the ancient Romans; nothing could be more difficult to prove; but this great name gives them heart: *noblesse oblige.* My barber is quite fat, though he is also quite young, something one often sees in Rome; he bubbles with



Raffaele Sanzio dip. Luigi Garelli dis. G°. Cleter inc.

L'ASTRONOMIA

ROMA, presso la Regia Calcografia.

20. ALLEGORY (RAPHAEL)
Engraving by G. Cleter from a drawing by Luigi Garelli after a fresco by Raphael

energy. In the eyes of these people, the height of the ridiculous would be to expose oneself to a scratch in the interest of the pope, their sovereign; they regard the sovereign, whoever he may be, as a powerful, fortunate and ill-natured being, with whom certain relations are indispensable. They are forever talking about his death, they look forward to it, they rejoice at it, save certain gloomy characters who say, "His successor will be worse." Pius VII was an exception because of his great character, or rather because of his misfortunes.

When my young barber tells me of some absurd custom about which he complains, he always adds, *"Che volete, o signore! Siamo sotto i preti!"* (What do you expect, sir, we are ruled by priests!)

The people of Rome admire and envy a Borghese, an Albani, a Doria, etc.; that is to say a very rich and well-known Roman prince, whose father, grandfather, etc. they have known. But I have never found here that respectful attention that impels an Englishman to look in his paper for the announcement of the *rout* of Milord so-and-so, and of the great dinner given for *a select party* by Milady so-and-so. This veneration for the upper classes would be regarded here as the extreme of baseness and absurdity. The Roman is much closer to the customs of the republic, and in my opinion much more of a man. In order to commit an act of baseness, he must be paid well and in cash.

I shall except from this great praise all those who have been born with an income of more than two thousand *scudi* (more than 10,760 francs), and have been made anemic by vanity and decorum, or rather by the society of lackeys. In Paris one can have no idea of the flatteries to which the eldest son of a Roman marchese is exposed from the age of two; it would be enough to stupefy Ariosto himself. We are reminded of Dr. Johnson's remark about the eldest sons of the peers of England: "The law of primogeniture has the great advantage of making only one blockhead per family."

Lord Byron would give an amusing account of the revolution that took place around him when at the age of ten, being in school, he succeeded to the title of his cousin and became a lord. He would have been happier and a greater poet if he had become a peer only at the age of thirty. The universities of Cambridge and of Oxford are perhaps the most curious establishments in the world. Poor common sense is carefully excluded from those cloisters; Locke is in disgrace, but the scanning of the Greek verse called Sapphic is taught. And so the Tory party bitterly complains in one of its journals, the *Blackwood Magazine,* that it does not have a single man of talent. It is always middle-class men elevated to the nobility who conduct affairs: the lords Liverpool, Eldon, Lindhurst, etc. (1828). Were the French peers whose speeches one reads noble at birth? Will their sons equal them?

FEBRUARY 28 / This evening, at Signor Gherardo de Rossi's, Father Viteleschi gave us incredible details as to the ignorance and the weakness of character of Roman princes and cardinals. He fully confirmed what Cardinal Lante once told me. Cardinal Spina, who was present, burst into fits of laughter but did not say a word. Under Pius VII, despite Cardinal Consalvi's efforts, and especially since the death of this pope, the Romans have been governed on the principle of the *reverse order.* It is the most inept who obtain the highest posts and who enjoy all the distinctions. As these dolts realize that they are made fun of, they readily become cruel; but the dagger of *Carbonarism* restrains them. The indignant people believe that they are ripe for a republic. "That would be the worst system of all for you," I told my friends; "consider that Robespierre, Marat and the authors of the atrocities of the Reign of Terror had been trained under the weak and benign government of Louis XVI." This sincere language caused me to be looked upon as a man of the extreme right. The most eloquent of my republicans was delighted last month because the vice-minister sent him a collection of engravings to thank him for a sonnet in honor of the pope.

I complained to a painter of the fact that the women of the people, in Rome, who are often very beautiful, rarely have their two shoulders perfectly alike. "That is due," he answered, "to the custom of giving their young girls great smacks in the behind to make them grow. It is their own mothers who give them these tokens of their affection."

The crude arrogance of the banker who has grown rich, and the smile of superiority of the man of high birth, are equally unknown in Rome. People would openly laugh in their faces. To this a certain ambassador can testify. The Roman people are keen, scoffing, satirical to the highest degree. They are not given to gloom. One must have a glimmer of hope in order to be gloomy. They are quick to recognize true merit. If the courts that send ambassadors here wished to know what they amount to, they could inquire what the burghers of Rome think of them.

MARCH 2 / The Roman nobility is practically ruined; it is reduced to meeting every evening in the salons of some ambassador. The Fridays of the Contessa A . . . were much talked about in 1825. This lady, born in Italy and raised in Germany, is remarkable, they say, for the graces of her intelligence. The Roman people greatly admired her, because she had made her confessor an archbishop.

Signor d'Italinsky thinks that the poverty of the nobility will give a special color to the revolution of Italy. In Naples, in Florence, in Rome, the nobility, too lazy to concern itself with its own affairs, has been ruined by its business agents. It is reduced to mendicity in Venice.

Long before 1797, the Venitian nobles maintained themselves only by abusing their right of sovereignty; for example, they paid no taxes.

The spirit of order put into circulation in Milan by Napoleon brought the control of the economy into the hands of some hundred families who have an income of eighty thousand pounds and profess principles that are retrograde, but without fanaticism.

On the contrary, the nobility of Piedmont is, it seems to me, strongly attached to the political principles of the extreme right. Count de Maistre was a native of Savoy, but had lived in Turin. The Piedmontese nobility basks in its superiority over the middle class; it has a great deal of money and bravery. Some of the young people implicated in the uprising of 1821 are, it is said, in favor of a legal government. Bookdealers make a fortune in Turin.

The nobility of Naples is frankly liberal; in case of need, it would be supported by the priests. These gentlemen read Filangieri and Vico, and reason somewhat like our Girondists.

Romagna, Reggio, Modena and all upper Italy await with the patience of hate the first moment of trouble in which Austria will find herself. Lombardy then hopes to make common cause with the brave Hungarians; it is counting on France. After the war, peace can be made by putting up an archduke as king of Italy.

The nobility of Naples has its eyes fixed on Spain. The abominable vexations of which they are victims are educating the Spaniards. They have seen the *oath* of Don Miguel, and if they succeed in becoming disgusted with their monks they will be able, in about 1835, to treat themselves to a kind of representative government. I therefore believe that I am not being altogether fanciful in situating the period of the revolution in Italy around 1840 or 1845. But then we shall be dead, as Cardinal Spina so aptly put it to me.

Will it be a cascade or a gentle slope?

If Louis XVI had granted the charter of Louis XVIII, and done so in good faith, could he have prevented the excesses of the revolution? He would probably have been attacked by the armed forces of the clergy and the nobility.

By providing a single chamber for the voting of the budget—a chamber composed of the three hundred richest citizens of their States—could the princes of Italy prevent the rivers of blood that the revolution will cost their country when it is carried out by people beside themselves with anger? This chamber would be augmented at each session by twenty members elected by landowners paying three hundred francs.

I had the honor of discussing these lofty questions with Cardinal Spina. This superior man saw no means of preventing the effects of the anger that fires all Italians who are able to read. In the eyes of angry people a concession is merely proof of weakness in the prince who grants it. The Civil Code of the French, already tried during the reign of Napoleon, should be introduced without delay. In case of revolution the middle class of Bologna, Reggio, Modena and Romagna would defend its point of view with heroism.

In Naples the clergy is liberal as people were in France in 1789. Only simpletons form an exception; to them must be added the members of a certain secret society. Since Joseph II the clergy is without influence in the Austrian States. Austria plays with Jesuitism without fearing it, and would like to toss it to the other sovereigns. But at the moment of the revolt that I would like to see avoided, from the Po to the Pontine Marshes, the clergy, led by the Jesuits, will be Spanish and animated by a furious hatred against any improvement. It is regretfully that I have been talking politics; but as soon as there is any intimacy one speaks of nothing else in Italy; and in order to deal fairly with the reader, I like to note each evening the ideas heard during the day.

Of all the fine arts, there is only one that resists politics. There was passionate talk today about the *Pirata* and the *Straniera,* operas by Bellini. The conversation turns to paintings and statues only at odd moments, so to speak, or when the presence of some spy is feared.

MARCH 4, 1828 / We spent the morning watching the progress of an excavation that a young French architect has obtained permission to make near the Trajan column. It required powerful protection, for the arts are in disfavor under Leo XII.

M. N. . . . wants to restore Trajan's basilica, that is to say guess at the shape of the former building and present us its *plans, sections* and *elevation;* but who is to be judge of the resemblance?

I shall give, as usual, the verbatim report of the conversation that took place eight or ten feet below the pavement, around a great column that had just been unearthed.

"The explanation of ancient monuments," said one of us, "must always be sought in the habits of the people who built them."

"And what about Paris?" Paul exclaimed.

"In Paris the people who pay one hundred *écus* in taxes are only beginning to be consulted. The ancestors of this people were serfs one hundred years ago; when Dancourt scoffed at them in his comedies, they applauded. Louis XIV was concerned only with his palaces and his decorum. Louis XV and Louis XVI put a man (M. de Marigny, M. d'Angiviliers) in charge of the fine arts, and let themselves be guided by him. In our day, finally, palaces are no longer being built—who would live in them? But we erect a Stock Exchange, we make sidewalks; in twenty years we shall have developed a reasonable architecture."

Up to the time of the mad despots, like Caligula and Nero, architecture was always reasonable in Rome, for the patricians governed, but subject to the condition that they have the support of the people; and certain institutions prevented the patricians from falling to what peers of England are today. A patrician who should have spent his life fox-hunting, haggling over paintings and drinking would have been hailed before the people and banished, or at the very least would have had his name struck from the senate list.

A patrician was placed in the first rank only by an ovation, and in order to demand one he had to have killed five thousand men among the enemy (322 ovations have been counted, from Romulus to the emperor Probus). Thus public opinion governed in Rome. Famines and war accounted for the fact that during the first centuries of the republic attention was given only to the *useful.* The *beautiful* appeared at the same time as corruption among the rich. This is why Cato and other crotchety old Romans who, like de Thou in France, had a greater attachment to old usages than to virtue, and more virtue than enlightenment, were always inflamed against the *beautiful,* and as a result against riches and against Greece, the country from which the *beautiful* had come.

The Pantheon, built by the son-in-law of Augustus, was the first great monument of non-useful architecture. The circus games were a preparation for war; the temples, composed of four walls and covered by beams of oak taken from the neighboring woods, sufficed for the first of necessities, that of appeasing the anger of the wielder of thunder and of giving a guarantee to oaths. (See the temple of virile Fortune.)

Augustus gave his attention throughout his life to avoiding being murdered by the great lords of Rome whom he was depriving of power. (See the *Letters of Cicero,* though these are anterior, and Suetonius.)

Corneille's tragedy of Cinna gives a good picture of his position. Augustus wore robes spun by his wife. He succeeded in the end in dying in his bed, in the year 14 of Jesus Christ, and left to Tiberius a strengthened power that soon produced what everyone knows—the murders of Rome and the turpitudes of Capri.

The pleasure of building is, along with that of hunting, the only one left to the man who can do whatever he wants. Since the emperors, moreover, had a certain desire to win the people's favor, they began to build great edifices that could be agreeable to the Romans. It was thus that Vespasian had the idea of erecting the Colosseum.

Parisian society is beginning to appreciate the fact that the porticos of the rue de Rivoli are practical in winter. During the revolution people would stroll under the arcades of the Palais Royal. The need for covered promenades is even more greatly felt in Italy, where the sun causes fever six months of the year. The rainstorms, moreover, are so sudden and so extraordinary in Rome that in six minutes one is as drenched as if one were just emerging from the Tiber.

Whence the necessity of sheltered walks. The Portia basilica, near the Forum, which burned down at the time of the death of Claudius, was the first one built in Rome.

These vast edifices, called *basilicas,* had the form of an oblong rectangle. The interior was divided into several naves by rows of columns; the columns of the great central nave were usually surmounted by other columns of a lighter order, which formed a first story in galleries. The basilica ended at the back in a semi-circular recess; here sat the judges of the tribunal. The Romans would make appointments to meet in the basilicas to handle all sorts of business; a host of small objects would be sold; it was a place to which idlers would repair.

In the year 704 by the Roman calendar Paulus Emilius had the Aemilia basilica built in the vicinity of the Forum; it cost close to five million francs. Caesar, who was among the Gauls, sent this sum, and his popularity was increased thereby. The vastest and most commodious basilicas were erected in the first centuries of the imperial government and helped to make people forget the loss of their liberty. Napoleon made the Parisians fear him with his guard and with the memory of the 13th *vendémiaire;*[1] the Roman emperors, so long as they did not have a devoted guard, courted the people. Often they would have a rich man killed, and on some pretext would distribute his fortune to the proletarians.

One of the greatest pleasures of this people, who had become idle under the tyranny, was to go to the basilicas; nothing afforded them greater diversion. In the time of the republic all affairs, great and small, could end in a court hearing. A consul who had embezzled funds, as well as a citizen who had stolen an ox from his neighbor, would end up by being called to trial. The young men of the leading families would argue the cases. Eloquence was the path to honors. Attending a hearing was for the Romans what reading a newspaper is for us today. In Rome a much greater interest was shown in public affairs, because people were much less occupied by their families. Women were merely servants who busied themselves with spinning wool and looking after the children. The Romans, like the English today, had been clever enough to convince their women that being bored was the first duty of a respectable matron. It was scarcely before the time of Caesar that rich women felt that they were being imposed upon; then Cato cried that all was lost.

I am convinced that the Romans who were Caesar's contemporaries lived in the street, as is still done in Naples. Frequenting the basilicas and the porches was, in terms of today, like going to the café, reading the newspapers, going to the Stock Exchange, going out in society.

If you inspect the basilica unearthed beside Trajan's column by the French administration, bearing in mind the ideas I have just recalled, you will understand it better. The interior of the immense hall was divided into five naves by four rows of columns. The paving was formed of yellow and violet marble. A rich facing of white marble covered the walls. The lining was of gilded bronze; the greatest length of this magnificent gallery was east to west. Three huge doors, each decorated with a portico, formed the principal entrance on the south side; to the north the basilica ended in a wall.

---

[1] October 5, 1795, date on which Napoleon, then General Bonaparte, saved the Revolution by quelling a royalist-inspired revolt against the Convention. (Editor's note.)

The present state of our knowledge points to Apollodorus of Damascus, a famous architect whom Trajan had admitted to his intimacy, as the author of this immense basilica (115 A.D.), by which we can have an idea of the others.

The excavations ordered by Napoleon have made it possible to establish certain material details of this monument with certainty. The historic part has no other foundations than a few sentences, which are obscure to us, that various authors have let drop from their pens. These would have to be assembled and a meaning deduced from them—a labor far beyond my competence. Perhaps some day a German and *conscientious* scholar will come and revolutionize everything that is being repeated on the ruins of Rome.

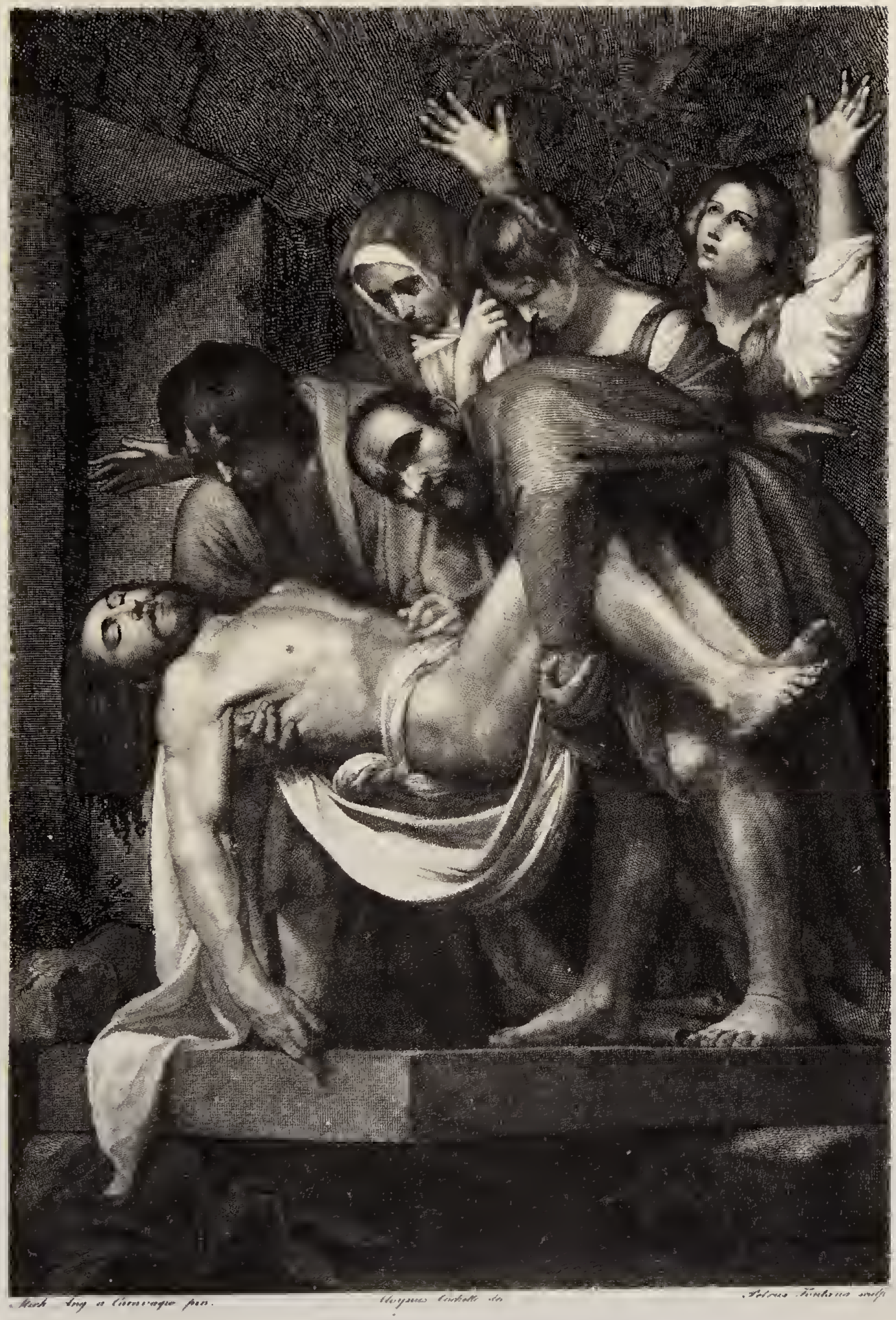
MARCH 7, 1828 / This morning, at the moment of leaving for Ostia, we were seized with a desire to see the Vatican Palace.

Here are to be found Raphael's four great works: the *Stanze,* the *Loggie,* the *Arazzi* or tapestries, and finally the painting of the *Transfiguration,* the *Virgin of the Gift,* and five or six other masterpieces.

The Vatican also contains the *Last Judgment* and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Whatever rank the opinion of the traveler assigns to these paintings, the manner in which they were produced constitutes a notable episode in the history of the human spirit. (See Taja, *Decrizione del Vaticano*).

The Vatican has several parts that are architecturally very fine, ten thousand rooms and no façade. One must look under the colonnade of St. Peter's for the door that leads to it. At the end of the round part of the colonnade to the right the traveler notices certain grotesque figures clad in strips of yellow, red and blue material; these are good Swiss armed with pikes and dressed in uniforms such as were worn in the fifteenth century. The Swiss at that time composed one-half of all the infantry of Europe, and the brave half; from this came the usage of having a Swiss guard.

A dark and very fine stairway, which is at the end of the porch of St. Peter's (*la Scala regia*), leads to the entrance to the Vatican. During Holy Week it is illuminated with an admirable magnificence; the rest of the year it is solitary. You ring a bell before a door of worm-eaten wood, and after ten minutes an old woman comes and opens it; you find yourself in an immense antichamber; it is the *Sala reale,* which serves as a vestibule to the Sistine and the Pauline chapels.



Mich. Ang. a Caravagio pin. Aloysius Corbelli de. Petrus Fontana sculp.

21. DEPOSITION (M. DA CARAVAGGIO)
Engraving by Pietro Fontana

We examined some vast paintings that represent the memorable facts of the history of the popes; for example, *Charlemagne Signing the Famous Donation to the Roman Church,* by Zuccheri, and the *Assassination of Admiral Gaspard de Coligny,* by Vasari. This is simply the St. Bartholomew which, as we see, is still classed in Rome among events redounding to the glory of Catholicism. There are three paintings. This is the inscription of the first:

GASPARD COLIGNIUS AMIRALLIUS ACCEPTO VULNERE. DOMUM REFERTUR.

GREG. XIII. PONTIF. MAX. 1572.

And we do, in fact, see Coligny wounded by a missile from an *arquebus;* the admiral is being carried into his house.

It is in this house that the admiral was assassinated by Téligny, his son-in-law, and a few others, two days later. This sacred murder constitutes the subject matter of the second painting, at the bottom of which we read:

CAEDES COLIGNII ET SOCIORUM EJUS.

The third represents Charles IX, who receives the news of the death of Coligny, and who shows his joy.

REX COLIGNII NECEM PROBAT.

I have not seen the medal that Gregory XIII had struck in honor of the St. Bartholomew, but I believe that it exists; on one side is the head of Gregory XIII, a very good resemblance, with these words:

GREGORIUS XIII. PONT. MAX. AN. I.

The reverse represents an exterminating angel, who in his left hand holds a great cross, and in the other a sword with which he pierces unfortunate Huguenots, already wounded.

In the field of the medal one reads these words:

VGONOTTORVM STRAGES. 1572

Thus there exists a place in Europe where assassination is publicly honored. These honors are all the more dangerous as in our own day assassinations of the same kind have been perpetrated in Nimes: are they punished?

MARCH 8 / Foreigners go to the Sistine Chapel on Sundays, to see the pope surrounded by cardinals; it is an imposing spectacle; there is mass with music by castrates, and sometimes a sermon in Latin. The back wall of the Sistine Chapel is taken up by the *Last Judgment* of Michelangelo; the ceiling is filled with frescoes by the same painter.

It is in the Pauline Chapel, so named because it was built by Paul III, that the superb "ceremony of the forty hours" is held. The smoke of the candles has made the two great paintings by Michelangelo invisible; the one represents the *Conversion of St. Paul,* and the other the *Crucifixion of St. Peter.*

After leaving the Pauline Chapel and passing through several deserted rooms that are always open to the public, we came to the famous *Logge* by Raphael. This is a portico overlooking the magnificent court of San Damaso; from here one can view the whole city of Rome, and beyond it the mountains of Albano and the Abruzzi. This view is delightful and, it seems to me, unique in the world.

When King Murat came to Rome, in 1814, he was astonished that the paving and the sides of the portico where Raphael's masterpieces are, were exposed to the rain, and he had windows installed.

The small ceilings, in the form of cupolas, placed above each arch, are each adorned with four small frescoes representing scenes from the Bible. The Creation is the subject of the first painting. The figure of the All-Powerful drawing the earth and the waters from the void is, we are told, by Raphael's own hand. I have nothing to say to the visitor, who must judge everything by his own impression; as for me, I believe that painting can go no further. We saw fifty-two frescoes; all are drawn by Raphael, painted before his eye, and some retouched by him. The portico immortalized by these sublime ceilings is adorned with charming arabesques that often give one a sensation of the unexpected. They are a complete embodiment of the gracious century of Leo X; the world then was not spoiled by Genevan or American puritanism. I feel sorry for puritans; they are punished by boredom. I advise long-faced people not to look too much at those arabesques; their souls are not accessible to their sublime grace. Three centuries of rain have not effaced Leda's love-making; it would perhaps be moral to have these scenes destroyed by a mason's hammer. What! Leo X, a pope, allowing the love of Leda to be placed alongside the most famous scenes of holy history! It is a long way from Leo X to Leo XII. Our century is more correct; but also, how tedious! and so it is everywhere!

MARCH 9 / Beside the entrance to the museum there is a very curious fresco that represents St. Peter's in a half-finished stage. On rainy days I like to roam alone through the three stories of this charming portico; here one breathes the century of Leo X and of Raphael. The pope has his living quarters a hundred paces from here, and the presence of his court in no way disturbs the solitude and the deep silence; in Rome there is no Gascon braggadocio, no display, no ostentation; everyone appears simple. The reality of power is what counts.

On going down to the first story one reaches the door to the immense Pio-Clementine museum. This is the work of Clement XIV and of Pius VI. Monsignor Braschi began it when he was *tesoriere,* or minister of finance, and gave it a great expansion when he assumed the throne. It is here that one finds the *Apollo Belvedere,* the *Torso,* the *Laocoon,* as well as the least good of Canova's works, the *Perseus* and the *Athletes.* The *Perseus,* however, is quite pleasing; women like it much better than the *Apollo.* It is a figure in the style of the St. Michael of the Capucin church on the Piazza Barberini. Canova's works can be understood and felt far more readily than those of Phidias, as he was a *romantic*—that is to say that he produced sculpture that really suited his contemporaries (and that gave them the most pleasure, since it was cut to their measure).

MARCH 10 / Signor Quirino Visconti has described the statues of the Pio-Clementine museum very well. This scholar admits into his book only the lies that are absolutely indispensable. His work is the source of all good erudition on the statues. Always remember that the author was poor and received a salary from the pope. Why did an independent man like Forsyth not have the science and the taste of Visconti? It will be necessary henceforth to be born into a fortune in order to inspire some confidence! Later we shall speak in greater detail about this immense assemblage of curious things. One of those that strike the foreigner most at this stage of his sojourn in Rome is the original tomb of Scipio Barbatus. What a pleasure it is to read that inscription drawn so many years ago!

After having gone through all the rooms of the Pio-Clementine museum and seen through the windows all the gardens of the Vatican, one passes into an immense gallery whose walls are covered by geographical maps painted in fresco by Danti; nothing is more delightful. This is what gave us the greatest pleasure today. One walks for ten minutes on the badly joined bricks of the geographical gallery and one comes to several rooms where are hung twenty-two pieces of tapestry executed from Raphael's cartoons. Finally one reaches the famous rooms (*Stanze*) of the Vatican painted in fresco by this great man.

When the army of the Constable of Bourbon took Rome by storm in 1527, only seven years after the death of Raphael, the German soldiers set up their bivouac in the *Stanze.* The smoke from the fires that they lit in the middle of these rooms blackened the sublime frescoes that we saw again today for the sixth time.

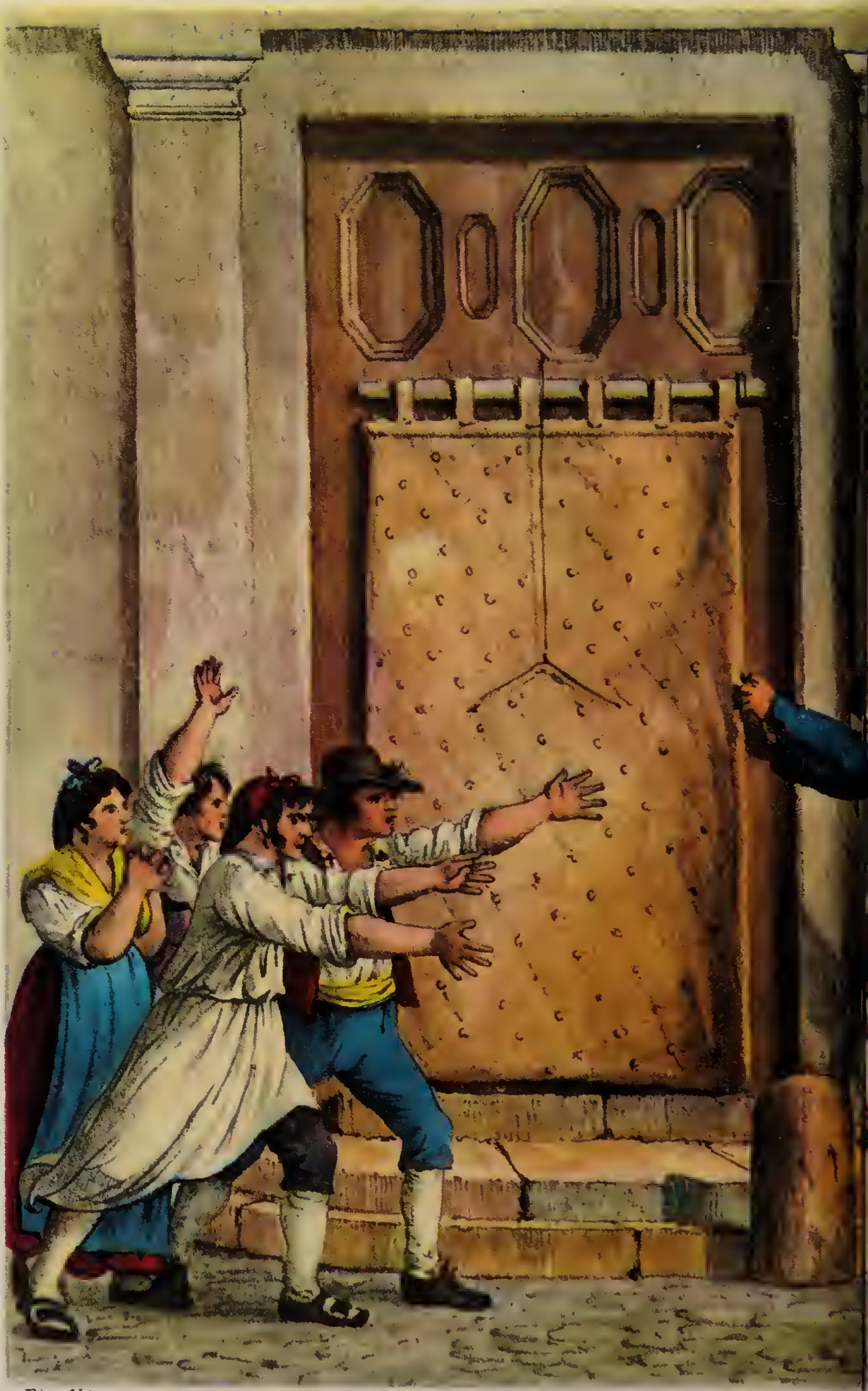
Most of the foreigners who come to Rome prefer to all Raphael's figures the pretty illuminated lithographs that are sold in Paris on the boulevards, or the delicate and carefully executed small engravings of the *Keepsake* and other English almanacs. It is perhaps a misfortune to have received from heaven a soul little disposed to feel the divine beauties of Raphael and Correggio; but nothing is more ridiculous, nor more transparent, than to feign for them a sentiment that one does not feel. Rome is still laughing over a certain great personage's pretended love of the fine arts. Do not despair of your heart; a certain woman may inspire nothing on the day when you are introduced to her, while you may discover you are madly in love with her six months later.

MARCH 11, 1828 / In Paris, as soon as one has the idea of making a voyage to Italy, one might buy and place in the room where one usually stays some engravings by Morghen after Raphael's paintings in the Vatican. It is a sad observation, but a true one that one can get great enjoyment out of what one sees in Rome only when the eye has been fully educated. Voltaire would have left Raphael's rooms shrugging his shoulders and making epigrams, for wit is not an advantage for the enjoyment of the kind of pleasure that these paintings can give. I have seen timid, dreamy souls, who often lack assurance and a sense of fitness, enjoy more readily than others the frescoes of Luini in Sarono, near Milan, and those of Raphael in the Vatican.

Most Frenchmen cannot lift themselves to the point of feeling Correggio's frescoes in Parma; they avenge themselves by pouring abuse on them. It is somewhat like La Fontaine's most delicate fables. For myself, I have a great regard for a worthy Genevan, M. Simond, who frankly makes fun of Michelangelo and his *Last Judgment,* in which he claims he sees men "boned and broiled." M. Simond has identified Tasso in this picture, though in truth the author of *Gerusalemme Liberata* was not yet born at the time the picture was painted; but the good faith and the boldness of the Genevan are nonetheless quite remarkable. Geneva, a quite cultivated town, is given to earning money and to burning people like Servet[1] at the stake. In the nineteenth century,

---

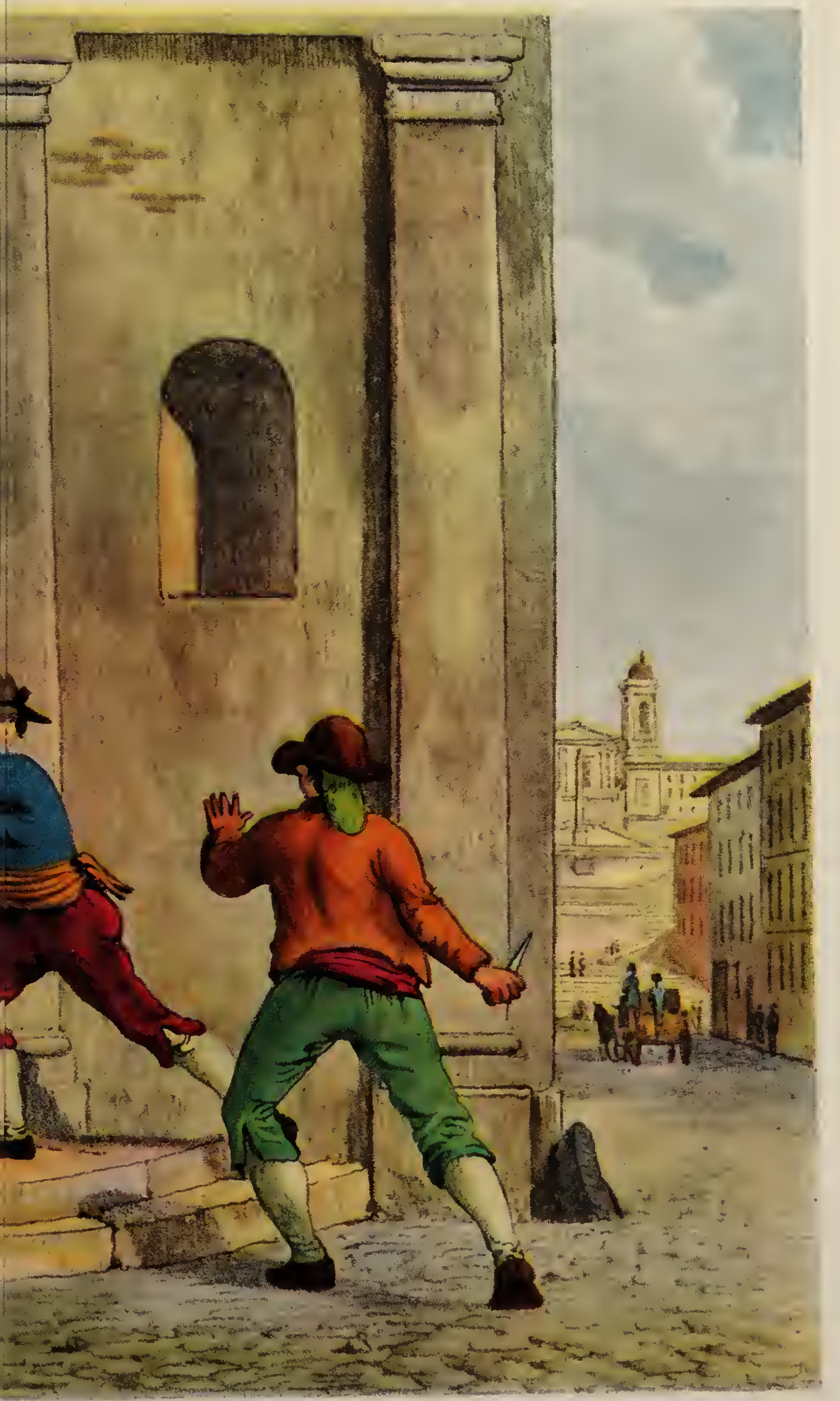
[1] Michel Servet, a doctor and theologican, burned alive in Geneva in 1553, at Calvin's instigation. (Editor's note.)



Pinelli invt

HA TOCCATO

London. Publiſhed by Rodwell
C Hullm



C.H. del

A CHIESA!

th in New Bond St. May 1 1820

r Lithography.

22. THE MURDERER
Engraving by Bartolomeo Pinelli

burning Servet is no longer the custom, but women leave a salon when Lord Byron enters it. Lord Byron *paid* for his title this way and felt aggrieved at the scene. An Italian man of genius would have laughed heartily.

Raphael was working in the Constantine room, where he had already painted in oil the figure of *Justice* and that of *Meekness,* when death overtook him, and all was ended for the Roman school. Fools took over his manner, and painting became great again only when a man of genius (Luigi Carracci) dared to abandon Raphael's style. Thus it was the dry, hard Giulio Romano who painted in fresco that great battle of Constantine against Maxentius, which arrested us this morning. All modern painters who are called upon to represent battles have shamelessly pilfered Raphael's drawing. Probably no one ever fought in this way; but it is a *beautiful lie.* This painting resembles a battle of the Romans as Racine's *Iphigénie* resembles the tragic story that occurred in Aulis. He has been imitated again by Messrs. Gros and Girodet. M. Horace Vernet's *Battle of Montmirail* has at last appeared to put an end to this current of imitation. For the first time a painting dares to represent the manner in which men fight today. (The love of the *ugly,* which characterizes our young painters, does not appear too conspicuously in this battle.)

We concluded our visit to the Vatican by inspecting the library. It is singular to see the chief of a religion that would destroy all books in a library. And it is instructive to see the manner in which curious foreigners are received here, Frenchmen especially. Monsignor Mai impolitely refused me the copy of Terence, famous for the miniatures it contains; traces of the manner in which the Romans dressed are said to be found in them. Monsignor Mai is the only coarse man I have come upon in Rome; he will soon be a cardinal, and if the system of Leo XII proves to be lasting, the complaints of foreigners will hasten his advancement.

The discovery of the palimpsest manuscripts had occurred long before Signor Mai. The monks of the Middle Ages would scratch a sheet of parchment on which a fragment of Cicero was written, and on this sheet of scratched parchment would transcribe a homily by their abbot. The problem is to recover the passage from Cicero by means of the traces left by the scratcher on the parchment. Unfortunately the palimpsests have so far given us only sentences by the Roman orator;

researchers have not been fortunate enough to discover a passage from Sallust, Livy or Tacitus.

MARCH 12 / Nicholas V, that singular man, who was reluctant to accept the pontificate, and of whom I have already spoken in connection with St. Peter's, established this library about the year 1450. The period had barely drawn to a close during which the clergy had nurtured the most educated class and exercised its worldly wisdom in taming brute force by holding up the prospect of hell. Nicholas V, notwithstanding his superior mind, could not foresee that from the very books he was collecting would spring the idea of submitting faith to *personal examination,* an idea so fatal to the Holy See.

Let us consider this *personal examination* for a moment; it is, in Rome, what the idea of a *republic* is in Paris—the great bugbear of the government. It is necessary, in order to be saved, to follow blindly the practises indicated by the pope; such is the theory of the *Roman* religion. Bossuet, despite his sorry account of the conversions effected by the dragoons of Louis XIV, is looked upon almost as a heretic, and all French Christians of 1829 as being more than half Protestants; an exception is made only for the congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Cardinal S., who deigned to explain this theory to me, may be basically mistaken, but his reasoning is *logical.* According to the Roman doctrine, the pope, Christ's vicar, is entrusted with the salvation of all the faithful; he is the general in chief. If every member of the faith, instead of obeying with humility, should feel impelled to *examine,* there would be disorder in the army, and all would be lost. What are Bossuet's four propositions? An incitation to *disorder,* a move leading to the reading of Voltaire and of Bentham; from this to preaching religion as *useful* is but a step. The writer who has given circulation to this damnable revery is Montesquieu. The Christians of France have taken this joke seriously; is it not used as an epigraph to *le Génie du Christianisme*? [1] The moment you admit the usefulness of good actions, since these actions may be more or less good, more or less useful, there is *personal examination;* you fall into Protestantism.

The Christian who examines the greater or lesser usefulness of actions is, without knowing it, a disciple of Jeremy Bentham and of Helvetius. You elude this misfortune, His Excellency Cardinal S.... added, only by the levity of the French spirit. The height of abomination, I was told one day by a *fratone* (the Roman name to designate an intriguing, allert and particularly powerful monk), is to see religion defended as being *useful*. There is one thing even more deplorable, and that is to see it defended as being beautiful, that is to say *useful to our pleasures*. The ceremony of the Rogations is beautiful, as one might say of a pretty ballet (see the charming description in *le Génie du Christianisme*). Such is the substance of twenty conversations that I have had in Rome with worthy people of all opinions. Most of them regard a revolution as inevitable in Italy; could it be prevented, insofar as religion is concerned, by allowing the curates to elect their bishops?

---

[1] Chateaubriand's epoch-making book, published in 1802. Written in the chaotic period that followed the French Revolution, it is an eloquent defence of Christianity in which the author develops the thesis that Christianity is true because it is beautiful. (Editor's note.)

MARCH 14, 1828 / A revolution would be prevented or tempered in its explosive force by reforms; but these reforms would diminish the well-being of aged people who are convinced that the revolution will dare to appear only after they are gone. The social mechanism of the Roman States is so adjusted as to accumulate all enjoyments on the heads of some forty cardinals and some hundred generals, bishops and prelates; they are people without family, most of them quite aged, and whose entire life seems calculated in such a way as to increase in them that habit of egoism so natural to priests of all religions. Three-fourths of these fortunate people are chosen among noble families; and as you know, the present-day nobility is rather liberal in Tuscany, and *carbonari* in Naples. The spirit of the Roman clergy will therefore necessarily be changed sooner than one may think. I believe only two cardinals remain of those I saw in 1802. One is elevated to the rank of cardinal only at about the age of fifty-five. The majority of this body changes every seven years; seven years also constitute the average duration of a pope's reign.

However enlightened a sovereign pontif may be, were he to combine the enlightenment of Cardinal Spina and the great character of Pius VII, it is impossible for him not to be somewhat dazed by the high position that he has reached, which during his whole life has been the secret object of his aspirations.

Unless he be a political man of the first order, and combine an exceptional degree of enlightenment with an iron character, such a pope will not perceive the necessity of a reform in the Catholic church. If religion does not assume a new form, we shall witness a war to the death between Popism or *belief,* and representative government based on *examination* and mistrust.

Whatever enlightenment the popes of the nineteenth century possess, if they be not altogether superior men, they will protect the *Sacred Heart* and *Jesuitism* as the only means of returning to unity. Austria, which has neutralized the poison and which in no way fears its Ligorists and its Jesuits at home, will do everything in the world to embarrass other sovereigns with them. The Jesuits will be its spies in France, in Belgium, in Switzerland, etc.

"But," I said to my able antagonist, Father Ranuccio, "religion has had the imprudence to become *ultra* in Spain, in Portugal, in France; if this party succumbs to the fashion of constitution, what will become of it?

"I don't know what is going on in Spain; but I can assure you that the *Constitutionnel*[1] is the catechism of all Frenchmen born around 1800. They do much worse than not believe in Catholicism, they know nothing about it. If you do not submit gracefully, some eloquent philosopher, like M. Cousin, will get up, will go and inhabit a frightful solitude two leagues from Paris, and will do himself the pleasure of founding a religion."

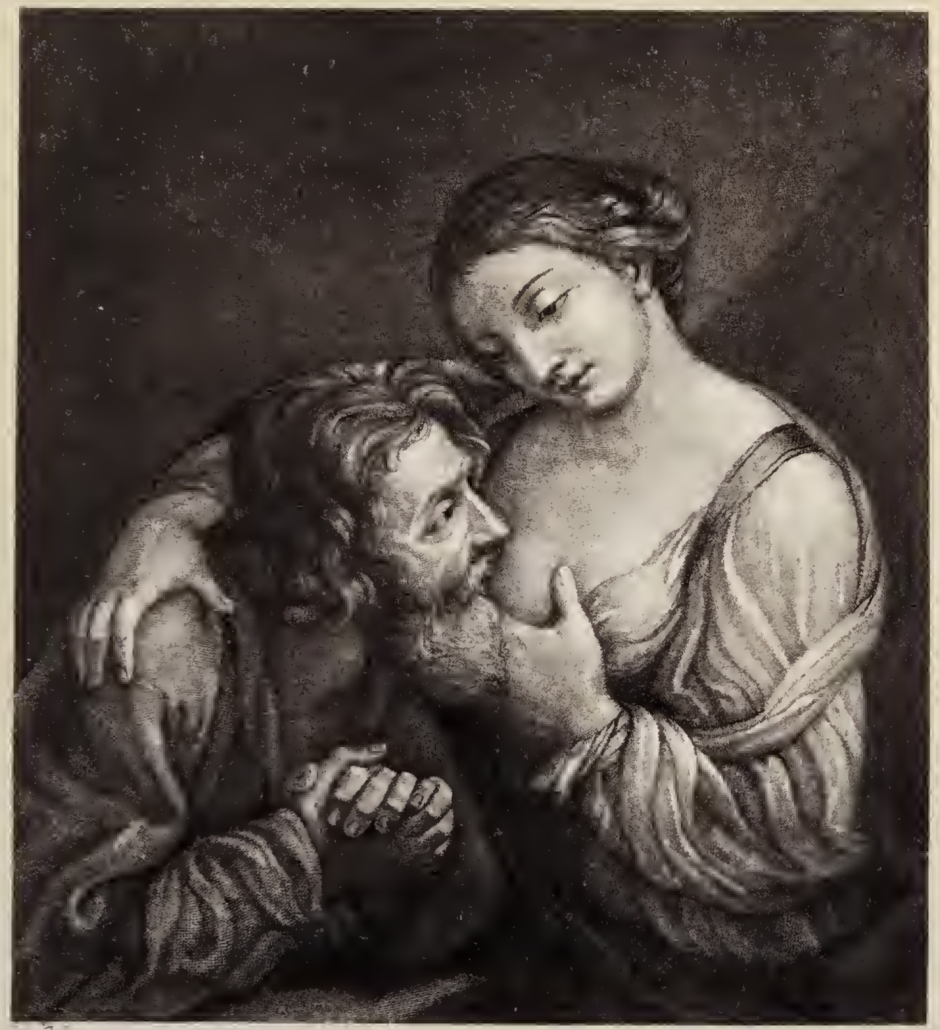
To which my antagonist replied that last year the devout in France bequeathed eight million to religion; and, as I drew his attention to the fact that we could not include old people in our calculations, he gave me to understand that piety did not confer physical immortality, that every man was responsible only for what happened during his lifetime, etc., etc.—in short, a paraphrase of the remark made by Louis XV, *"Après moi le déluge. Cela durera toujours autant que moi."*

MARCH 15 / Let us come back to the Vatican library. In about 1587, Sixtus V, a man of genius, who should have understood the danger of books, had the building in which we are standing erected, on plans drawn by Fontana. No books are visible. They are shut up in cabinets. There are closets, filled with manuscripts, into which one cannot enter without being excommunicated *ipso facto.* A liberal told us that several manuscripts have been destroyed between 1826 and 1829.

I have already drawn your attention to the view of St. Peter's of

---

[1] A liberal journal, founded in 1815. Its campaign against Charles X helped to prepare the 1830 revolution. (Editor's note.)



Amore Lei a soſtentar consiglia
col proprio seno il Genitor, che langue
tanto può in Lei carità di Figlia.

23. ROMAN CHARITY
Engraving by Luigi Antonini from a painting by Guido Reni

Rome shown above one of the doors of the library as it would have been had Michelangelo's plan been followed. In the cabinet of Papyruses one sees several frescoes by Raphael Mengs, who for half a century was regarded as a great painter, thanks to M. d'Azara's adroit charlatanism. Mengs's *Moses* was still admired in 1802.

Monsignor N . . ., who was explaining the library to the ladies in our company, told them the following story to illustrate the severity of Sixtus Quintus. After he had renewed the prohibition against bearing concealed arms, he was advised that the young Prince Ranuccio, the son and heir of Alexander Farnese, duke of Parma and governor of the Lowlands for the emperor, was in the habit of carrying pistols. One day when the young prince had presented himself in order to have an audience with the pope, he was arrested in one of the rooms of the Vatican. Pistols were found on him, and he was taken on the spot to the Castel Sant'Angelo. Cardinal Farnese, upon being informed as to what had just happened, hastened to solicit an audience with the pope to plead for his nephew's pardon. He was refused. The cardinal, who knew Sixtus Quintus and feared for his nephew's life, made another attempt, and finally, at about ten in the evening, obtained the audience he had requested.

While the cardinal was falling at the pope's knees, the governor of the Castel Sant'Angelo received the order to have Ranuccio's head cut off. Sixtus V prolonged the audience that he had granted to the cardinal for several minutes, and finally got rid of him by signing an order granting the prince his freedom. Fortunately, the cardinal did not lose a moment in running to the Castel Sant'Angelo; there he found his nephew, who was bemoaning his fate in the arms of a confessor. His death had been delayed only because he had wanted to make a general confession. The governor, seeing the pope's signature, delivered the prisoner. The cardinal had horses in readiness, and in a few hours Ranuccio was beyond the boundaries of the States of the Church. His pistols were for a long time on view at the Castel Sant'Angelo.

It was by similar methods that Napoleon's generals wiped out assassination in the Calabrias and in Piedmont. About 1802 several hundred assassins were put to death in Piedmont, which the inhabitants regarded as the ultimate in horror.

MARCH 17 / We came to read several articles of the work by Quirino Visconti in the presence of the statues that they describe. We paused at length before that of Tiberius; it was perfectly comprehended. On the other hand, the *Torso* produced no real effect; we recognized that this was the piece of marble so greatly admired by Michelangelo and by Raphael, who reproduced it in the *torso* of the Eternal Father in the *Vision of Ezekiel.*

The first statues were assembled in sheds, near the garden of the Belvedere, by Julius II, Leo X, Clement VII and Paul III. These popes already possessed the *Apollo,* the *Laocoon,* the *Torso,* the *Antinous* and the recumbent statue, which is known as the *Cleopatra* because of its bracelet in the form of a snake.

It is not because of their beauty, but because of their venerable antiquity that we were moved at the sight of all the monuments taken in 1780 from the ancient tomb of the Scipios, discovered near the Gate of San Sebastian.

After having passed before a number of fragments of statues remarkable for their draperies, we saw again the famous *Meleagro,* of which there is a copy in the Tuileries.

We entered the small court, around which have been set up, in small rooms erected in 1803: 1. the *Perseus* and the *Athletes* by Canova; 2. the *Mercury,* formerly called the *Antinous of the Vatican,* which was found in the sixteenth century on Mount Esquiline; 3. the *Laocoon,* found in 1506 in the Baths of Titus (Michelangelo recognized that this group is made out of three blocks of marble; the missing right arm was restored in Montorsoli marble, and subsequently in stucco by Cornacchini, in both cases very badly); 4. the *Apollo Belvedere,* found in Antium toward the end of the fifteenth century, and placed here by Julius II. The view of the Elgin marbles, the plasters of which are to be found twenty paces from here, will do much, it seems to me, to diminish the rank this statue occupied. The majesty of the god seemed a little theatrical to the ladies in our company. We read Winkelman's description; he is the most flatly prosaic of the German critics. Is there not a description of the *Apollo* in *Corinne*? [1]

We looked with pleasure at two or three sarcophagi that our eyes made out among the great number that have been placed under the porticos of this small court. Here one quickly becomes aware of the necessity of acquiring a conception of *ancient beauty.* The pleasure to be derived from the statues is thereby multiplied a hundredfold. One must first of all discard all the meaningless phrases borrowed from Plato, Kant and their school. Obscurity is not a defect when you are speaking to pleasant youngsters who are eager to know, and especially to *appear to know;* but in the fine arts it kills pleasure. Jeremy Bentham is a hundred times more conducive to an understanding of *ancient beauty* than Plato and all his imitators.

---

[1] *Corinne* (with the sub-title *"L'Italie"*), by the fascinating and gifted Mme de Staël, published in 1807, stimulated among her contemporaries a wide interest in things Italian. (Editor's note.)

MARCH 20, 1828 / I am fearful of abusing the reader's patience. I shall mention only the busts in semi-relief, known under the names of Cato and Portia; a nude statue of Septimius Severus, by which Canova justified himself for having represented Napoleon in the same costume; an Etruscan *Apollo;* an *Adonis Wounded in the Right Thigh by a Boar,* which enabled the sculptor to express pain and fear; a naked *Venus Emerging from her Bath,* a copy of the *Venus* of Gnidus; finally, a fragment that may have belonged to a group representing Hemon holding the body of his Antigone and taking his own life. We have compared this fragment with the famous group at the Villa Ludovisi (the Chamber of Deputies in Paris has a copy).

Finally, in the back of a large room, we found the *Abandoned Ariadne,* formerly identified as Cleopatra. I should be unintelligible if I were to write one hundredth part of the discussion to which this statue gave rise. The habit of living together provides a common vocabulary and makes it possible to convey one's meaning by a mere hint speaking in nuances that would require two pages to elucidate on paper for a reader.

MARCH 25, 1828 / Several popes have expanded the palace of the Vatican, in which Charlemagne lodged when he had himself crowned emperor by Leo III. Sixtus V, who managed to accomplish so much in the five years that he reigned, built the immense edifice that is on the eastern side of the court of San Damaso.

For a thousand years all the famous architects of the Roman school have worked on the Vatican. We were shown works by Bramante, Raphael, Ligorio, Fontana, Carlo Maderno, and finally by Bernini, a clever man, a man of talent, who in all fields was the precursor of decadence. May I whisper an aside? Bernini was the father of the bad taste designated in the studios by the somewhat vulgar name of *rococo.* The "bewigged" type of art triumphed in France under Louis XV and

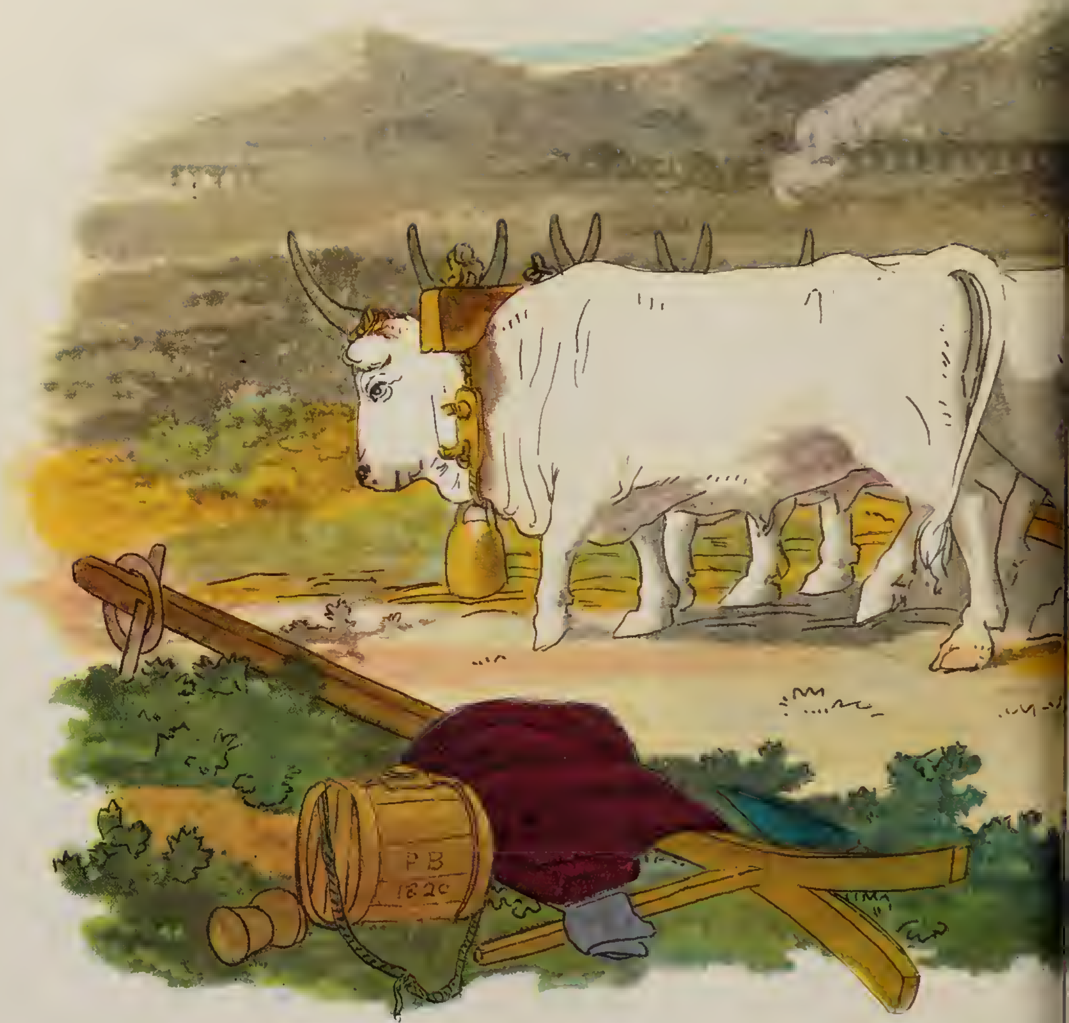
Louis XVI. Our statues of the nineteenth century approach Bernini himself, far superior to his uninspired pupils. That great artist would not have disavowed the Louis XIV on the Place des Victoires. We went into the Borgia apartment to look at the ancient fresco that was so famous in the eighteenth century under the name of the *Aldobrandine Wedding.* In the Naples museum you will find ancient frescoes that are much more important; they resemble Domenichino when he is not at his best. We did not enjoy the *Wedding.* We were still laughing at certain frescoes representing the chief events in the life of Pius VI in the gallery of the Vatican library. These frescoes, which the anti-French faction has dared to place within a hundred paces of those of Raphael, are inferior in merit to those painted papers, that one sees on the doors of small cafés in Paris, representing a bottle of foaming beer filling the glass of a dragoon. The painter who was chosen to make these paintings must have been very easygoing. We were reminded of certain prizes awarded at the most recent expositions.

MARCH 26, 1828 / "What is the best way to go from Paris to Rome?" is a question we are asked by people in France. First of all the post; but one must have a barouche built in Vienna and very light. Take a small amount of baggage; in crossing those suspicious little States, every case or trunk is a source of vexation at the customs or at the police. We had our cases sent by haulage, and found this satisfactory. All expenses are doubled in Italy for a traveler who is seen arriving by post, and bandits often stop only the post-chaises and disdain the others.

One may take the mail-coach as far as Béfort and Bâle, if one passes by the north of Switzerland; and as far as Pontarlier or Ferney, if one wishes to arrive directly at the Simplon Pass. One takes the mail-coach to Lyon or Grenoble, if one passes by the Mont-Cenis; and lastly, to Draguignan, if one wishes to avoid the mountains and enter Italy by the fine coast road, M. Chabrol's masterpiece. From Nice one passes through Genoa to reach Pisa; this last road is by far the longest. Skirting the world's loveliest sea, one finds scenes to delight the eye. Nothing is less like the ocean.

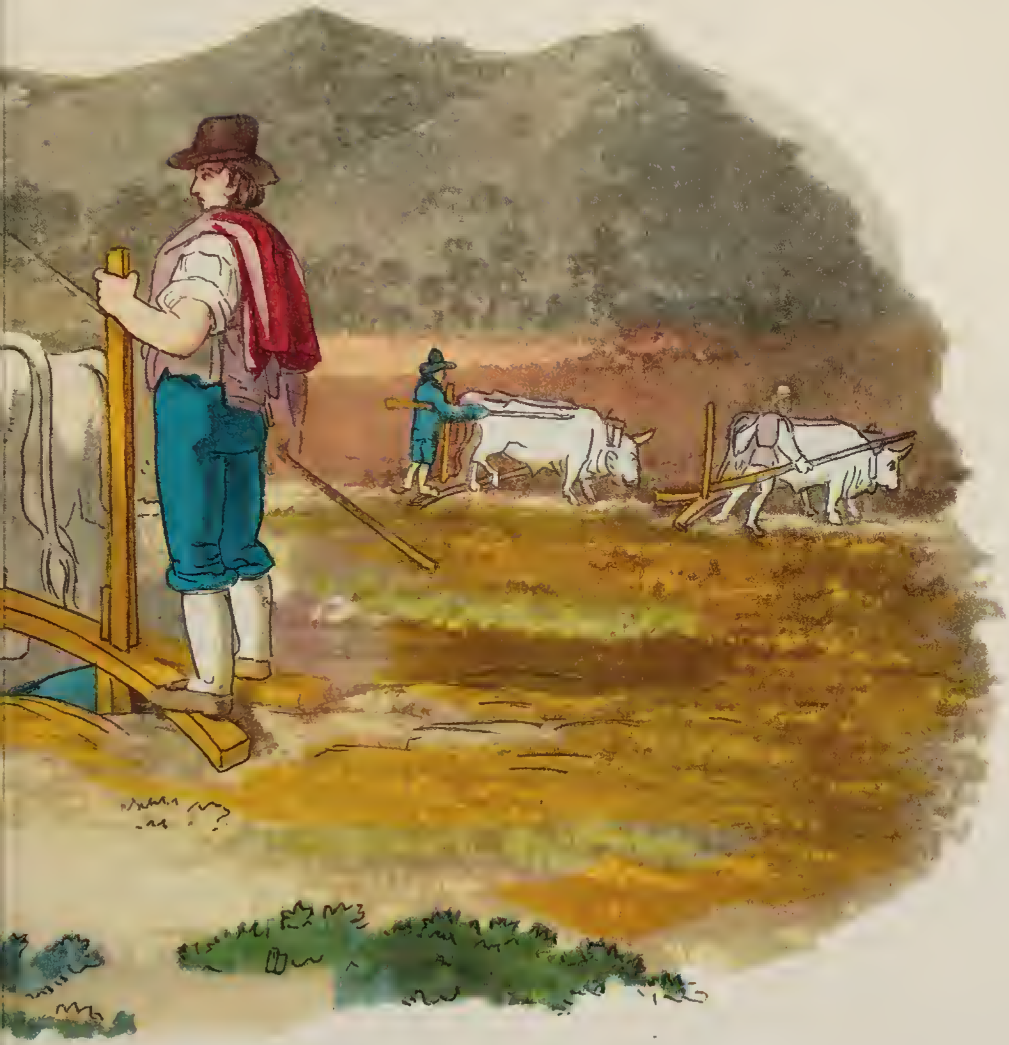
The fastest, and in my opinion one of the prettiest roads, begins with forty-eight hours by mail-coach; one reaches Béfort; a small carriage takes one to Bâle (twelve francs). One travels by stagecoach to Lucerne; there one sails on the singular and dangerous lake that was the setting for the exploits of William Tell; one can see the spot where he pushed

24. PLOWING IN THE ROMAN COUNTRYSIDE
Lithograph by Bridgens



PLOUGHING IN THE

London. Pub. Decr 1826



IPAGNA DI ROMA.

Cradock & Joy

away Gessler's bark with his foot. One reaches Altdorf; it was beneath the linden trees of the main street of this town that William Tell shot away the apple placed on his son's head. One enters Italy by the St. Gotthard Pass, Bellinzona, Como and Milan.

As the Simplon Pass is in my opinion more beautiful than the St. Gotthard, I have often taken the stagecoach that goes from Bâle to Berne; I have reached the valley of the Rhone through the gorges of Louech, and in Toudemagne I have recovered my trunks, which had gone round by way of Lausanne, St. Maurice and Sion.

There is an excellent stagecoach that goes from Lausanne to Domodossola, on the other side of the Simplon. The driver is a splendid fellow; the mere sight of the calm face of the worthy Swiss dispels any thought of danger. For ten years he has negotiated the Simplon Pass three times a week. There is danger from avalanches only in the season of thaw, in the month of April. The Simplon road is not edged with precipices like that of Mont-Cenis, or rather the side that drops away is lined with trees that would prevent the carriage from going over the edge in case of fall. It is much safer to cross the mountain by stagecoach than in one's own calash. Indeed, I believe that since the opening of the Simplon road only fourteen travelers have perished, and nine of these were some poor Italian soldiers returning from Russia who failed to take proper precautions.

In the village of Simplon, on the Italian side, you will find one of the best inns in Europe; it is kept by a native of Lyon. Nothing is more picturesque than the valley of Izèle through which one passes to reach the bridge of the Crevola where beautiful Italy begins.

A small carriage for which you pay twelve francs takes you from Domodossola to Bavena, on Lake Maggiore, opposite the Borromean Islands. In twenty minutes a boat conveys the traveler to the Albergo del Delfino, in Isola Bella; this is one of the most beautiful spots in the world; here you can recover from the fatigues of the Simplon Pass. The famous garden built by Count Vitaliano Borromeo, in 1660, is at fifty paces from the del Delfino inn. A steamboat provides an easy means of visiting the colossal statue of St. Charles, near Arona, and the delightful banks of one of the most beautiful lakes in the universe.

In four hours the steamboat takes you from the Borromean Islands to Sesto Calende; in five hours a velocifer transports you to Milan.

I find it more attractive to arrive in Milan via Varese. A boat takes you from the Borromean Islands to Laveno; you take the post to Varese.

This trip seems to me comparable to the one from Naples to Pompeii, which I consider the most sublime in the world. A velocifer drives in five hours from Varese to Milan. If you can allow yourself a day's excursion, you can go and see Lake Como from Varese. You travel amid delightful hills, beyond which, to the left, you see the eternal snows.

In Milan there are regular stagecoaches going to Venice and Mantua. From Mantua a small carriage connects with Bologna, where you find an excellent mail-coach recently established by the pope's finance minister. It makes the journey to Rome by the superb road that passes through Ancona and Loretta.

I find it more amusing to come from Milan to Rome by *vettura.*

In a certain street of Milan, near the post office, you are greeted by a host of *vetturini* who for eight or ten francs a day offer you a place in the back of an open calash, or a carriage built like a hackney carriage, except that the coachman's seat is on the body. For these eight or ten francs per day the *vetturino* pays for the dinner, which takes place at seven in the evening on arriving, and for the room at the inn. It takes three and a half days to travel the forty leagues that separate Bologna from Milan.

You may run into bad company in the *vettura;* in which case you leave it in the first town through which you pass, paying the price agreed upon for the trip as far as Bologna, thirty, or thirty-five francs; but if you are lucky, or if you have the patience to stand the somewhat uncouth ways of the traveling companions, this is an excellent occasion for learning something of the Italian character. But often one falls in with interesting companions. A certain rich and aloof man whom I know has traveled all over Italy by stagecoach; the three or four sound ideas that he has brought back from his voyage he owes entirely to the short trips that necessity obliged him to take by *vetturino.* I once traveled with three preachers who were on their way to preach Lenten sermons in various towns of Italy, and who the first day made me offer prayer morning, noon and night. I was on the point of leaving them at the first night-stop. The desire to become a seasoned traveler prevailed, and soon I found the company of these gentlemen very pleasant. To them I owe the most illuminating ideas on the ways of women in the various towns of Italy. At the end of two days, when they had developed some confidence in me, they told me the gayest and most reliable anecdotes. These had been confided to them in the confessional. The smooth-tongued protection of these holy personages exempted me from any vexation on the part of the customs, and one of them, a truly eloquent preacher, has remained my friend. When I go to Italy I go out of my way to look him up.

In the *vetture* from Bologna to Florence you are likely to have pretty good company; it takes two days to cover these twenty-two leagues (twenty francs).

All the Florentine inns are good, and the *vetturini* are greatly attached to money, but honest. You pay forty or forty-five francs, and you require four or five days to go from Florence to Rome; I prefer the Perugia road to the Siena one. You pass through Arezzo, in which one has the impression that nothing has been changed since Dante's time. The approach to Lake Trasimene is indescribably beautiful. As one nears Rome the inns become so execrable that you will do well to supply yourself with provisions in Castiglione or in Perugia. You must bring some bottles of wine from Tuscany. At the frontier, wild and suspicious barbarity suddenly replaces the most exquisite politeness.

I have, on occasion, seen a *vetturino* become friendly with his travelers; one such, Giovanni Costa, of Parma, is a remarkable man whom I should enjoy seeing again and whom I recommend to all travelers. In Florence you must deal directly with Messrs. Menchioni or Pollastri, who have a great number of carriages on the roads of Rome and Bologna. You sign a little contract which includes apparently minor details; it is specified that you will have a bed to yourself and the *posto buono,* that is to say in the back of the carriage. Careful people carry model contracts containing a great number of small clauses.

During this voyage through Italy you should dress very simply and not wear jewels. The moment you see a police or customs officer, you take a twenty-*soldi* coin and play with it in such a way that he can see it. The greatest animal ferocity will yield before this disarming sight. On Sunday one must go to mass; even were it not a duty, it would be a pleasure. It is in the church of Servi, in Milan, that we heard the best performance of Rossini's music; at the elevation, excellent German clarinets gave us the duet from *Armida.* The inn waiter, to whom you give ten *soldi,* will take you to the church that is in fashion. I advise paying for all small services of this kind in cash. In the course of our whole trip no money was better spent than thirty or forty ten-*soldi* pieces distributed in this way.

In countries where the police are very severe, one can pretend to be ill, say that one is traveling for one's health, and sit down in the shelter upon entering. The examination that one undergoes sometimes lasts three or four hours, and one is obliged to answer the strangest questions.

"What are you doing in this country?"

"I have come to see the art monuments and the beauties of nature."

"There is nothing to see here. You must have some other reason that you are concealing. Were you in this country in the time of Napoleon?"

Then suddenly they look at your clothes with singular attention.

"What are your means of subsistence? for it costs money to travel. Have you recommendations to a banker here? What is his name? Did he invite you to dine with him? Who else was there? What was said at table?"

This last question is intended to arouse your anger and make you forget your prudence. We replied very coolly, "I am a little deaf, and I can't hear what is said when I don't see the person who is speaking."

"Have you any letters of recommendation?" If you answer *yes*, they will ask to see them; if you say you have none, they may make you open your trunk. On arriving in Domodossola, we put our letters of recommendation in the mail, addressed in our name to the city where we shall need them.

You can avoid trouble everywhere by claiming illness, by going to mass every day and never losing your temper. A jovial air disconcerts the police clerks; they are Italian renegades.

MARCH 27, 1828 / We have just seen the *Descent from the Cross* at the Trinità dei Monti. It is a famous fresco by Daniele da Volterra, which used to be mentioned after the *Transfiguration* and the *Communion of St. Jerome*.

On the occasion of some invasion by the Neapolitans, around 1799 I believe, a battalion was stationed in this church. They damaged the fresco. In 1811 I saw it at Palmaroli's, the famous restorer of paintings, in the former Palace of France on the Corso, opposite the Doria Palace. General Miollis, the governor of the Roman States, was pressing him to return the painting, which was to be sent to Paris. Palmaroli replied that his work was not finished. He made it last from 1808 to 1814. He would say to his friends, "Our poor city has been despoiled of too many paintings already, let's try to save this one." He succeeded. There were eight or ten of us travelers in the Trinità dei Monti; only Signor Falciola, who was showing it to us, enjoyed the studied fresco. The others would have preferred a good copy in oil.

MARCH 28 / Painting, when all is said and done, is but a small thing in life. Everything that appears admirable to me in this kind seems ugly to my friends, and vice versa. Yet I feel none the less vividly the pleasure of spending an evening in charming company, which is also restful after a morning's fevers of admiration. Social contact with Italians recalls the masterpieces of their country; French amiability makes a perfect contrast. Among Italians praise of Raphael is an *allowable* commonplace, for it is addressed to the soul rather than to the mind, and a phrase without novelty may express or give birth to a sentiment. With us those two great rivals, the mind and the heart, must both be satisfied at the same time.

Paul, my eternal adversary, values Rome only because of the delightful balls that Signor Torlonia gives; he likes the old banker, and goes and chats with him of a morning. As for me, when I have been obliged to look at a miser's face, Raphael becomes invisible to me for twenty-four hours. In 1817, when I was mad about the arts, I should have left my friends. There is an element of unbelievable intolerance in a passionate admiration.

APRIL 1, 1828 / The finest remnant of antiquity is undoubtedly the Pantheon. This temple has suffered so little that it appears to us as it did to the Romans. In 608, the emperor Phocas, the one to whom the excavations of 1813 restored the column in the Forum, gave the Pantheon to Pope Boniface IV, who made a church of it. What a shame it is that in 608 religion did not take over all the pagan temples! Ancient Rome would still be standing almost entire.

The Pantheon has this great advantage: it requires only two moments to be penetrated by its beauty. You stop before the portico; you take a few steps, you see the church, and the whole thing is over. What I have just said suffices for the foreigner. He needs no other explanation, he will be carried away in proportion to the sensibility that heaven has given him to respond to the fine arts. I believe I have never met a being absolutely devoid of emotion at the sight of the Pantheon. This famous temple thus has something that is to be found neither in the frescoes of Michelangelo nor in the statues of the Capitol. I believe that this immense vault, suspended over their heads without apparent support, gives simpletons a sense of fear; presently they become reassured and say to themselves, "After all, if they have gone to the trouble to give me this powerful sensation, it is in order to give me pleasure!"

Is this not what we mean by the sublime?

This famous temple has a diameter of only 133 feet and a height of 133 feet. It was built by Marcus Agrippa, during his third consulate, that is to say in the year 727 of Rome, twenty-six years before the Christian Era (1854 years ago). On the frieze of the portico we read:

M. AGRIPPA L. F. COS. TERTIVM. FECIT.

It was restored by the emperors Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, and finally by Septimius Severus and Antonius Caracalla.

Never had a vault so daring as the Pantheon's been seen in Rome; domed vaults were perhaps rare in the temples. The roof was supported by wooden beams, as we saw on St. Paul's beyond the Walls. If this conjecture were proved, it would explain the frequency of fires. Temples that were vaulted and completely closed, like ours, would have made the smell of burning flesh unendurable.

The beauty of the vault that we are examining perhaps induced Agrippa to dedicate this hall to the gods. If this assumption is correct, he may have had the portico added to give more majesty to the entrance to his temple.

The portico has eight columns in a row. The eight columns support a pediment, formerly adorned with bas-reliefs and statues, works by the Athenian sculptor Diogenes.

This portico, the most beautiful that exists in Italy, has a width of 41 feet and a length of 103 feet. It is formed by sixteen Corinthian columns; the eight columns of the façade are each composed of a single block of black and white oriental granite. They are 4 feet 4 inches in diameter and 38 feet 10 inches tall, not counting the base and the capital. The intercolumniations are a little more than two diameters, and the one that is opposite the door is a little wider than the others.

It has been observed that the intercolumniations gradually diminish starting from the one in the center. The columns at the ends of the portico, on the contrary, have a slightly greater diameter than those between which one passes to reach the door to the temple.

The interior of the temple, which the ancients called Cella, forms a perfect circle 133 feet in diameter; there are no windows. The light descends from a circular opening placed in the top of the vault; it is

27 feet wide, and lets rain into the temple. This is the most striking vestige to be found in a Christian church of a form of worship in which certain parts of the victims were burned.

The total height of the Pantheon (133 feet), is divided into two equal parts; the upper part is taken up by the curve of the great vault; the architect has divided the lower half into five parts. The first three-fifths, starting from the paving, are taken up by a Corinthian order perfectly similar to that of the portico. The other two-fifths form an attic with its cornice.

After the first moment of respect, when you will want to give your attention to the details of this admirable temple, you will notice along the circular wall fourteen fluted columns; the bases and the capitals are of white marble and belong to the Corinthian order. Most of these columns, which are 27 feet tall, are cut from a single block; their diameter is 3 feet 6 inches. Eight are of yellow marble; the six others of pavonazzetto. Each column has its counter-pilaster of the same marble. In the wall, which is 19 feet thick, Agrippa's architect made two semi-circular niches and four rectangular ones, which are now chapels. A seventh interval is taken up by the door, and the one facing it by a semi-circular platform. That is probably where the emperor Hadrian, a great lover of fine architecture, had set up the court where he would sit as a judge.

Eight small Christian altars have replaced the statues of Agrippa's gods. Four of these altars still have their fluted columns of ancient yellow; two others have columns of porphyry; they are thought to have been put here by Septimius Severus. In the last two chapels there are columns of ordinary granite, this arrangement being said to have been made by the Christians.

The Baths of Agrippa contained 170 baths, and were the first seen in Rome; it was a sign of decadence in social customs; Caesar and Cato went bathing in the Tiber.

The remnants of the Baths of Agrippa touch the outer wall of the Pantheon, on the side opposite the portico. Upon his death, the favored son-in-law of Augustus left these Baths, as well as the vast gardens irrigated by the Aqua Vergine, to the Roman people. They were situated in the place where the Arco della Ciambella now stands.

A restoration that would not be very costly would give back to the Pantheon its original beauty, and would enable us to enjoy exactly the same view of it that the Romans had. It would involve doing for this temple what an intelligent prefect did for the *Maison Carrée* in Nîmes, which is to remove the earth down to the level of the ancient paving. A street fifteen feet wide could be left along the houses of the square opposite the portico. This street would be retained by a wall twelve or fifteen feet high, similar to the one that extends around the basilica near Trajan's column.

Several young prelates, into whose hands power will necessarily pass in the next half-century, are wholly worthy to conceive this manner of restoring the monuments of antiquity.

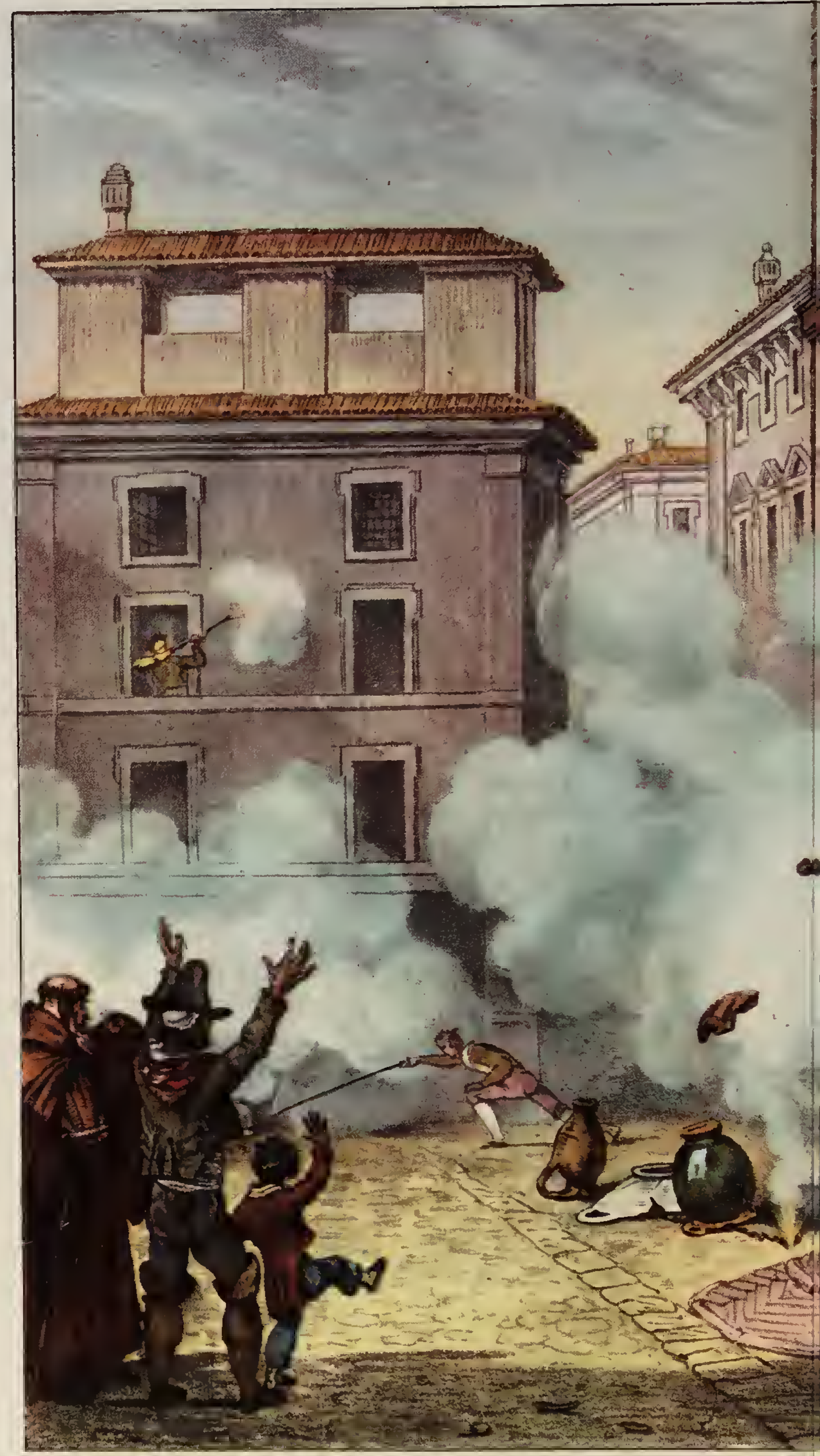
In 1711 it was thought that ancient monuments needed to be *adorned,* and an obelisk was put in front of the Pantheon. In 1611 the ancient arches of triumph were being destroyed in order to widen the streets, and this was thought to be the right thing to do. Oddly enough, Napoleon's despotism has retempered the character of a people rendered anemic by three centuries of a quiet and peaceful despotism! The fact is that Napoleon was not the enemy of *all* sound ideas.

APRIL 5, 1828 / We have at last received from Paris the French translation of the life of Benvenuto Cellini, written by himself. We read it till three o'clock in the morning. Before the publication of the *Memoirs* of Casanova di Sengalt, Cellini's book was the most curious of its kind. Cellini's translator has wisely suppressed the most scabrous passages. This single volume tells us more about Italy than the combined works of Messrs. Botta, Sismondi, Roscoe, Robertson, *e tutti quanti.*

Frederick is delighted with Giovanni and Matteo Villani, two original Florentine chroniclers, and has just bought a superb edition made in Florence two years ago.

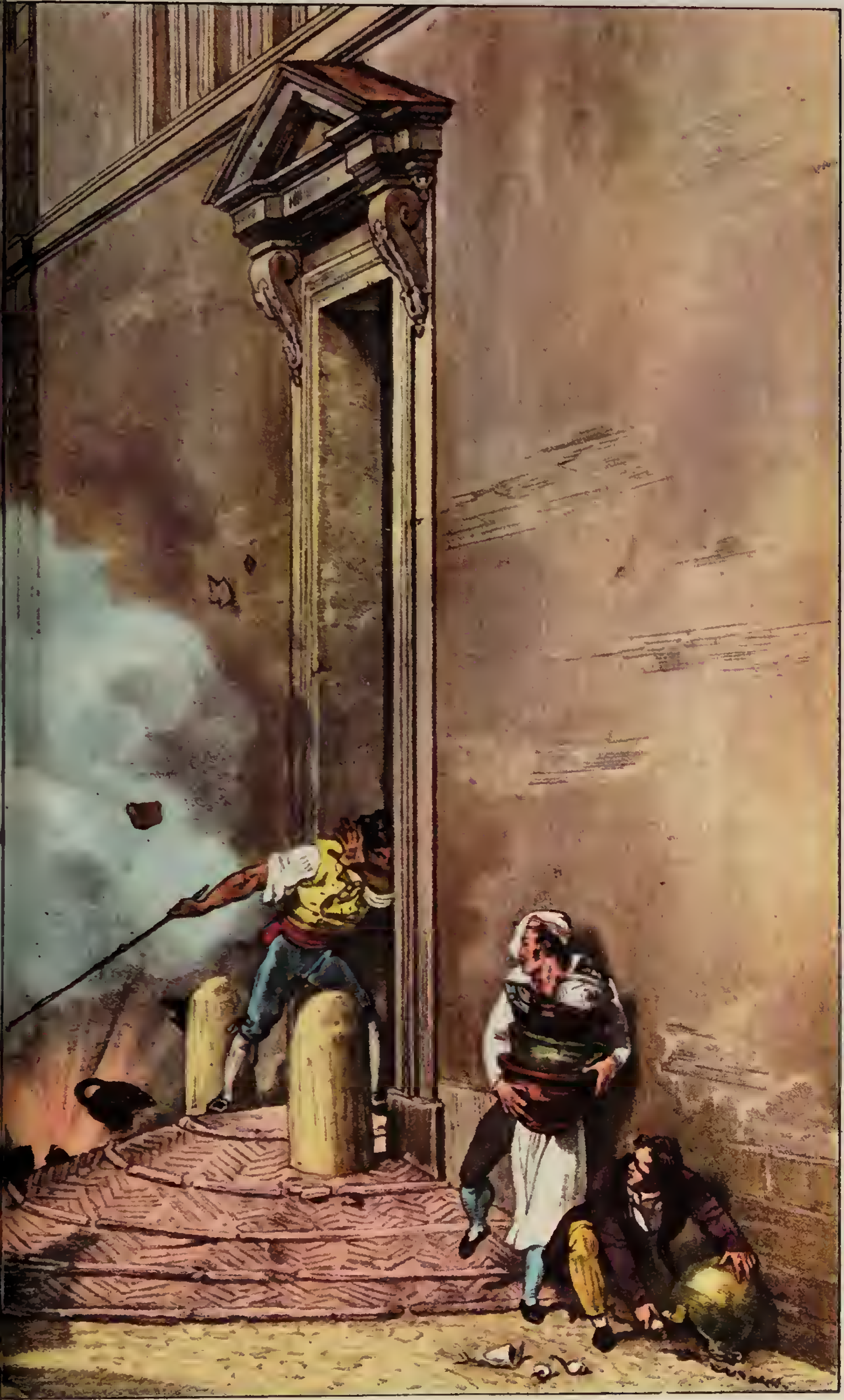
Milan is a colony that the House of Austria fears; the harshness of its police is talked about throughout Europe; yet a host of original works are printed there. Florence enjoys an honest liberty, and nevertheless the press produces nothing new. Such is the force of the leaven of civilization cast in Lombardy by Napoleon and by the two or three thousand distinguished men whom he put into office. A Milanese nobleman, even the most backward by his position in society, if he was five years old in 1796, has been brought up in the midst of a city full of enthusiasm for the great man who pulled Italy out of the void. The privileged man whom I take as an example, born in about 1791, is thirty-eight years old today, and within a very few years will enter into possession of his family's fortune. This is why the Milan bookshop is superior to the one in Florence.

25. POPULAR AMUSEMENTS
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



Thomas

Amusement du Peuple le



Imp^{e} Lith^{e}. de Villain

medi Saint.

Paul tells us that a new friend of his has shown him a key with which a Prince Savelli used to poison those of his people whom he wanted to get rid of. The handle of this key has an imperceptibly small sharp point. A certain poison would be rubbed on it, the prince would say to one of his gentlemen on handing him this key, "Go and fetch me a paper in such and such a chest." When the lock failed to turn readily, the gentleman would squeeze the key hard and exert an additional pressure, and the lock would yield. But without noticing it he had scratched his hand slightly with the sharp point on the handle of the key, and twenty-four hours later he was no more.

Our lady companions had a great discussion on poisons with Signor Agostino Manni, Rome's leading chemist; he is a very intelligent man, to whom we were introduced by Mr. Demidoff.

Signor Agostino Manni believes that *acqua tofana* still existed forty years ago, in the time of the famous Princess Giustiniani, who was nearly its victim. *Acqua tofana* was odorless and without color; one drop administered every week caused death within two years. The slightest ailment occurring in the interval was fatal, and this was what the poisoners counted on. *Acqua tofana* could be mixed with coffee and chocolate without losing its efficacy. Wine neutralized it to a certain extent.[1]

Signor Manni knew a fortuneteller, whose father lived comfortably without any apparent occupation; he assumes that the man sold poisons. The art has fortunately been lost. He believes that in the heyday of poisoning, about 1650, it was possible to cut a peach into two halves with a gold knife poisoned only on one side. This peach would be shared with the woman who had made one jealous; the half that had been touched by the sound part of the knife could be eaten without danger; the other half was fatal. Signor Manni is of the opinion that the first drink that was given to the unfortunate one suffering from the initial pangs of poisoning was prepared for the purpose of making sure the poison would have its effect. The most expensive poisons were those whose effect appeared only after several years. He thinks that a person weakened by *acqua tofana* was much more susceptible to fever, and in such a case cinchona was fatal.

---

[1] The famous doctor, G . . ., tells me that he knows a substance that can be diluted in water and that has no marked taste when taken in this way. Two drops of this water, administered every week, produce death in two years. Hence *acqua tofana* exists, although the fifteenth-century recipe has probably been lost.

Signor Manni tells us that *acqua tofana* and other poisons having an almost supernatural effect are like

l'araba Fenice
Che vi sia ognun lo dice,
Dove sia nessun lo sa.

Carried away by the discussion, this extremely intelligent man no doubt let slip more than he intended; for instance, how is one to explain the deaths of cardinals M and M?

Signor Manni is much more at ease when he tells us about the *death ring.*

He does not deny that he has actually seen this odd instrument, composed of two lion's claws made with the sharpest steel. These two claws, several inches long, are put inside the right hand; they attach to the fingers by means of two rings. When the hand is shut, nothing appears except these two rings. The claws follow the direction of the two middle fingers. They are deeply grooved, and the poison was probably placed in the grooves.

In a crowd—at a ball, for example—the man, apparently out of gallantry, would seize the bare hand of the woman on whom he was seeking vengeance; in pressing it and withdrawing his arm, a deep scratch would be made, and at the same time he would let the death ring drop. How could the guilty man possibly be found in a crowd? Who would dare to accuse a Roman prince, a pope's nephew, or some other great personage without being able to offer proof? One could merely fall back on the famous maxim, "He is guilty of the crime who stands to benefit by the crime."

In the sixteenth century one poisoning was avenged by another. It is now thought that the greatest deterrent to crimes of this sort is the fear of seeing the story appear two months later in some English journal. Several reporters for English journals are known to defray the expenses of their travel to Italy by writing letters that they publish in the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle.* Thus the freedom of the press is useful even in countries that are deprived of it. Signor Manni has promised to show to several members of our group a variety of singular instruments intended to dispel the fears of certain husbands in the Middle Ages. They fulfilled their purpose perfectly.

Obsessed by all these ideas of death and poison, we looked up in

Bandello the story of the beautiful Pia Tolomei, of Siena, whom Dante believed innocent.

Here are the moving verses of the fifth canto of the *Purgatorio,* a poem unfortunately less read than the *Inferno.*

Deh! quando tu sarai tornato al mondo
. . . .
Ricordati di me, che son la Pia.
Siena mi fè: disfecemi Maremma;
Salsi colui che inanellata pria,
Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma. [1]

The woman who speaks with such restraint had known in secret the fate of Desdemona, and with a mere word could have made her husband's crime known to the friends whom she had left on earth.

Nello della Pietra obtained the hand of madonna Pia, the sole heiress of the Tolomei, the richest and the noblest family of Siena. Her beauty, famed throughout Tuscany, and a great difference in age, planted in her husband's heart the seed of a jealousy which, envenomed by false reports and ever-recurring suspicions, led him to conceive a frightful plan. It is difficult to decide today if his wife was wholly innocent; but Dante so represents her to us.

Her husband took her to Siena's Maremma, famous then as now for the effects of the *aria cattiva.* Never would he tell his unfortunate wife the reason for her exile in so dangerous a spot. Nello's pride deigned to utter neither complaint nor accusation. He lived alone with her, in an abandoned tower, the ruins of which I visited near the seashore; never did he break his disdainful silence, nor answer the questions of his young spouse; never did he listen to her entreaties. Remaining by her side, he coldly waited for the pestilential air to produce its effect. The emanations from the marshes soon blighted her features—the most beautiful, it was said, that were seen on earth in that century. In a few short months she died.

Mr. Demidoff has obtained a very learned teacher for us, a Signor Dardini, who gives us excellent lessons on Dante. He makes us feel the slightest allusions made by this poet who, like Lord Byron, is full of references to contemporaneous events.

---

[1] "Alas! when you return to the world of the living, deign to remember me. I am Pia. Siena gave me life; our Maremma brought me death. He knows my story who, espousing me, bestowed his ring upon me."

APRIL 18, 1828 / Today we took a magnificent walk; our lady traveling companions had perhaps never been so pleased to be in Rome. The letters we receive from Paris tell of nothing but bad weather and persisting cold spells; here, since mid-February, we have enjoyed a spring more agreeable than summer.

We have been attending some rather attractive balls given these days by some English ladies; we have seen the most grotesque creatures, but also four or five girls of truly celestial beauty. Paul was particularly struck by a type of "upright man." We know seven or eight Englishmen whom we regard as the perfection of probity, good manners and soundness of character. They are people whom the most suspicious being would choose as executors or judges. Several would push probity to the point of heroism; this they have proved when the occasion arose, and they never make the slightest reference to it. These mature men are not more morose than young lords of twenty-five. In a word, they are very close to social perfection. But if one can count on them for the practice of the most difficult virtues, nothing is more comical than their theories. The absurdity of their reasoning strikes us all the more because of the gravity of their manner. However intelligent these gentlemen may be, they cannot conceive that one could act elsewhere *otherwise than in England.* According to them, that little island was created to serve as a model for the universe.

But do a man's theories matter when one is sure of his conduct? On a level below these Englishmen, who would be perfect in every respect if they were less severe of mien and did not look so discouraged, we have distinguished two classes of men, unfortunately too numerous among that people.

1. The shameless ministerialists, who praise established power at all times and on all grounds, are hypocritical in everything, and avid of costly self-indulgence, like men unaccustomed to having money. These people deny the most evident truths with an impudence that is sometimes difficult to endure with patience.

2. We see rich, noble, perfectly honorable men, who take pleasure only in venting their anger. The worst trick that one can play on them is to deprive them of the slightest occasion to lose their tempers; of this we had ample proof one day recently, during a trip we took to Pesenta on Lake Fucino and to Subiaco. Paul, the organizer of the excursion, who has his reasons for making himself agreeable, observing that English women are always the victims of their fathers' or their husbands' bad

humor, had succeeded in eliminating the slightest occasion of contrariety. In order to achieve this he had studied even the eccentricities of the Englishmen who were traveling with us. In the end these gentlemen were boiling with fury at having nothing at which to be furious.

The men belonging to this race feel life only when they are angry. As they have a great deal of prudence, self-possession and resolution, their fits of anger are almost always followed by a small victory; but these mean very little to them. What they need is an *obstacle to overcome.* They can keep no freedom of mind during the battle that they wage against the obstacle; they are entirely absorbed, and they muster all their resources of strength. They can do nothing laughingly. If they are confronted with something charming, they say to themselves, "I am not enjoying this pleasure, and yet how unhappy I shall be when I am no longer capable of savoring it! What atrocious regrets will gnaw at my soul!" They are people incapable of feeling joy, and whose moroseness increases two-fold when they see others having pleasure without asking their permission. Then they become haughty and distant. If an Englishman in this mood is left to himself and one pays no attention to him, he becomes more vexed than ever, and in the evening he is likely to give his wife a dressing-down. If you try, by gentle words and attentions full of graciousness and friendliness, to help bring him out of his bad mood, you will only increase it, and here is why: it is the *brio* that shines through your behavior, it is the *animation* you display in speaking to him that increases the Englishman's glumness, since it shows him clearly that his soul is *lacking* in the fire that he perceives in yours of which he is jealous. We managed to enliven one of our Englishmen, or at least to pull him out of his vile temper, by giving him a stubborn mule, which threw him three times. We had warned him beforehand, but he mounted it with all the greater alacrity: he had found a *difficulty to overcome.* Essentially, that is the only pleasure to which this morose nation is accessible, and it will ensure them great successes.

They will be the last in Europe to believe in hell.

The Duke of Laval-Montmorency gave a costume ball that was charming, like everything that is done in the Palace of France; the master of the house was most gracious and affable. Paul says that there is nothing of the *parvenu* about this great nobleman, which is extremely rare in France. Nothing is more difficult to wear than a *cordon bleu* [1].

---

[1] *Cordon bleu,* decoration worn by knight of the order of the Holy Ghost. (Editor's note.)

In 1829, are we not in fact a people of upstarts? No one in society occupies the place that his father would have anticipated for him when he was twelve.

A pretty Bohemian woman, Madame de R . . ., was the queen of the feast, to the great chagrin of other ladies of high pretentions. As there were many more people from the North than there were Italians at M. de Laval's ball, opinion favored the English beauties, who were preferred over the Roman ladies. The pretty Madame de R . . . was taken for a Spanish woman. We have perhaps never seen twelve more seductive women assembled in a salon. This ball brought in its wake the inevitable stir of great events that keeps a whole town busy for two days; all this tittle-tattle acted as a welcome counterpoise to admiration.

The solitary and Puritanical traveler who refuses his ambassador's invitations and deprives himself of the spectacle of the little happenings in society can be said never to have seen St. Peter's. At the end of a year, what is it to have seen St. Peter's? It is a memory. The traveler who has come to St. Peter's morose and weary of admiring will have a memory of it that is colorless and devoid of pleasure.

The aim of our excursion today was to enjoy the voluptuous weather (overcast, with gusts of heat, and all about us a faint odor of orange blossoms and of jasmin). We brought coffee pots full of coffee and rolls to the tomb of Menenius Agrippa. This jovial and good-natured patrician is familiar to the ladies in our group because of Shakespeare (the tragedy of *Coriolanus*).

We started out with a visit, perhaps the twentieth, to the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and with an act of admiration for Michelangelo. From here we went to see a cistern ornamented with marbles in the garden adjoining the church of Santa Susanna. The Roman cicerones attribute this cistern to Michelangelo. We stayed perhaps an hour in this delightful garden; sometimes we would let five minutes go by without exchanging a word. No, there is no comparable sensation to be found in the North; it was a tender, noble, moving kind of idling; bad people have ceased to exist; you adore Correggio, etc., etc.

I was moved to deliver a little impromptu sermon to the effect that we should not attribute too much importance to the score of vexations to which we have been subjected in connection with our passports and the *meno civili* manners of our French agents on one or two occasions when they have received us. What does it matter now, I said to our lady companions, if we have been treated as Jacobins by poor devils on a salary of six thousand francs who are scared to death of losing their posts?

The Termini fountain could not draw our attention for even a moment; it is crude. Our souls were equal to the most delicate beauties; we were attuned to arabesques by Raphael or frescoes by Correggio.

We entered the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria. The interior was decorated like a boudoir by Carlo Maderno; but it was not on account of the architecture that we had disturbed the friar-porter. All these little-visited churches on the heights of Rome are closed after masses have been held, at eleven in the morning. Three *paoli* can transform a poor monk into the happiest being in the world, and with great grace he does us the honors of his church.

"Where is Domenichino's *San Francesco*?" we asked him. He led us to the second chapel to the right. At last we reached the much-discussed group by Bernini and the well-known chapel erected by one of the great-uncles of our friend, Count Corner.

St. Teresa is represented in the ecstasy of divine love. It is the most vivid and the most natural expression. An angel holding an arrow in one hand seems to bare his chest to pierce it to the heart. He looks at her with a calm smile. What divine artistry! What delight! Our good monk, thinking we did not understand it, explained the group to us. *"È un gran peccato,"* he concluded, "that these statues can easily convey the idea of a profane love."

We forgave Bernini all the harm he has done to the arts. Has the Greek chisel produced anything to equal this head of St. Teresa? In this statue Bernini has succeeded in translating the most passionate letters of the young Spanish woman. The Greek sculptors of the Illissus and of the Apollo have done better, if one will; they have given us the majestic impression of *Force* and of *Justice;* but this is a far cry from St. Teresa!

A painting by Guercino and two paintings by Guido, in the adjoining chapel, left us unmoved; we needed a breath of fresh air.

Our smart little black horses quickly brought us to the corner of the Via del Macao. This is where the poor guilty vestals were buried. These, too, were passionate souls, like St. Teresa. Two of us had recently seen Vigano's immortal ballet. Frederick opened a volume of Livy, so felicitously translated by M. Dureau, and read us the account of the putting to death of two vestals, in the years 536 of Rome. We repeated the names of Opimia and of Floronia, more than two thousand years after the cruel death that they suffered in this spot. All the details were given us by Frederick: Signora Lampugnani and I, who had seen Vigano's ballet, were deeply moved.

We walked in the Sciarra and Costaguti gardens, amid the blooming orange trees; all this is still in Rome. Finally we left the city by way of the Porta Pia, built by Michelangelo.

On the sidewalk along the highway beyond, we met two or three cardinals who were taking a stroll; it was one of the spots that the eminences liked to frequent. Cardinal Cavalchini did us the honor of pointing out to us the Villa Patrizi, on the elevation to the right of the road. His eminence gave us a very good account of its history, with spirit and without pedantry; in return, we gave him our votes to become pope at the first opportunity. He would protect the arts, which have great need of this.

On leaving the Villa Patrizi, we proceeded to climb, two miles from there, the Monte Sacro (the Sacred Mount). We found this famous spot all covered over with tall grasses and very green shrubs, whose vigorous growth give it a singular appearance.

Hither the people of Rome repaired, abandoning the city to the patricians, whom they regarded as tyrants, but without attacking them; they *did not dare* (year 260 by the Roman calendar). Religion, ever so useful to the powerful, held them back.[1] The plebeians were brought back to Rome by Menenius Agrippa's ingenious apologue.

Forty-five years later, stirred by the appalling sight of a father killing his daughter in order to save her from the lust of Appius the decemvir, the plebeians returned to the Sacred Mount; but they imitated their father's modesty: *modestiam patrum suorum nihil violando imitati.* This time the people obtained inviolable tribunes. (This is our Chamber of Deputies). It was no longer possible to make an attempt on liberty except by corrupting the tribunes. Among twelve hundred deputies who have been seated since 1814, are there not one thousand who have obtained posts, or at least a decoration?

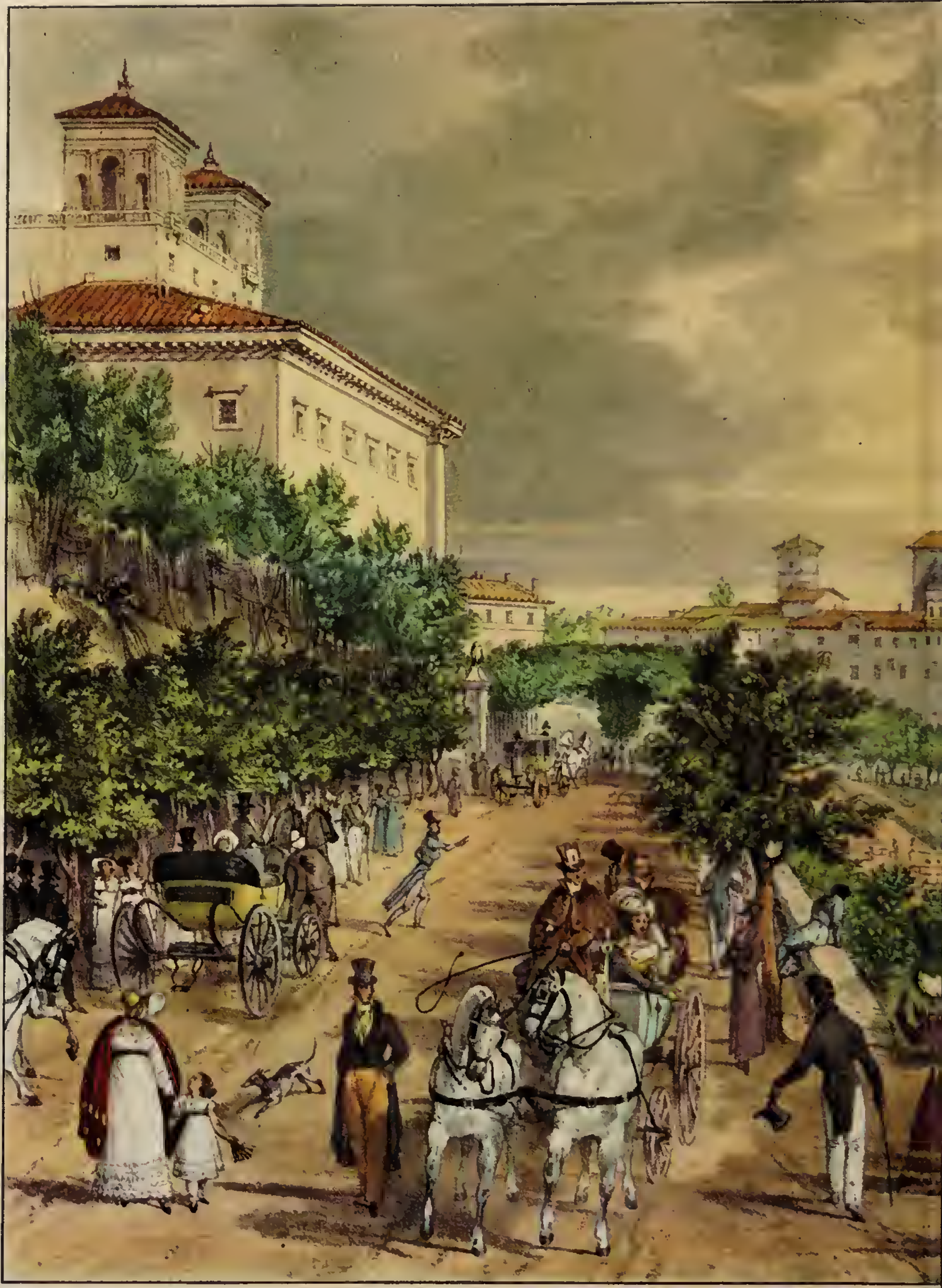
Nothing could move those hard Romans, except the blood of a woman; Lucrezia and Virginia gave them their liberty.

As we came down from the Monte Sacro, our minds dwelt on the tomb of the jovial Menenius. We were three miles from Rome, we

---

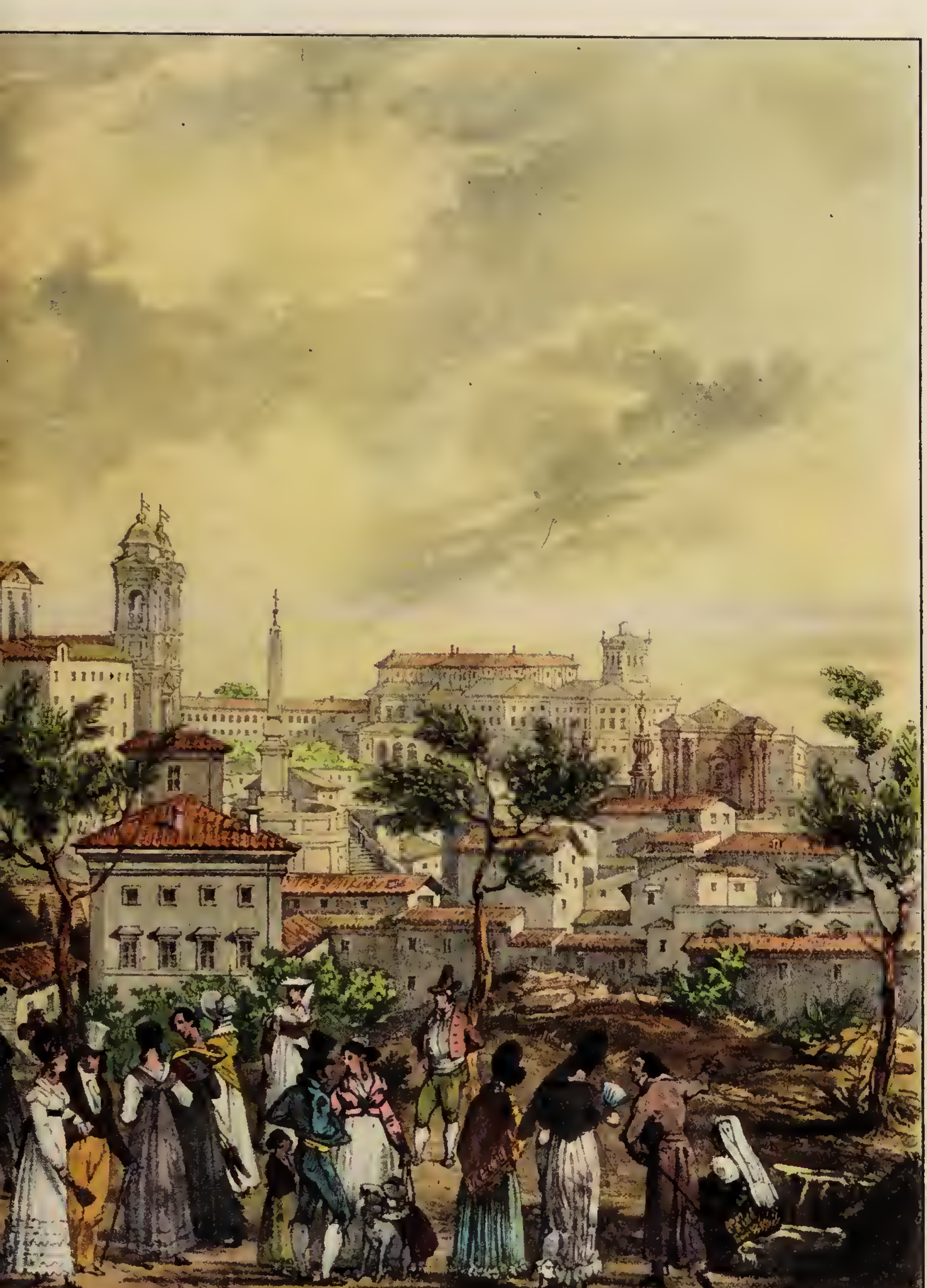
[1] See Montesquieu's admirable fragment entitled: *Politique des Romains dans la religion.* Primavera del Ventinove; L. forsanscrit and jea 46. (With reference to this footnote by Stendhal, as well as the one that appears on p. 314, and the mysterious number "46" that appears immediately after the date in the entry of January 23, 1829, see the Editor's Foreword.)

26. PROMENADE ON THE PINCIO
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



[illegible]

_Prom



Lith. de Villain

retraced our steps, and before recrossing the Teverone over the Lamentano bridge, destroyed by Totila and rebuilt by Narses, we found, a short distance down the valley, very good coffee prepared by our Italian servant, the excellent Giovanni. The cows that now inhabit Menenius's tomb had furnished the milk.

We went to see the Villa Albani. Here we should need twenty pages of description, and we had great plans. Cardinal S. had obtained for us a ticket that would enable us to see one of the most beautiful things in the world, the Villa Ludovisi. Everything that was merely curious seemed to us cold. We did look at the bust of Hannibal, and at the statues of Brutus and Caesar. The architecture of this villa, though wholly modern, is not ridiculous. Nothing is stranger, for people from the North, than these gardens filled with architecture, of which the Tuileries and Versailles are a feeble imitation.

We enjoyed the Etruscan style of the bas-relief of Leucotea, Bacchus's nurse. In Menge's *Parnassus* we found the coldly executed portraits of the famous beauties of Rome in the reign of Pius VI; the portrait of Signora Lepri drew our interest because of the well-known anecdote [1].

The statue of Juno deserved to be contemplated at leisure, but we had to leave. We were anxious to see the Villa Ludovisi; it exceeded the expectations of the ladies in our group.

VILLA LUDOVISI

Cardinal Lodovico Ludovisi (Italians like baptismal names to resemble the family name), who was the nephew of Gregory XV, built this villa on the northern part of Monte Pincio (1622).

---

[1] The aged husband of this charming woman had just died; a fortnight later she announced that she was with child, and bore him an heir nine months and a few days after his death. The Marchesa Lepri's brother, deprived of a very considerable succession by this birth, brought a scandalous suit against his pretty sister-in-law. As he was about to lose it, he bequeathed the suit to the reigning pope, Pius VI, who made him a monsignore. The judges condemned the pope; he forbade them to appear before him, and seized the immense Lepri inheritance. When M. Janet was administering the finances in Rome, in 1811, it seems that this case had not yet been closed. See Gorani, *Memoirs on the Courts of Italy*.

There is something melancholy about the features of the beautiful Marchesa Lepri; her adventure is attributed to a feeling of delicacy. While her husband was living, she had been unwilling to be altogether unfaithful to him, and had been able to resist a lover whom she adored.

This century in Rome was a period of complete decadence in the fine arts; but Ludovisi was from Bologna, where the Carracci had rekindled the sacred fire. Our ticket was obtained from Duke de Sora, who was Prince of Piombino, I believe, of the Buoncompagni family. Much blame is heaped on this great nobleman for not receiving thirty or forty Englishmen daily in his house. If I had the good fortune of possessing this charming spot, I should be even more severely blamed. Never, while I was present, would anyone set foot in it; and in my absence there would be an admission charge of ten *scudi* for the benefit of poor artists.

What a delight to stroll in the immense lanes of green trees!

What do we ask of this lovely spot? pleasure; if we find it in the garden, why go and seek it before Guercino's *Aurora*? Perhaps that is not where we shall find it.

Meanwhile, quite naturally, without hurrying, we came, at about five o'clock, to the masterpiece of Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, known as Guercino, because he was a little crosseyed. He was born in Cento, near Bologna, in 1590 and died in 1666.

Louis XIV might have employed this great man. What a difference it would have meant for the French school! The conceited ass named Lebrun confirmed us in our natural faults: a vain pomp and a hatred of chiaroscuro and of all great effects. Guercino had defects precisely contrary to ours.

But alas! a too great love of the beautiful makes one sound like a misanthrope; and the term "ill-natured" springs to the minds of people who are insensible. How fortunate are people with the Dutch type of temperament, who can love the beautiful without despising the *ugly*!

To the great detriment of our garments, we lay down on the floor of the room where Guercino's *Aurora* is, resting our heads on turned-over chairs. Giovanni had thought of bringing the napkins from our lunch, which we spread out on the floor for the ladies.

Despite his apparent coldness, it can be seen that Guercino had a sublime intelligence of his art.

We noticed on the two sides of the great fresco the most piquant compositions of children's figures. Need it be said that the vigor of the chiaroscuro is carried almost as far as is possible, in the masterpiece of a painter noted for this type of excellence?

In an adjoining room we are shown four landscapes painted in fresco by Domenichino and several others by Guercino.

A *Mars at Rest,* restored by Bernini, and a bust of Julius Caesar impressed us among the statues. We shall remember the shape of the mouth and the eyes of a large head of Bacchus; this bas-relief in red marble may give some idea of the manner in which the pagan priests rendered the oracles.

We devoted only a very few moments to these curious ideas; at a distance we had caught sight of the famous group, *Electra Recognizing Orestes.* This group well shows the aversion of ancient sculpture not only to exaggerated poses but also to the exact imitation of nature in moments of extreme agitation. Artists who are clever rather than talented do not know how to respect the limits of the arts.

We inspected the group of *Hemon and Antigone,* a copy of which may be seen in the lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris. Antigone has just effected the burial of her brother Polynice, a matter of capital interest in antiquity. This custom, highly protected by the priests, who can influence the present life only by speaking of the future life, was probably imported from Egypt into Greece. Egypt derived it perhaps from China where, as you know, ancestors are an object of worship, but where civil authority has eliminated the priesthood. In the cemetery of Père Lachaise we see that the vanity of the tombs gives a little real life to sculpture, which otherwise would maintain itself only by the pitiful encouragements of the government. I say *pitiful,* not because they are not very costly for the budget; but the employees who commission statues detest impertinent men of genius, that is to say the Michelangelos, the Canovas, the Mignards; they like intriguers like Lanfranc, Lebrun, etc. Many rich people give a thought to sculpture only when a member of their family is to be buried. Now vanity alone is a principle of action; among the ancients, giving burial to a relative was a rigorous duty.

I confess that the above is a terrible digression, but it sheds some light on the history of art. Despite Creon's orders, Antigone has just performed the last act of duty toward her brother Polynice; she has dedicated her hair to him. This sure sign of the act that she has committed brings on her death. Hemon, the son of Creon, adored her; he holds up Antigone's inanimate body and pierces his breast with his sword. This anecdote, which holds no interest for us who do not have the prejudice connected with burial, was so moving for the ancients that Sophocles and Euripides made it the subject of three tragedies, only one of which has come down to us.

Archeologists call attention to Hemon's mustache; it is a characteristic of the Thebans. The science of these gentlemen consists in knowing all these little usages. One of them was telling us yesterday about the eighteen ways in which the ancient sculptors arranged Minerva's hair.

It was almost nightfall; we were able to inspect one more famous group by Bernini; it was *Pluto Ravishing Proserpine.* The figure of Pluto recalls the comical poses of certain statues of the Louis XVI bridge in Paris. Bernini had a rare talent for carving marble.

APRIL 29, 1828 / A Roman in his fifties has in the past month been seeing rather frequently a very pretty young Frenchwoman, though he is not in love with her. He nonetheless went to the lady's banker to find out exactly how much money she spent every month.

The lady got wind of this procedure and bitterly complained about it to Paul, who told her: "I received much worse treatment in Florence. Out of sheer small-town curiosity a cobbler, whose shop was opposite my door, had been instructed to make a list of the visits I received. Signor Fenzi, my banker, was approached to learn how many *scudi* I obtained at his establishment every month. Finally, people went to the post office in my name to ask for my letters—all this without the prompting of a love interest or of boredom. In Florence people are sometimes narrow-minded; they busy themselves too much with little things like those I have just mentioned; but never can a Florentine be accused of levity or lack of logic. Rarely is he mistaken as to what his neighbor has spent to have a garment made, or as to the number of visits Signora so-and-so has received from Signor so-and-so. He will go into twenty shops (without buying anything, to be sure) rather than fail to learn the truth for lack of an item of information."

APRIL 30 / This morning we revisited the Villa Ludovisi; we are more than ever charmed by Guercino's frescoes; it is a sudden passion, which in the case of one of our lady friends amounts to exaltation. It is somewhat like love at first sight. An instant reveals to you what your heart had needed for a long time without recognizing it. She was very partial to the delicacy of Guido's women, and suddenly she worships Guercino, who is quite the opposite!

There is a whole system of painting to be discussed here. Is it better to be stingy of light, like Guercino, Rembrandt, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, or to be lavish with it like Guido?

After leaving the Villa Ludovisi, we lingered on the Piazza Montecavallo, which seems to us one of the most beautiful in Rome and in the world. It is quite irregular; this is the reproach leveled against it by simpletons whose taste is wholly learned. Before us is the lateral façade of the pope's palace with the great door in front of which the eight or ten Swiss soldiers who guard the sovereign are seated on benches; to the right the Palazzo della Consulta; to the left a steep slope, beyond which we see the tops of all the large buildings of Rome, for we are on the extreme edge of Mount Quirinal, at about the height of the dome of St. Peter's, which we see perfectly clearly at the other end of Rome and which produces an amazing effect.

Near the famous horses of colossal size that Constantine had brought from Alexandria is an admirable fountain built by the order of Pius VII, which gives that sensation which is so rare in the fine arts: *the imagination can conceive nothing beyond it.* Rome is the city of charming fountains. Amid the extremes of heat that we already experience, the sound of the waters and their admirable limpidity produce an effect that one can have no idea of in cold countries. A reasonable prefect of police, by eliminating the bad habits and bad odors, could make of Rome a perfect city.

I saw napkins spread out to dry at the windows of the pope's palace overlooking the Via Pia. This simplicity touches me. To my way of thinking, it by no means excludes greatness. Cincinnatus and Washington were like this, but not the Maréchal de Villars. — The false grandeur of the court of Louis XIV spoils the works of Mignard.

Signora Lampugnani has obtained from a Roman lady the diary of the Marchese Targini, a clever man who recently, on returning from Paris, killed himself because his mistress had fallen in love with her coachman. (Singular explanation of this love, involuntary and invincible crystallization. The mistress's torments.)

Signor Targini was well acquainted with the court of Pope Pius VII. This is what he writes about it under the date of May 29, 1821:

(. . . An anecdote highly favorable to Pius VII, but I cannot translate it because of the tribunals; then follows:)

"Such is the admirable simplicity of the enlightened man who is sovereign *de facto,* and *de jure* a good monk friendly to the sovereign arts. I have just met Pius VII, who was returning to Monte Cavallo after having spent an hour at a mediocre sculptor's, seated before a colossal statue. The studio of the sculptor where I am writing this, sitting on the bench that His Holiness occupied a few moments ago, is a kind of shed open to the street. It is quite shabby. For three quarters of an hour the pope sat and conversed with the sculptor and with the Marchese Melchiori, the noble officer of his guard, who today was commanding the detachment on duty (this young officer, a member of the Legion of Honor, is one of the most distinguished antiquarians of Rome)."

And further on, p. 250: "A soul exhausted from having dreamed for an hour of the celestial beauty of Canova's naked Venus, or of a glance that his mistress fastened on a rival, is incapable of speaking even to a booter to order a pair of boots."

In the midst of our Parisian civilization nothing is more frowned upon, it seems to me, than this kind of revery. In 1850 there will be fewer artists in Paris than in Berlin or in Madrid. You must give your whole attention to the man you are speaking to, or he will punish you for your distraction by making a joke at your expense, and no one wants to be ridiculous, not even Werther. The little passions of our friends at least give us distractions. Artists, live in Rome like Poussin and Schnetz.

MAY 1, 1828 / Disgusted with the arts of drawing as a result of the bad statues and the daubs on which we fell this morning and which bored us to death, we descended from Mount Quirinal to the Corso, passing before the Trevi fountain and a little church built by Cardinal Mazarin. Signor Agostino Manni told us this morning that near the Sciarra Palace the pavement of ancient Rome had been found twenty-three hands beneath the present paving.

Madame de Staël says that when the waters of the Trevi fountain stop playing because of some repair, it is as if a great silence falls over all Rome. If this sentence occurs in *Corinne,* it is enough to make me take a jaundiced view of a whole school of literature. Is it really impossible to produce an effect on the public in France by any other means than by a flat exaggeration? The architecture of this Trevi fountain, backed by the Buoncompagni Palace, can be commended only for its mass and the historic memory by which we learn that this water has flowed thus for 1846 years. The fall of these rather abundant sheets of water to the bottom of a square surrounded by tall houses makes a little more noise than the Bondi fountain on the boulevard. Agrippa, Augustus's son-in-law, whose thoughtful and serious face was revealed to us yesterday by the admirable bust of him at the Capitol, had a fourteen-mile aqueduct built to bring this water to Rome. It is called *aqua vergine* because a young girl indicated it to some thirsty soldiers. It reached the Baths of Agrippa, behind the Pantheon, for the first time on June 9th in the year 735 by the Roman calendar, (twenty-nine years before Christ). The present decoration of the Trevi fountain, executed in 1735, under Clement XII, is by the architect Salvi. The statues and the bas-reliefs are by Bracci, Valle, Bergondi and Grossi, artists very inferior to those who contributed to the monument of M. de Malesherbes[1].

RAPHAEL'S STANZE IN THE VATICAN

MAY 5 / I was not the one to bring up the subject of these frescoes. The ladies in our group absolutely insisted on seeing them.

Yesterday and today we spent several hours in these great dark rooms; the weather is delightful; the heat is sufficiently intense to make it extremely pleasurable to expose oneself to the draught of cool air. An influential man, who is a friend of these ladies, had recommended us to the custodian of the *Stanze,* a character whom the insolences of the English have made insolent. A month ago, the custodian tells us, an Englishman pulled a small knife from his pocket and proceeded without ado to remove from the wall a small bit of paint, probably intending to put it in his library as a souvenir.

The four rooms or *Stanze* made famous by Raphael's frescoes belong to the part of the Vatican that was erected by Nicholas V, the prince who did so much for the arts. The light that reaches them from the famous court of the Belvedere is rather subdued. The architecture well evokes a warm climate and those times of energy when a prince often had to defend himself in his palace.

Alexander VI had the second story of this building adorned with paintings, for which reason it is called the Borgia apartment. Several of the ceilings were painted by Pinturicchio. Here hangs the *Aldobrandine Wedding,* that ancient painting so famed in the seventeenth century before the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Following the example of Alexander VI, Julius II wished to have this third story that we now enter painted in fresco. He employed the most famous artists of his time, Pietro Perugino, Bramantino da Milano, Pietro della Gatta, Piero della Francesca and Luca da Cortona. Bramante spoke to the pope about a young relative of his who, he said, was a wonder and who had recently done amazing things in Siena. Julius II agreed to let the young man come; this was early in 1508. Raphael did the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament*. And, as you know, Julius II had the frescoes of the other painters destroyed; in these rooms he wanted to have only works by the man who had stirred his great soul.

---

[1] At the Palais de Justice in Paris, chiefly the work of François-Joseph Bosio (1768–1845), sometimes referred to as the French Canova (Editor's note.)

All around the base of the hall of Constantine one notices bas-reliefs imitating gilded bronze, painted with a rare talent by Polidoro da Caravaggio; most of the figures were inspired by Trajan's column, and represent sieges, battles and other warlike actions of a Roman army. Above this base and in the space left bare by the great paintings, eight of the most celebrated popes are represented in their pontificial habits.

The immense fresco opposite the windows represents the famous battle of Ponte Molle and the victory of Constantine over Maxentius. Raphael died as he was about to begin the work; the wall had already been prepared to receive the oil colors; this painting was executed in fresco by Julius Romano; it is sixty-four feet long and fifteen feet high. The figures are life-size. The mêlée is of fearful violence; every figure is admirably drawn; but if suddenly the wand of a magician were to bring these soldiers and horses to life, most of them would fall. I regard this painting as one of Raphael's great errors; he had very probably never seen a battle.

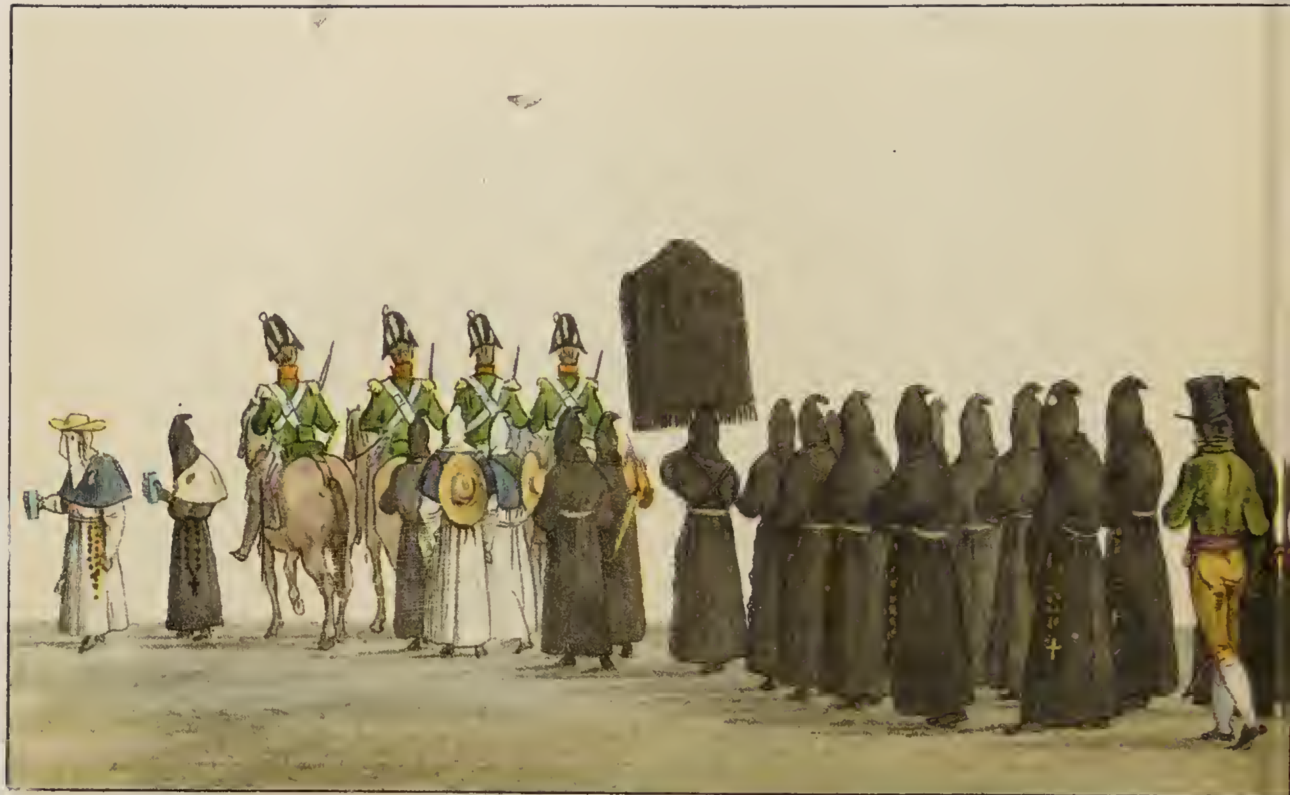
There were among us this morning several persons who prefer *elegance* to truth. Everything that I am saying here must seem quite absurd if the reader have not an engraving of this battle before his eyes.

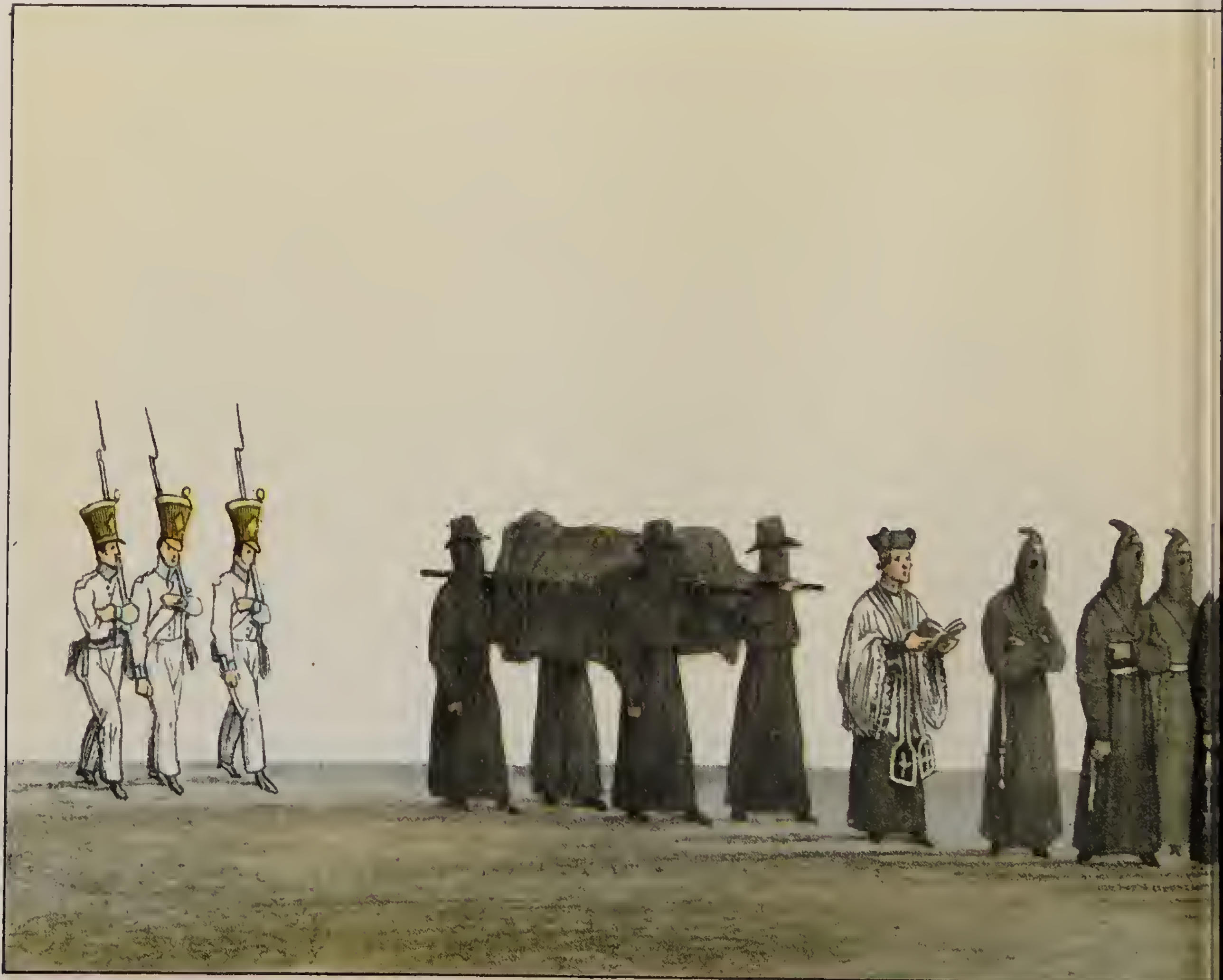
Two great armies clash on the banks of the Tiber. The combat is extremely violent; there is fighting on the Ponte Molle; those who are overcome fall into the Tiber where they meet death; such is the fate of Maxentius. Constantine on horseback advances with majesty; he is succored by three angels, who appear in the sky, sword in hand. In the distance one perceives Monte Mario. Far be it from me to blame the invervention of the angels; consider in whose house we are.

The baptism of Constantine is the subject of the following painting. The emperor, divested of his garments and with one knee on the ground, receives the holy water that the Pontif St. Sylvester pours over his head. In the field of this painting may be recognized several parts of the baptistry that still stands near San Giovanni in Laterano, under the name of San Giovanni in Fonte. Very probably this fresco was executed after sketches by Raphael. The painter was Francesco Penni, called il Fattore, because he was in charge of Raphael's financial affairs. The

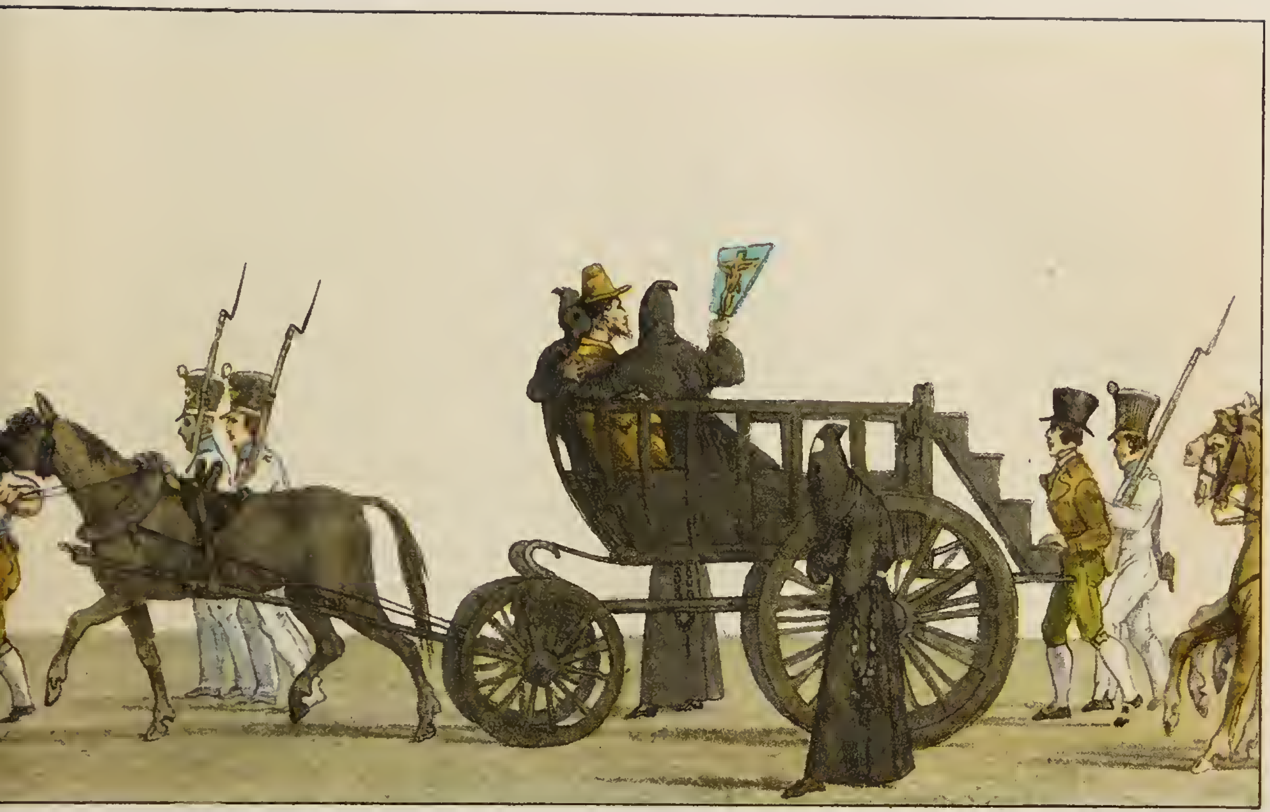
27. THE CONDEMNED TO DEATH
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas

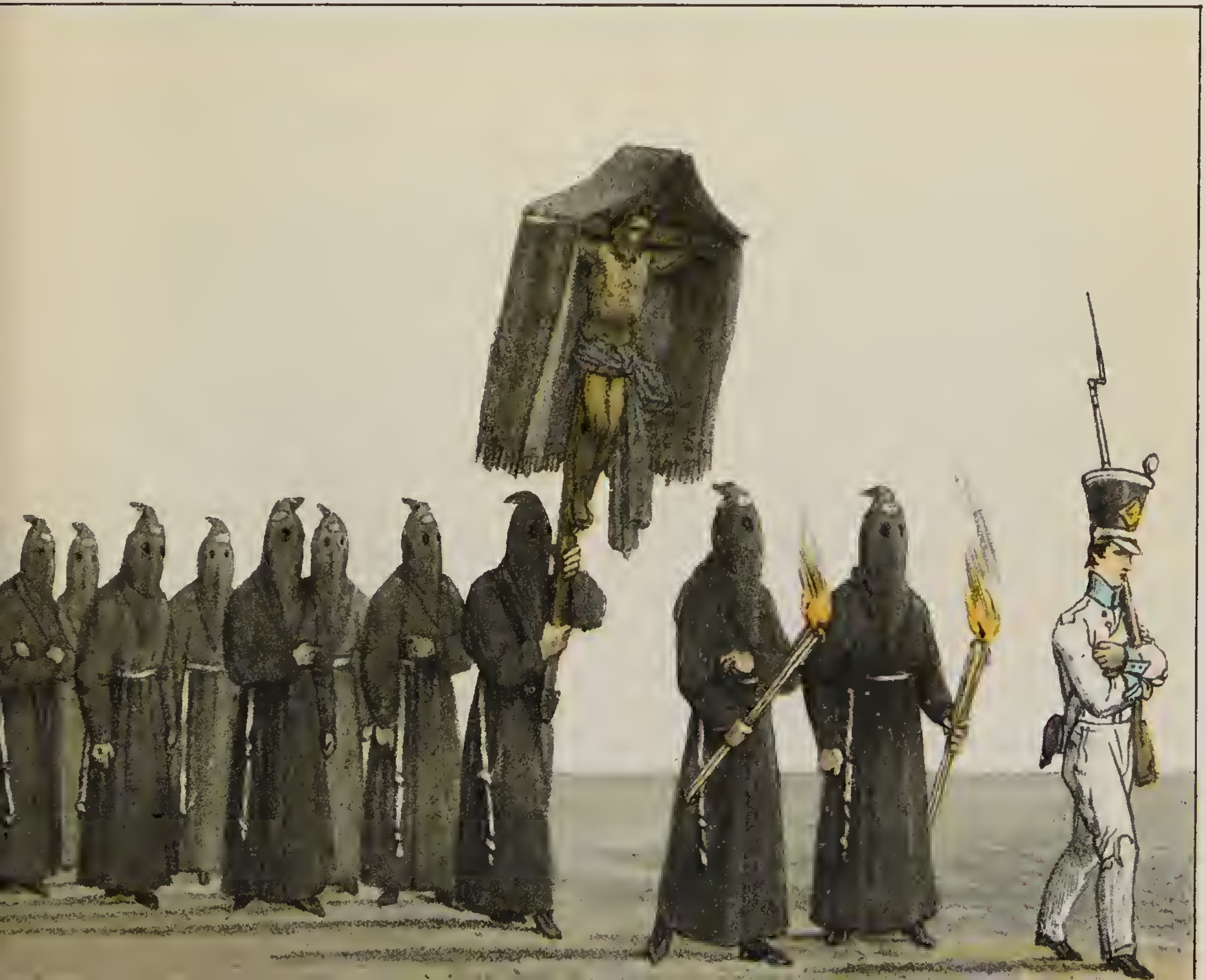
Le Conda





à la Mort





date is 1524 (three years before the sacking of Rome, under the rule of Clement VII).

The last painting in this room represents an action the truth of which has been maintained in thousands of volumes. Constantine gives the city of Rome to St. Sylvester. To doubt it was an act of daring one hundred years ago; today it would be daring to admit that one believes it. Constantine offers the pope a small gold figure, which is the image of the city of Rome. This action occurred in the former basilica of St. Peter, as it existed before Bramante and Michelangelo. In the background may be seen the former pulpit, and in the foreground the confession beneath which the body of the apostle St. Peter reposes. The confession is surrounded by those twisted *vitineae* columns of which we have often spoken and which were believed to have belonged to the temple of Jerusalem. The *donation* was executed by Raffaello del Colle, after the sketches of the great Raphael. The paintings of the ceiling of this hall were begun under Gregory XIII, whose coat-of-arms they bear, and finished under Sixtus V. The central painting stands out by its use of perspective. An idol has been shattered and has fallen in fragments at the foot of a golden crucifix. It was painted by Lauretti. The other adornments of this ceiling show to what point of decadence painting had already fallen half a century after the loss it had sustained in 1520.

SECOND ROOM

Here all the paintings are by Raphael. The base is composed of seventeen figures in chiaroscuro (in a single color). These figures, alluding to the virtues of Julius II, support the cornice. Several bas-reliefs imitating gilded bronze, as in the first room, may be noticed. They are said to have been done by Polidora da Caravaggio and renovated by Maratta. They represent the four seasons. Polidoro, like the other pupils of Raphael, painted after the sketches of that great man.

The first painting represents the chastisement of Heliodorus, the prefect of King Seleucus. On his master's orders he has broken into the temple of Jerusalem; he has come to seize the funds collected for widows and orphans. This robber of holy places is dashed to the ground by a heavenly warrior who has suddenly appeared; two angels are about to beat him with rods. In a remote part of the temple one perceives the high priest Onias; he does not see Heliodorus's chastisement; in the rapt immobility of deep grief, surrounded by the priests and the people, he invokes the aid of the Most High. Toward the left, nearer to the spot where the prodigy for which the high priest is pleading is already occurring, a few women appear dazed by what they are witnessing. One cannot but admire Raphael's choosing to represent the suddenness of the miracle. The figure of the horseman who charges Heliodorus was for a long time, for the painters of the Roman school, what the *Apollo Belvedere* is still for sculptors.

A Christian painter can go no further. Raphael painted the principal group; that of the women was sketched, it is said, by Pietro da Cremona, a pupil of Correggio. I am inclined to believe it; it has a certain suavity. The magnificence of the interior of the building, the candelabra, the veil, the altar, everything contributes to represent to our imagination the famous temple of Jerusalem destroyed by Titus.

It is probable that the heads in this fresco are almost entirely the work of Raphael, for it was completed before 1512. Giulio Romano, who so often assisted him subsequently, was not yet twenty, and was entrusted only with sketching the draperies and the architecture. Under Raphael's direction, mediocre men have executed very fine things.

Above the window we perceive the *Miracle of Bolsena.* A priest, in saying mass, has the misfortune of doubting the real presence of the body of Jesus Christ in the consecrated host. Immediately drops of blood begin to drip from the host and fall on the corporal-cloth. Those who are present are filled with the most intense faith at the sight of so great a prodigy.

Raphael was not yet thirty years of age. This work, entirely by his hand, is regarded as one of his most vigorous. The painter d'Urbino's talent is more vigorous, because there is a more divine grace, because nothing is forced, because he is more himself. When Raphael is declamatory he reminds one of Fénelon in certain parts of *Télémaque.*

To the right of the *Miracle of Bolsena,* so quiet in its effect, a great painting represents confusion and tumult. It is the march of a barbarian army commanded by a furious king. Massacres and fires mark all his footsteps and compose the background of the painting. Attila, king of the Huns, surnamed the scourge of God, was advancing toward Rome to destroy it. St. Leo the Great, worthy on this occasion of the name that his contemporaries gave him, had the courage to go forth to meet Attila. He had either to move that fierce soul or be massacred. The pontif arrives on the Mincio (between Mantua and Peschiera); he goes up to the barbarian king and speaks to him. Attila is persuaded, that is, filled with terror, by the sight of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, who appear in the sky armed with swords.

This fresco is believed to have painted in 1513; Raphael was thirty years of age. The *mazziere* close to Leo X is the portrait of his master Perugino.

On the wall where the window overlooks the Court of the Belvedere, one sees St. Peter delivered from prison by the angel. This subject, which presents the episode in three stages, required an extreme delicacy of tone that time has destroyed or which never existed. I prefer Correggio's *Night* in Dresden.

The ornamentation of the ceiling of this room has been left as the painters replaced by Raphael had executed it; he added four great pieces of tapestry that are supposed to have been stretched across the ceiling, on which are represented four subjects drawn from the Bible.

THIRD ROOM

This is known as the "signature" room. The base is less high than in the other rooms. The cornice is supported by cariatids in chiaroscuro; they are figures of bearded men and of women. Between these cariatids, bas-reliefs simulating gilded bronze have been painted. The subjects are related to the great paintings placed above the base.

The first bas-relief, to the left of the window, represents Moses giving the tables of the law; in the second, one sees a priest making a sacrifice; further, St. Augustine meditates on the mystery of the Trinity; and finally the Sibyl shows the Virgin, the mother of God, to the emperor Augustus. We here find a belief of the fourteenth century, now abandoned by the Church.

In another bas-relief we see a meeting of philosophers who stand round a celestial globe discussing the form of the earth; further on, Archimedes is killed by a Roman soldier while he is busy drawing geometric figures on the floor of his room; Marcellus triumphs over Syracuse; and finally, under the painting of *Parnassus,* is represented the history of the discovery of the sibylline books in Numa's tomb. The senate in its wisdom has them tossed into the fire and thus averts all heresy. In 1828 propriety would have ruled out such a subject.

We finally come to the great fresco, which is Raphael's first work at the Vatican, and of which we have spoken earlier on the occasion of our first visit to the *Stanze.*

We were at that time quite unable to seize all the details of Raphael's paintings, and especially the shades of expression of his people. Accustomed, like true Parisians, to the exaggerated expressions on the faces of the modern painters who aspire to win the approval of the vulgar, and who continue to paint in the tradition of Pietro da Cortona, we found most of these heads of Raphael's *cold.* Eight months of sojourn in Rome are beginning to cure us of this bad taste that we shall reacquire in Paris. One of the great features of the nineteenth century, in the eyes of posterity, will be the total absence of the boldness needed in order not to be like everyone else. It must be agreed that this idea is the great machine of civilization. It brings all the men of a century to approximately the same level, and eliminates the exceptional men, among whom some obtain the name of men of genius. The effect of the *leveling* idea of the nineteenth century goes further; to the small number of extraordinary men whom it cannot prevent from being born it denies the right to *dare* and to work. During their whole life they can be seen standing on the bank getting ready to dare to jump into the water. Glued to the shore, they judge the swimmers, who often are not equal to them.

The painting that best reveals Raphael's talent is the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament.* Never did he work with so great a desire to do well. Young, freshly arrived in Rome, surrounded by eight or ten famous painters jealous of his rising favor, he very probably worked unaided.

The present German school believes that the art of painting would have benefited by never abandoning the extreme care and the dryness that one perceives in several parts of this fresco. Painting, by giving the idea of the objects that is represents, conveys to the soul of the beholder the noblest and most pleasurable impulses. Independently of the choice of objects, to what point should this representation be exact in order to achieve its aim? This is the whole question: I have tried to resolve it in Raphael's life.

Who does not know the *School of Athens*? This is an ideal meeting of the philosophers of all the ages of Greece. The scene takes place beneath the portico of a great building adorned with statues and bas-reliefs. On a platform placed rather far from the spectator, which one reaches by a series of steps, one sees Aristotle and Plato (or reason and imagination). These great men may be regarded as the founders of the two explanations of inexplicable things, one of which attracts tender souls, and the other dry minds. The one has as its representatives Kant, Steding, Fichte, M. Cousin and all the Germans. Sad reason, to which one must perforce have recourse when reasoning is called for, offers us, to guide us in the difficult search for truth, the works of Bayle, Cabanis, MM. de Tracy and Bentham. A certain philosophical explanation, quite honorable no doubt, and with a following of many millions, inclines toward the German philosophy which, in certain difficult stept in which it cannot satisfy the reason of its auditors, begs them to have faith and to accept its word. These ideas made us forget the School of Athens for a few moments.

The chief disciples of Plato and of Aristotle are gathered about their masters. Beside these famous men may be perceived the one whose renown is imperishable: Socrates, standing, speaks to the young Alcibiades, who wears military garb. On the same side, but closer to us, you see Pythagoras, who is writing on the harmonic proportions; Empedocles, Epicharmus, Archytas are with him. The young man who wears a white mantle and is moving away from Pythagoras as if to draw close to Plato is said to be a portrait of Francesco Maria della Rovere, who was Duke of Urbino and the nephew of Julius II.

Near the edge of the painting, Epicurus crowned with vine leaves, engaged in writing the precepts on which Jeremy Bentham in our own day sheds light, seems to have little regard for Pythagoras's sect. This Epicurus bears no resemblance to the bust to which the philosopher's name is attributed today; it was probably not yet discovered in Raphael's time. Halfway up the steps we see a man alone and half-naked; it is the cynic Diogenes. A young man seems to want to approach him; but an old man turns him aside by pointing out Aristotle and Plato to him.

To the spectator's right you see the famous group of the mathematicians. Archimedes bent over a table draws a hexagon with a compass. The figure of Archimedes is said to be a portrait of Bramante, and the young man who, with his arms open, seems to look with admiration at the geometric figure that his master has just drawn, is Frederick II, the Duke of Mantua.

The painting ends at the spectator's right with two figures carrying a globe; they represent Zoroaster, king of the Bactrians, and the astronomer Ptolemy. Of the two heads appearing behind Zoroaster, the younger is the portrait of Raphael, and the other that of Perugino.

The ladies in our company caught at first glance all the shades of physiognomy of the figures in this painting, thanks to a copy of the same size as the original on which a Russian artist is working. It would be excellent, in my opinion, if at times the copyist did not allow himself to supply what time has effaced in Raphael's work, or even the little details that Raphael had not thought it appropriate to introduce in a painting that was to be seen at a distance of seven or eight paces.

The bright colors of this Russian copy were for us like an excellent commentary enabling us to understand perfectly the text of an ancient author. Women feel a natural attraction, which I am inclined to consider instinctive, to fresh, bright colors. It is an act of courage for them to look for any length of time at colors dulled by three centuries of existence and which, to be quite frank, appear dirty.

In order to avoid violating historic truth, Raphael consulted Ariosto. For a long time we were able to see the cartoon of the *School of Athens* at the Louvre, in the Gallery of Apollo. The crossing of the bridge of Lodi had given it to us. Waterloo snatched it away from us, and we must look for it now in the Ambrosian library in Milan.

The third side of this room presents three paintings. The one above the window is composed of three seated figures that are called *Prudence, Force* and *Temperance. Prudence* is in the middle. Raphael had the courage to express this virtue by giving it two faces; one is turned toward a torch and the other toward a mirror. *Force* holds an oak bough in her hand and has a lion beside her. *Temperance* holds a horse's bit. These virtues are surrounded by winged children. Never was Raphael's style more elevated.

One of the adjacent paintings shows us Gregory IX handing over the book of the Decretals to a consistorial lawyer who kneels. The pope's head is the portrait of Julius II; beside him one may recognize Cardinal del Monte, Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, who became Leo X, and Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, who became Paul III.

On the other side of the window, Justinian hands over the Digest to jurisconsults. This painting has suffered a great deal.

On the opposite wall, on the side of the Belvedere court, is the famous fresco of *Parnassus*. Apollo appears surrounded by the Muses; there are a number of laurel trees which, it seems to me, should be taller and give shade, which could have produced a fine chiaroscuro effect, as in the painting of San Rumualdo, by Andrea Sacchi. It must be admitted that Apollo plays the violin; it is claimed that the pope wished Raphael to represent a famous violin-player then living. Close to the Muses old Homer appears, an inspired figure; Dante, crowned with laurels and wearing a red mantle, seems to be guided by Vergil.

It is claimed that this laurel-crowned figure at Vergil's side is the portrait of Raphael. This would be the great man's only act of fatuity: I believe him to have been incapable of it.

To the viewer's left Sappho, seated, holds a book in which her name is written; she is turned toward a group of four figures. These include Petrarch and madonna Laura. The other two figures are unknown. On the other side of the painting Pindar sings; Horace, standing, listens to him attentively. Further off one perceives Sannazar, his face beardless. One of the heads crowned with laurels represents Boccaccio; he is beardless, and his hands are hidden by the draperies. Raphael executed this fresco in 1511, having the benefit of Aretino's advice. This *Parnassus* may be compared with the one that Mengs painted in the Villa Albani, near Rome, and with Appiani's *Parnassus,* in the Villa Bonaparte, in Milan.

The ceiling ornamentation of this room is said to be by Baldassarre Peruzzi; but the four round paintings and the four small subjects that simulate mosaic are by Raphael. These are the famous figures of which copies are to be found in all the collections of Europe, thanks to Raphael Morghen's burin.

Who does not know *Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence* and *Poetry*?

Not Titian, nor Paolo Veronese nor all the painters of the Venetian school, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto nor all the painters of the Florentine school had sufficent soul not to be *insignificant* in painting such subjects. *Jurisprudence, Theology,* etc., beneath their brushes would at most have been beautiful girls, more or less proud and healthy. Raphael and Correggio alone were capable of rising to this degree of sublimity. But I shall confess that these severe figures have none of the merit that distinguishes a vaudeville show. If one fails to understand them, one must lower one's eyes and come by again two years later.

Before Raphael the greatest masters—even Mantegna, a superior man—when they wished to represent a Virtue would write her name in a kind of ribbon that seemed to flutter in the air above her head.

Little angels full of modest grace, placed beside Raphael's allegorical figures, present tablets on which are drawn, not names, but two or three words by which the allegorical figure may be recognized.

The small painting in the angle of the ceiling, near *Theology,* represents Adam and Eve deceived by the serpent. Near *Philosophy,* we see *Reflection* and a starry globe. The *Judgment of Solomon* is placed near

Jurisprudence, and over by *Poetry* we see Marsyas flayed alive for having dared to vie with Apollo—an energetic picture of professional jealousy.

On another occasion—for today we are horribly tired—we shall see the last room. Raphael painted it entirely in the reign of Leo X, in about the year 1517.

MAY 23, 1828 / The heat is stifling. The need to find a bit of coolness brings us back to the Vatican, to which we had not expected to return so soon.

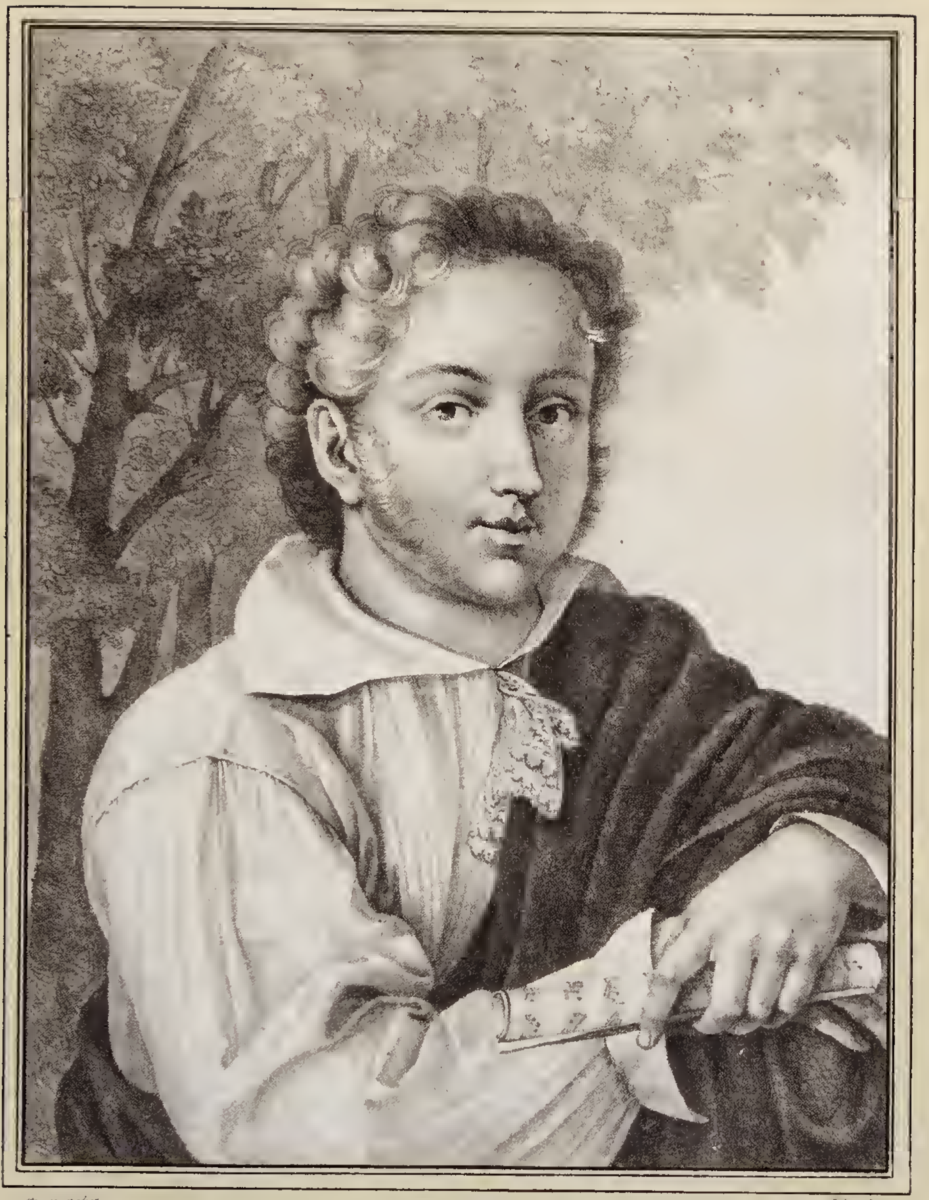
The base of the fourth of Raphael's rooms is composed of fourteen nude figures, painted in chiaroscuro (a single color). These figures support the cornice. At intervals stand figures presumably of gilded metal. They represent the sovereigns who have deserved well of the Church: Charlemagne, Astolfo, king of Lombardy, so well known because of Ariosto's tale and his aversion for Gioconda; Godefroi de Bouillon, Tasso's hero; the emperor Lothaire, and Ferdinand II, the Catholic king. On the chimney appears merely the name of Pépin, king of France.

Above each of these figures, in chiaroscuro, is an historic inscription; some specialists maintain that these figures had suffered severely in the course of the sacking of 1527 and were restored by Carlo Maratta who restored all the paintings of the *Stanze* at the order of Clement XI.

I have forgotten to say that the small paintings executed in chiaroscuro in the first rooms are always related to the large ones, which in 1509 was considered clever. For example, under the painting of *Theology* we see St. Augustine on the seashore; here an angel instructs him as to what he is to think of the mystery of the Trinity; beneath the painting of *Philosophy,* Archimedes is killed by a soldier.

There is nothing more grandiose than these small works; I am delighted that they exist; although for the place that they occupy around the great frescoes a simple gray color would have been preferable. But in 1509 men were in love with painting, and love knows no excess.

You have perhaps noticed in Paris, in one of the large rooms of the Louvre, a fine copy of the *Burning of the Borgo;* it is the most highly esteemed fresco in the present room. President Dupathy has given a vivid description of it. About the middle of the ninth century, a fire broke out among the houses of the Borgo Vaticano and threatened the basilica of St. Peter. St. Leo IV went up to a dedicated balcony (the *loggia della benedizione*), made the sign of the cross, and the fire died out. In the background, to the left, one sees the façade of the ancient



G. Rossini

28. GIOACCHINO ROSSINI
Lithograph by Kano from a drawing by Fausse

basilica of St. Peter. What shocked us in this painting was the fact that it represents a fire and not a miracle. Nothing shows that the fire dies out when the pope makes the sign of the cross.

The figures in this painting show how far removed Raphael was from the taste of the present day, which insists above all on slender figures. He apparently thought that strong passions and all their gradations, which are the province of the fine arts, are to be found only in robust bodies. No doubt a weak and decrepit body, like the ugly Voltaire in the library of the Institute, may be attached to the most ardent soul. It may even be said that the surest effect of lively passions is to mark the body with signs of decay. But it is one of the imperfections of art that it cannot express this melancholy truth. For painting, a passionate woman must first of all be beautiful, or at least must not strike the beholder by her lack of beauty.

To express souls, sculpture has only the shape of the muscles and it requires the nude. Painting has, in addition ,color and chiaroscuro; but this would involve naming Correggio, about whom my friends accuse me of talking constantly. Chiaroscuro is one of Raphael's weak points. This great man was devoid of affectation; he lacked reason in nothing; but in chiaroscuro he is not only very inferior to Correggio, but he does not equal his friend Fra Bartolommeo della Porta. If you remember Guercino's *Santa Petronilla* and his *Aurora* you will see that in this respect Raphael is very inferior to Guercino who, in comparison with this great man, was but a simple workman.

To the right of the *Burning of the Borgo* is the *Victory of St. Leo IV over the Saracens.* These barbarians, having set out from the island of Sardinia, attempted to land in Ostia and pillage Rome. We see prisoners brought before the pope, who is on his throne, near the shore. Raphael excels in portraying the faces of Roman soldiers; he admirably expresses true courage that is not exaltation. Raphael had but little to do with this painting, which was probably executed after his drawings. Perhaps he was weary of this kind of work; the end of a book is often inferior to the rest.

The other fresco represents St. Leo II, who crowns Charlemagne in the Vatican basilica. The pope, seated on his throne, is about to place the crown on the head of Charles, who stands in a lower position. There is an odd detail of a child and a dog; who would dare to place such a scene in a modern coronation? the result is boredom. This painting is not equal to the others. Connoisseurs claim that the figures bearing the silver vases intended to be offered to the church are by Vanni.

Another fresco represents the *Justification of St. Leo III.* Standing by an altar, his eyes raised to heaven, his hands resting on the book of scripture, the pope protests his innocence and the falseness of the accusations leveled against him. Raphael has not disdained the commonplace that all painters resort to when they are obliged to present a ceremony, that is to say an action all of whose movements are prescribed in advance. By the altar are seen cavaliers, guards and other vulgar persons, who cannot have any expression because all their movements have not been anticipated by the grand master of ceremonies. This fresco has suffered more than all the others and it is probable that it was not entirely by Raphael's hand.

The ceiling of this room is by Perugino; out of respect for his master, Raphael was unwilling to touch it. The enemies of this great man and of all that is generous have not missed the opportunity of claiming that in leaving this ceiling he had an eye to the triumph it would provide him. Jealousy among artists is the general rule that requires little wit to be learned by heart; but I shall make bold to contradict such profound philosophers and to believe that Raphael constitutes the exception. The eyes of his saints tell me that his soul was not a common one, and the story of his life proves as much.

Paul, who has set himself up as the enemy of Rome, perhaps because his endearing and continual playfulness has left the hearts of the Roman women unmoved, said to us this evening:

"But please consider that Rome has not produced a single great artist. Giulio Romano enjoys a certain renown only because he was Raphael's aide-de-camp; he is at best what Berthier was to Napoleon. Rome has nothing in sculpture, in architecture, no one in music. For eight years it has given only one name to the dictionary of the fine arts—Metastasio. And even he, in order to earn a living, was obliged to go and write in Vienna, and to spend the last forty years of his life there; a little like the Piedmontese Lagrange, who came to live and write in Paris. In vain I look in the list of the popes and cardinals who were founders of the power of the Holy See for the name of a Roman. The reason is that *logic* is fundamentally perverted in the capital of the Christian world, and without this *granite* basis no sound logic, the structure of no reputation can last. Who are Messrs. Olivieri, Rainaldi, Soria, de Rossi, Teoduli, Salvi, Vanvitelli, the celebrated architects of Rome? Who knows them? And yet, according to the short-sighted theories of vulgar men, what place is more suited, seems more predestined, to produce architects? The child's first glances are struck by the Pantheon, the Colosseum, St. Peter's, etc. But what the fine arts require first and foremost, is a soul—and the cold Giulio Romano has no soul.

"What is the painter Sacchi di Nettuno? What are Michelangelo Cerquozzi, Ciro Ferri, Trevisani, Marco Benefuile? Only the landscapist Duguet, Poussin's brother-in-law, strikes me as more or less passable. Normandy, which produced Poussin, has thus done more for painting than proud Rome!"

MAY 29, 1828 / Here is a series of intrigues, of but little interest to be sure, which a secret court procedure has by chance brought to the attention of Cardinal N . . ., the papal legate of . . . .

Flavia Orsini governed the noble convent of Catanzara, situated in the Marche, with prudence and firmness. She discovered that one of her nuns, the proud Lucrezia Frangimani, was carrying on an intrigue with a young man from Forli whom she would introduce at night into the convent.

Lucrezia Frangimani belonged to one of the first families in the States of the Church and the abbess knew that she must be very circumspect.

Clara Visconti, the niece of the abbess and a nun for only a few months, was Lucrezia's intimate friend. Clara was regarded as the most beautiful person in the convent. She was an almost perfect model of the Lombardian beauty that Leonardo da Vinci has immortalized in his heads of Herodias.

Her aunt prevailed upon her to inform her friend that the intrigue she was carrying on was known and that her honor required that she put an end to it.

"You are still but a timid child," was Lucrezia's reply. "You have never loved. If your hour ever comes, you will feel that a single glance from my lover is such that it has more power over me than the abbess' orders and the most terrible chastisements that she can inflict on me. Nor do I fear those chastisements: I am a Frangimani!"

The abbess, seeing that all gentle means failed, resorted to severe reprimands. Lucrezia responded to these by admitting her fault, but with haughtiness. Her illustrious birth, according to her, should place her well above the common rules.

"My worthy parents," she added with a bitter smile, "made me make terrible vows at an age when I could not understand to what I was committing myself; they have the enjoyment of my property; it seems to me that their tenderness must be great enough not to allow a daughter who bears their name to be oppressed. This will not cost them any money."

Shortly after this rather violent scene, the abbess felt sure that the young man from Forli had spent thirty-six hours concealed in the convent garden. She threatened to denounce Lucrezia to the bishop and to the papal legate, which would have entailed a trial and a public dishonor. Lucrezia proudly replied that this was not a way to act with a girl of her birth, and that in any case, if the matter were to be taken to Rome, the abbess should remember that the Frangimani family had a natural protector in the person of Monsignor ... (he was one of the great personages of the papal court). The abbess, indignant at so much assurance, nevertheless understood the full weight of these last words. She abandoned all thought of putting an end, by legal means, to the intrigue that dishonored her convent.

Flavia Orsini, who was herself of very high birth, had great influence in her country; she found out that Lucrezia's lover, a reckless youth, was strongly suspected of Carbonarism. Nurtured in the reading of the somber Alfieri, roused to indignation over the servitude in which Italy languished, the young man longed passionately to make a voyage to America in order to see, he said, the only republic that works well. The sole obstacle to his voyage was want of money. He was dependent on an avaricious uncle. Presently, in obedience to the voice of his confessor, this uncle prevailed upon his nephew to leave the country and provided him with the means to travel. Lucrezia's lover dared not see her again; he crossed the mountain that separates Forli from Tuscany, and it was learned that he had engaged passage in Livorno on an American vessel.

This departure was a mortal blow to Lucrezia Frangimani. She was then a girl of twenty-seven to twenty-eight years, of exceptional beauty, but of very changeable countenance. In her serious moments her imposing features and her large, piercing black eyes conveyed a suggestion of the sway that she was accustomed to exert over those around her. At other moments, sparkling with wit and vivacity, she would unfailingly anticipate the thoughts of those who spoke to her. From the day when she lost her lover she became pale and taciturn. Some time later she became friendly with several nuns who professed to hate the abbess. The latter got wind of this, but paid no attention to it. Soon Lucrezia lent her genius to the hitherto inactive and impotent hatred of her new friends.

The abbess had full confidence in the lay sister attached to her service; Martina was a simple girl, habitually sad. On the pretext of health, but in fact for more serious reasons, sister Martina alone prepared the very simple dishes that composed the abbess' nourishment. Lucrezia said to her new friends, "We must by all means become friendly with Martina, and to begin with, find out if she has no intrigue outside." After several months of patient observation it was learned that Martina loved a *vetturino* of the neighboring town of Catanzara and was deathly afraid that the virtuous abbess would hear of it. Silva the *vetturino* was constantly on the road; but on every trip that he took to Catanzara he managed to find a pretext to come and see Martina. Lucrezia and several of her new friends had inherited some jewels with diamonds; they had them sold in Florence. Then the brother of the chambermaid of one of the ladies pretended to have business away from the region, traveled in the carriage of Martina's lover, became friendly with him and one day told him casually that a lay sister in the convent, named Martina, had just secretly inherited the treasure of a nun who had recently died and whom she had nursed with great zeal.

The *vetturino* had just been almost ruined by a confiscation and a three-months' prison term that he had served in Verona. One of his fares, after having filled his carriage with contraband, had escaped at the moment when the Austrian customs officers on the Po border seized the prohibited merchandise. After this misfortune, Silva came back to Catanzara with a team of rented horses, his own having been sold; he made a point of asking Martina for money. She was poor and was driven to despair by her lover's reproaches and his threat to abandon her. The girl fell ill; Lucrezia Frangimani was kind enough to go and see her often.

One evening she said to her, "Our abbess' character is too irascible; she should take opium to calm herself, she would torment us less by her daily reprimands." Some time after this, Lucrezia reverted to the idea. "I myself," she said, "when I feel a great impatience of this kind come over me, have recourse to opium. Since my misfortune I often take it." Emboldened by this allusion to an event that was well known in the convent, Martina weepingly confided to the powerful sister Frangimani that she had the misfortune to love a man of the neighboring town, and that this lover was on the point of leaving her because he believed her to be rich, and was asking her for help that she was unable to offer him.

Lucrezia on that day was carrying under her wimple a small cross studded with diamonds; she unfastened it and forced Martina to accept it. Shortly afterward she again deftly broached the subject of giving opium to the abbess in order to calm her daily fits of temper. However prudently Lucrezia adumbrated the proposal, the fatal idea of poison suggested itself to Martina in all its horror.

"What do you call poison?" said Lucrezia indignantly. "Every three or four days you put a few drops of opium in her food, and I myself will take, in front of you, in my coffee, the same number of drops of opium from the same phial." Martina was simple and trusting; she worshipped her lover; she had to do with a passionate person, of infinite skill and intelligence. Her lover had gratefully received the little cross of diamonds and loved her more than ever. She gave the abbess what they called opium, and was almost wholly reassured to see Lucrezia pour into her coffee a few drops of the same liquid.

Another temptation especially contributed to making up Martina's mind. The nuns of the noble chapter of Catanzara, after five years of religion, have the privilege of assuming by turns of twenty-four hours each the duties of porter of the convent. Lucrezia told Martina that the first time she or one of her friends would have charge of watching the gate, they would forget to bar the little door near the kitchen through which the menials brought provisions to the convent. Martina understood that on that night she would be able to receive her lover.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the abbess had had the fatal idea of disrupting Lucrezia Frangimani's love affair. During this interval a young Sicilian accused of Carbonarism in his region had come to seek a kind of refuge under the protection of the convent's confessor, who was his uncle. Roderigo Landriani lived in complete retirement in a small house in the town of Catanzara; his uncle had urged him not to get himself talked about. This was no hardship for Roderigo. Generous and romantic by nature, but very pious, the persecutions that he had suffered since the revolution of 1821 had intensified the melancholy that was natural to him. His uncle had advised him to spend several hours every day in the convent church. "You can take with you," he told him, "some history books that I will lend you." In Roderigo's eyes, mundane reading in such a spot would have been a profanation; he read pious books. The lay sisters who took care of the church noticed this handsome young man whom nothing could distract; his virile beauty and military bearing formed a strange contrast, in the eyes of the good sisters, with the extreme reserve of his manners.

The abbess learned of this exemplary behavior; as he was the nephew of so important a personage as the confessor of the convent, she invited him to dine in her private parlor. Landriani thus had a few rare occasions to speak to Clara Visconti. By order of her director, Clara spent entire hours in contemplation behind the great curtain that separates the grille of the nuns' choir from the rest of the church. Once Roderigo became known to her, she noticed that he frequented the church assiduously; he would read absorbedly, and when the Angelus sounded, he would put aside his book to kneel and pray.

Landriani, who in Sicily had lived in society, finding himself in Catanzara without any other company that that of an uncle of somber and despotic character, gradually fell into the habit of coming to see the abbess every two days. He found Clara by her aunt's side; when he spoke to her she would answer in few words, very sadly, almost shyly. Roderigo, who had no plans, felt less unhappy; but soon the day that he spent without seeing Clara seemed to him unendurably long. As he made a mention of this to the young nun, without design and almost without realizing it, she replied that her duty called her almost every day to the nuns' choir, whence she quite clearly saw him reading in the nave. As a result of this confidence it would sometimes happen that Clara would lean her head against the curtain and the grille in such a way as to indicate the place where she was.

One day that Roderigo was attentively looking at the grille that separated him from Clara, she had the weakness to draw the curtain a little to one side. They were close enough to speak to each other easily; but it was proved, in the trial, that at this time they had never spoken to each other in church. After a few weeks of happiness and illusions, Roderigo became very unhappy: he could not conceal from himself the fact that he loved her; but Clara was a nun, she had made her vows to heaven; to what crime was this love not leading him!

Roderigo, who told Clara everything, made known to her his remorse and his unhappiness; this was the first time that he spoke to her of love. She answered him very curtly, but this strange manner of declaring his passion made him all the more interesting in the eyes of the young Roman woman. Such is love in these passionate souls; the greatest defects, crimes, the most extreme disadvantages, far from extinguishing love, merely augment it. "I should love my lover even if he were a thief!" I was told by Signora L . . ., from whom I heard the story that I am telling.

All this was occurring during the year that Lucrezia was devoting to weaving her dark plot with Martina. It was during the great heat of late August; for several months Clara had known no other happiness than that of seeing Roderigo one day out of two in the parlor, and the other day in the church. Being an exemplary nun and the abbess' favorite niece, she enjoyed great freedom; often at night, unable to sleep, she would go down into the garden.

On August 29, about two in the morning, as it was brought out in the trial, she was leaving the garden with slow steps and returning to her cell. As she passed before the little gate used by the servants, she noticed that the crossbar, which ordinarily passed through iron rings sealed in the wall and through another ring fastened to the door, thereby securing it, had not been put into place; she continued on her way without giving it any further thought, when a faint strip of light that passed between the two swinging parts of the gate showed her that the gate was not even locked. She pushed it and saw the paving of the street.

The sight created a turmoil in her soul. The most extravagant idea took hold of her. Suddenly she detached her veil, which she made into a kind of turban; she arranged her wimple like a cravat, the great flowing dress of black silk of her order became something like a man's cloak, and there she was in the streets of Catanzara, on her way to pay a visit to Roderigo Landriani.

She knew his house, which she often would look at from the height of the terrace that formed the roof of the convent. She knocked, all a-tremble. She heard Roderigo's voice waking his servant. The latter mounted to the second story to see who was knocking, came down again and opened. The wind from the door blew out the lamp he had just lit, and he struck a light; during this Roderigo called from the adjoining room, "Who is it? What is it about?"

"It is a warning concerning your safety," Clara replied, making her voice deeper.

Finally the lamp was again lit, and the servant led the young man bringing this notice to his master. Clara found Roderigo dressed and armed; but on seeing a very young man all trembling who looked like a seminarist, Roderigo put down the blunderbuss that he had in his hand. The lamp gave a poor light, and the young man was so nervous that he could not speak. Roderigo took the lamp, brought it close to

Clara's face, and suddenly recognizing her he hustled his servant into the other room and said to Clara, "Good God! what are you doing here? Has the convent caught fire?"

These words drained the poor nun of all her courage, and she began to see the whole extent of her folly. The cold welcome of the man whom she adored without ever having told him caused her to collapse, almost fainting, on a chair. Roderigo repeated his question. She brought her hand to her heart, got up as if to leave, and her strength failing her again she fell quite unconscious.

Little by little she recovered. Roderigo spoke to her, and finally, through Clara's prolonged silence, he understood his sweetheart's strange behavior. "Clara, what have you done?" he said. He pressed her in his arms; suddenly he put her back on a chair, moved away a little, and said to her in a firm voice, "You are the spouse of the Lord, you cannot be mine. The crime would be horrible for you and for me; repent your sin. Tomorrow morning I shall leave Catanzara forever." These frightful words caused her to burst into tears. Landriani passed into the adjoining room; he presently returned covered by a great cloak. "How did you get out?"

"By the gate near the kitchen, which I found open by chance, quite by chance."

"I was intending to take you to my uncle..., that will do," said Roderigo offering her his arm, and without adding a word he led her back to the convent. They found the little gate as Clara had left it, about three-quarters of an hour before. They entered softly, but Clara could no longer hold herself up.

"Where is your room?" said Roderigo tenderly.

"Over here," she replied in a dying voice; she had made a gesture in the direction of the dormitory on the second story.

On climbing the stairway Clara, fearing to be despised by her lover and feeling that she was speaking to him for the last time, fell in an utter faint on the steps. A lamp before the distant madonna dimly lighted up the scene. Landriani's duty, he well realized, required that he abandon Clara, who was now in her convent, but his courage failed him. Now Clara was choking with convulsive sobs. "The sound of her weeping may attract the attention of some nun," Roderigo said to himself, "and my presence here dishonors her." But he could not resolve to leave her in this state; she was incapable of standing up and walking, and her sobs were choking her; Roderigo took her in his arms. He went back toward the gate through which he had just come in, which he knew must be near the garden. In fact, after a few steps along the corridor, near the gate, still carrying Clara, he saw the garden and stopped only in the part furthest removed from the buildings, at the far end. Here he put his sweetheart down on a stone bench hidden in a thicket of low-trimmed plane trees.

But he had pressed a young girl whom he adored in his arms for too long a time; once beneath the plane trees, he no longer had the courage to leave her, and finally love got the better of religion. When day dawned, Clara separated from him, after having made him swear a thousand times that he would never leave Catanzara. She came alone to open the gate that she found unlocked, and watched her lover's exit from afar.

The following day he saw her in the parlor; he spent the night hidden in the street near the little gate, but Clara tried in vain to open it. On all the following nights she found it locked and secured with the bar. On the sixth night after the one that had decided her fate, Clara, hidden close to the gate, distinctly saw Martina arriving without a sound. A moment later the gate opened and a man entered, but the gate was carefully locked once more. Clara and her lover waited until the man came out again, which was at daybreak.

Their only consolation was writing to each other. In the next day's letter Roderigo told his sweetheart that the man more fortunate than he was Silva the *vetturino,* but he begged her to confide nothing to Martina. Far from having any religious scruples now, Landriani informed Clara that he proposed to enter the convent by means of the garden wall; she shuddered at the danger to which he was willing to expose himself; the wall, built in the Middle Ages to protect the nuns against invading Saracens, is forty feet high in its least elevated part. A rope ladder would be needed; Landriani, fearing to compromise his sweetheart by buying ropes in the vicinity, left for Florence; four days later he was in Clara's arms. But by a strange coincidence, on this same night the unfortunate abbess Flavia Orsini breathed her last; as she was dying, she said to the father confessor:

"I am dying by poison for having tried to prevent my nuns from having intrigues with men from the outside. Perhaps the enclosure has been violated this very night."

Struck by this confidence, the confessor caused the rule to be executed in every detail the moment the abbess had breathed her last.

All the bells of the convent announced the event that had just occurred. The peasants of the little market-town arose in haste and gathered before the gate to the convent. Roderigo had escaped at the first sounds of the bell.

But Silva the *vetturino* was seen coming out, and he was immediately seized. It was known that this man had sold a cross of diamonds; he confessed that he had obtained it from Martina, who in turn said that Lucrezia had had the generosity to make her a present of it. Accused of having committed a sacrilege by opening the gate to the convent, Martina thought to save herself by compromising the nephew of the father confessor; she said that sister Visconti opened this gate to her lover Roderigo Landriani. The confessor, assisted by three priests sent him by the archbishop of R . . ., questioned Clara; he stated, on leaving the convent, that on the next day she would be confronted with Martina. It appears that on the following morning Lucrezia Frangimani, who thus far was in no way compromised, but who feared Martina's confrontation with Clara, probably had poison put into the chocolate that was served to the two of them. Toward seven o'clock, when the archbishop's delegates arrived to continue the hearing, they were told that Clara Visconti and lay sister Martina were no more. Roderigo acted in a heroic manner, but no one was punished, and the matter was hushed up. Woe unto him who should speak of it!

MAY 30, 1828 / This morning the sky weighted with clouds allowed us to walk through the streets of Rome without being exposed to a burning and dangerous sun. Our travel companions were anxious to have another look at the Forum, without plan or science, solely following the impulse of the moment.

I believe it is because it looks so spick and span that the ladies in our group have been attracted since the first day by the pretty ruin called the Forum Palladium. This forum, begun by Domitian, completed and dedicated by Nerva, is today covered over by twelve to fifteen feet of earth. Above the ground can be seen the upper part of the wall of the eastern angle of this forum, the extremities of two fluted Corinthian columns, the entablature, the frieze, and above, the figure of Pallas standing. All this is as attractive as may be.

Those three magnificent columns of white marble that you perceive to the left, going toward Mount Quirinal, belonged to the Forum Transitorium, or to a temple of Pallas, or to a temple of Nerva. The spot where we are standing was perhaps the most frequented in ancient Rome. Everything here was magnificent and monumental.

It was in this spot that Alexander Severus had one of his courtiers, named Turinus, suffocated to death with the smoke of burning straw, when he learned that he was selling favors obtained from the emperor to private individuals. "Let the seller of smoke be punished with smoke!" said Severus.

This forum was edged by a great wall that strikes us as one of the most amazing things in Rome. It is built of blocks of peperino assembled, without mortar, with clamps of very hard wood. I have found no satisfactory account of this wall, but I cannot affirm to my reader that I have exhaustively studied the enormous mass of three or four hundred books, mostly in-folios, dealing with the monuments of Rome. What is worse is that these tomes, for lack of logic in the heads of their authors, are written in a tortured and obscure style.

The construction of this wall, the impression of severe grandeur that it makes upon the soul of the viewer, and its direction, which does not tally with that of the buildings situated to the east, lead us to suppose that it antedates Nerva by several centuries.

The temple that Trajan had erected in honor of Nerva was regarded as one of the finest buildings in ancient Rome. By its size it compared with our modern churches; all antiquity has praised its architecture as excellent and in addition Trajan had assembled the richest ornaments here.

Of so great a monument there appear above the ground today only three magnificent columns of white marble, 51 feet tall and 16½ feet in circumference. A fragment of the wall of the Cella (or sanctuary) remains which, with the three columns and a pilaster, supports the architrave. During the Middle Ages a square bell-tower of brick was built on this architrave—a high, heavy mass that will eventually cause the rest of Nerva's temple to collapse. All the antiquarians of Rome are incensed by this tower. I have no doubt that is has given liberal ideas to several of these gentlemen. All of them wish it would be destroyed, but it belongs to the church of the Annunciation. When shall we have a pope sufficiently philosophical to permit an edifice dedicated to worship to be destroyed, in order to increase the profane pleasure of the *dilettanti*?

We come to Paul V Borghese's great sin. By the orders of this pope, who completed St. Peter's, what remained of the temple of Pallas erected by the emperor Nerva was removed. This magnificent ruin was composed of seven tall fluted columns of white marble, and of Corinthian order. They supported a rich entablature and a pediment. Last night, at Madame D . . .'s, we saw several engravings representing this monument as it was before Paul V. This pope had it demolished because he needed the marbles for his Pauline fountain on Mount Janiculus. The usefulness of the book that you are reading, if it may be said to have any, is perhaps to prevent such outrages in the future. Before the end of today's walk, you shall see what they had the audacity to do in 1823.

It is only by an appeal to European opinion that a restraint can be put on the stubborn and brazen stupidity of certain men whom I ought to name, and who would have the Colosseum destroyed in order to win the cardinal's hat one year sooner.

Some days ago an Englishman arrived in Rome with his horses, which have brought him here all the way from England. He refused a cicerone, and despite the sentinel's efforts he entered the Colosseum on horseback. Some hundred masons and galley slaves are constantly working to consolidate some wall that is crumbling from exposure to weather. The Englishman watched them work, and he told us that evening, "Begad! the Colosseum is the finest thing I've seen in Rome. I like that building. It will be magnificent when they have finished it." He thought those men were building the Colosseum.

TITUS'S ARCH

This pretty little triumphal arch was erected in honor of Titus, the son of Emperor Vespasian; it was inspired by the desire to immortalize the conquest of Jerusalem; it has only one arcade. After Drusus's triumphal arch near the gate of San Sebastiano, this is the most ancient of those to be seen in Rome; it was the most elegant up to the time when it was redone by M. Valadier.

This man is an architect and a Roman by birth despite his French name. Instead of supporting Titus's arch, which was falling into ruin, by steel reinforcements, or by an arched buttress of brick, quite distinct from the monument itself, the poor man rebuilt it. He had the nerve to hew blocks of travertino after the form of the antique stones and to substitute them for these, which were carted away I know not where. What remains to us is therefore but a *copy* of Titus's arch.

It is true that this copy is placed at the very spot where the former arch stood, and the bas-reliefs which adorn the inside of the archway have been kept. This infamy was committed during the reign of the Pope Pius VII; but this prince, already old, was under the impression that it was to be an ordinary restoration, and Cardinal Consalvi was unable to hold out against the retrograde party which, I am told, protected M. Valadier.

Fortunately, the monument which we mourn was in every respect similar to the triumphal arches erected in honor of Trajan in Ancona and in Benevento.

The bas-reliefs of the arch of Titus are excellent in workmanship, which is in no way reminiscent of miniature finish like those of the Carrousel arch in Paris. One of these bas-reliefs represents Titus in his triumphal chariot harnessed to four horses; he is surrounded by his lictors, followed by his army and protected by the genius of the senate. Behind the emperor one perceives a victory who with her right hand places a crown on his head and with the left holds a palm-branch in allusion to Judea. The bas-relief across from it is more characteristic; the spoils of the temple of Jerusalem are seen borne in triumph: the seven-branched gold candelabrum, the chest that contained the holy books, the golden table, etc. The small figures of the frieze completed the explanation of the monument. The recumbent statue of the Jordan, the river of Judea, borne by two men, can still be made out.

This arch was adorned on its two façades by four composite fluted columns that supported an extremely rich cornice. Some *dilettanti* regard the victories in bas-relief that are seen here as the finest existing in Rome. It is supposed that this arch was erected to Titus by Trajan, who, with his usual modesty, did not name himself in the inscription that is seen on the attic, on the Colosseum side; I transcribe it because of its brevity and its noble simplicity:

S. P. Q. R.
DIVO TITO DIVI VESPASIANI F.
VESPASIANO AVGUSTO

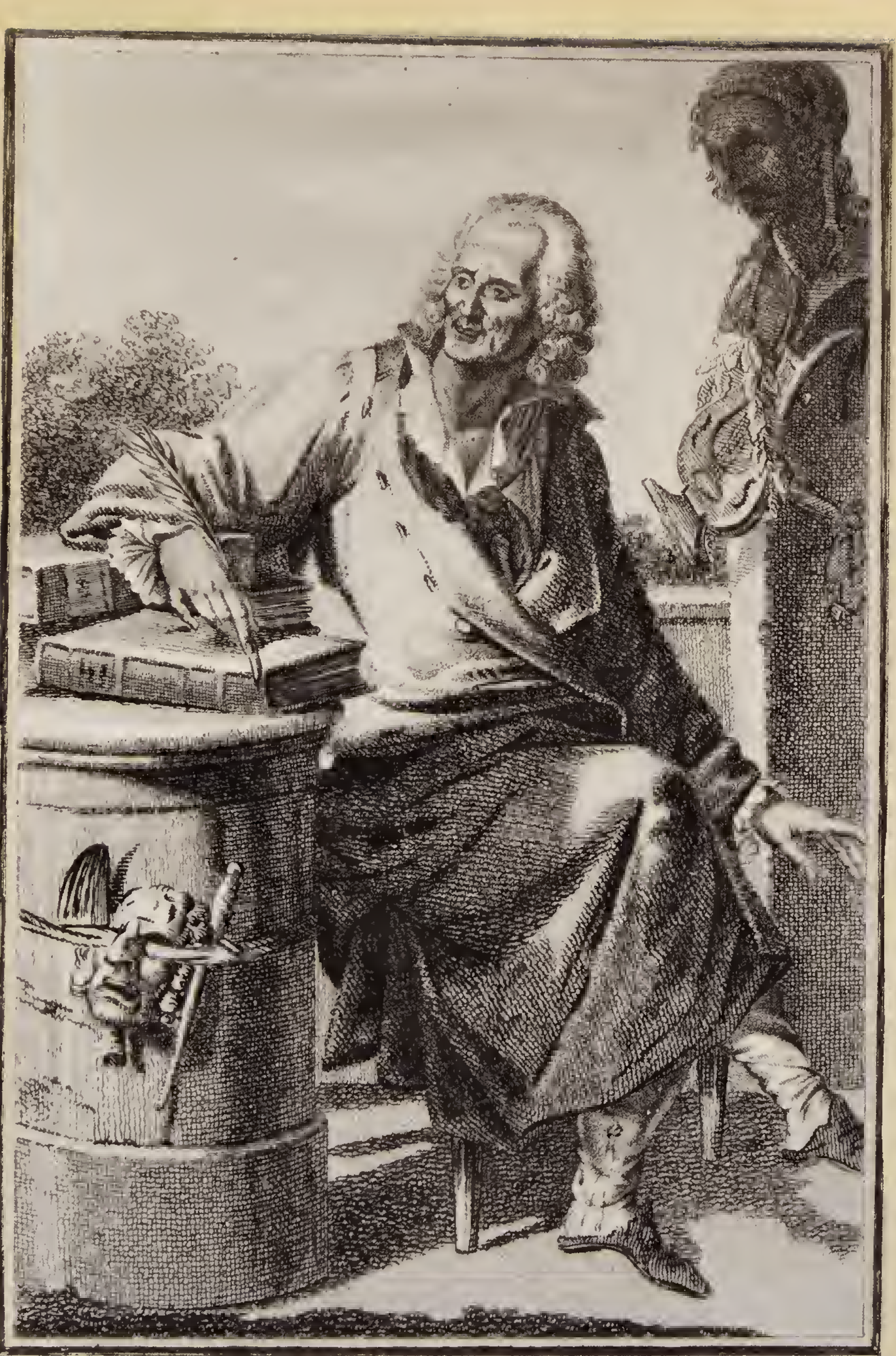
The attribute of *divus* given to Titus announces that this monument was erected to him after his death. The figure of this great man, clad in his toga, may be seen in the middle of the vault of the archway; he is seated on an eagle.

After having taken a few steps toward the Colosseum, we saw Constantine's arch to our right. The mass of this monument is imposing and fine; it has three arcades, like that of the Carrousel, with which we find it to have many points of resemblance; it is adorned on each façade by four fluted columns of antique yellow and of Corinthian order which bear statues.

It is evident that Constantine had the weakness to have this triumphal arch, which had been erected to Trajan, arranged in his own honor. Thus is explained the beauty of the general plan, which clashes with the poor execution of several details. The Roman character, broken and debased by the reign of a succession of monsters, betrayed its degradation by the decadence of the arts. This monument was erected about the year 326; the inscription announces that it was meant to celebrate the victory won by Constantine over Maxentius.

Lorenzo de' Medici, the very one who killed Duke Alexander without having had the sense to call together a government that could reorganize freedom, thought to immortalize himself by causing to be removed at night the heads of the eight statues of barbarian prisoners of war that are placed above the columns of Constantine's arch. The heads that we saw today are therefore modern; one Bracci did them under Clement XII, from antique models, we are told.

Whatever be the outrages to which the workers employed by Constantine subjected this monument, which was originally meant for a great man, it seems to us that it must always serve as a model. It is singular that so useless a thing should give such great pleasure; the style of the triumphal arch is an architectural conquest.



Bosio dis. Sasso inc

F. Maria Orouet di Voltaire.

30. VOLTAIRE
Engraving by G. A. Sasso from a drawing by J. B. Bosio

III. JUNE-NOVEMBER, 1828

ROME, JUNE 1, 1828 / The emperor Hadrian had a real passion for architecture; this is well shown by the vestiges of the famous Villa Adriana, on the road to Tivoli. It was recognized in his time that there was no more room in Augustus's mausoleum for the emperor's ashes. Hadrian seized this occasion to build himself a tomb. He chose the part of the immense Domitia gardens closest to the Tiber, and this edifice was the wonder of his century.

The immense round tower that we see today was, as it were, the nucleus of the building. It was surrounded by a corridor and by another wall that served as a façade. All this has disappeared. Above this round part, according to usage, rose immense steps, and the edifice was crowned by a magnificent temple, also round in form. Twenty-four columns of violet marble formed a portico around this temple; finally, at the highest point of the cupola, was placed the colossal pine cone that has given its name to one of the gardens in the Vatican, and which we have seen there. It was in this bronze tomb that the ashes of one of the most brilliant men ever to occupy a throne were deposited. He had the passion of an artist, and was sometimes cruel.

Today we perceive above a few very low bastions a round mass 576 feet in circumference, which is surrounded by rather irregular buildings, and crowned by a bronze statue ten feet in height.

Procopius has left us a description of Hadrian's tomb as he had seen it. In his time, the upper part was already stripped of its columns. The new religion had transported them to the basilica of St. Paul beyond the Walls; but Procopius still saw the marble facing and the sculptured ornaments that decorated the rest of the tomb.

In 537, the Goths made a surprise attack on the Cornelia gate; Belisarius's troops stationed in the nearby fort broke the marble ornaments into fragments in order to hurl them on the assailants. After this great devastation, Hadrian's tomb bore several names, and among others that of the immortal Crescentius, who sought to give his country back its liberty. Like Schiller's Marquis de Posa, like the young Brutus, Crescentius did not belong to his century; he was a man of another age. Our revolution furnished a name for this type of man who is generous and inept in the conduct of affairs: he was a Girondin [1]. In order to exert an influence over men, one must be more like them; one must be a greater knave.

Crescentius, besieged by the emperor Otto, gave himself up in the capitulation that was offered him by this prince; he left his fortress and was immediately led to the torture. After the memory of this great man had perished, his fortress was called the House of Theodoric.

In the twelfth century we find it designated by the name of the castle of the Holy Angel—Castel Sant'Angelo—probably because of a small church situated in its highest part, which was dedicated to St. Michael. We learn from history that the faction chiefs who seized power by turns regarded themselves as well established in Rome when they were masters of this fort; it was often occupied by the popes.

In 1493, lightning ignited a certain quantity of gunpowder that was stored there. Alexander VI repaired the damage and increased the fortifications, which he was well advised to do, for on the occasion of the entry of Charles VIII, if the fort of Sant'Angelo had not been considered difficult to take, this scandalous pope would have been deposed, or more simply put to death. Thirty years later, the fort of Sant'Angelo served Clement VII in the same way. Paul III embellished it; finally the cavalier Bernini whom we are always running into, put the outer fortifications into the state in which we see them today. We noticed a few days ago, in Civitavecchia, that even in the utilitarian realm of military architecture, the Italians are able to maintain a beauty and a style that are never found in the works of Vauban, probably much superior in other respects.

It is at the top of the Castel Sant'Angelo, on the evenings of the 28th and the 29th of June, the feasts of St. Peter and of St. Paul, the protectors of Rome, that the finest fireworks I have ever seen are set off.

---

[1] Name given to the members of the right-wing party that sat in the French revolutionary convention, 1791 to 1793. (Editor's note.)

The crowning-piece is composed of 4500 rockets. The idea for these fireworks is due to Michelangelo.

I should not be willing to swear to it. One trembles to think of the amount of research required to arrive at the truth of the most trivial detail.

On feast days great bright-colored flags are hoisted on masts placed on the fortifications along the Tiber; the wind idly stirs them; nothing could be prettier. We have come upon this usage also in Venice, on the Piazza San Marco, and in the whole Venetian country.

We were told that the notorious Barbone, the bandit chief, was in the Castel; but the jailer would never answer our questions on the Carbonari who are locked up there. Aside from the fever, which can afflict them in summer, they are not badly off. Almost all have fallen into an excessive devotion. The view that they have from the height of their prison is magnificent and of a nature to transform the most intemperate gloom into a gentle melancholy. They hover over the city of tombs; this view teaches them how to die.

When we would ask questions about the Carbonari, the jailer, who wanted to earn the tip, would tell us about the galley-slaves whom he guards. Those whom the minister of police (*monsignor governatore di Roma*) wishes to favor are employed to sweep the streets. These wretches, with their noisy chains, constitute a hideous spectacle that casts a pall over all our mornings when we pass through the Corso. We happened to be at the Castel Sant'Angelo as they were returning. The jailer pointed out to us the husband of the famous Maria Grazia, whose features are reproduced in most of the paintings done in Rome in our time, and in particular in the admirable works of Schnetz. This woman thinks only of winning back the freedom of her husband, who is really in prison through a misunderstanding. With her simple good sense, she cannot see why he should be regarded as guilty. He was *alla macchia* (in hiding); he read an amnesty on the door of a church; he went back to his home town to make his submission. The time period set by the amnesty had expired by a few hours, and he was put into irons as though he had been caught fully armed.

The jailer showed us the corridor by which the palace of the Vatican communicates with the Castel Sant'Angelo; it is more than 420 meters in length, and was built by Alexander VI on the ancient wall of the Leonine city. Pius IV, when he extended this part of the city, had built into this wall the great arches that are seen in it today. Finally, by order of Urban VIII, this corridor was isolated from the neighboring houses.

The pleasure of feeling a cool little *venticello ponentino* that prevailed at this height had made us stop beneath the portico situated in the highest part of the Sant'Angelo fort. Paul pleasantly surprised us by having ices served. Frederick read us the account of the sacking of Rome as a part of the battlefield lay spread out before our eyes.

On May 5, 1527, the French commander-in-chief, the High Constable of Bourbon, appeared in the meadows before Rome along the wall that extends between the Vatican and Mount Janiculus; he had a trumpet summon the city to surrender. Clement VII, whose conduct in this great event was but a ridiculous mixture of extreme timidity and of childish vanity, dismissed this trumpeteer arrogantly. He gave orders for Count Rangone, who was approaching in haste to defend Rome with five thousand foot-soldiers and a small corps of artillery, to change his direction and go to join the great army that was coming from Tuscany. As the High Constable was making a stand before the walls of the part of the city where St. Peter's is located, a few wise heads conceived the idea of cutting the bridges in order to defend themselves behind the Tiber, should the Borgo be forced. Clement VII refused haughtily, and their prudence was regarded as cowardice and was made a subject of mockery by his court. He gave orders to the guards of the gates to prevent anything from leaving Rome. The road to Naples was still open, as well as the road to Frascati, Tivoli, etc. Through Frascati, forests inaccessible to the enemy could readily be reached.

The army that threatened the walls was forty thousand strong. Many soldiers were German Lutherans, and held Rome and its religion in execration. The High Constable, who was bearing arms against his own country, felt that he was deeply despised; only a dazzling victory could raise him up again in his own estimation and in that of others.

On the morning of the sixth he led his troops to the assault against the part of the Roman wall situated to the west of the city, between the Janiculus and the Vatican. Hardly had the attack begun when he sensed that his German foot-soldiers were going into battle half-heartedly; he seized a ladder and leaned it himself against the wall. He had climbed three rungs when he was struck by a musket bullet that passed through his side and right thigh; he felt at once that the shot was fatal, and ordered those who surrounded him to cover his body with a cloak, so that his soldiers would not be discouraged; he breathed his last at the foot of the wall while the assault continued.

The death of the High Constable soon became known to the soldiers. They were furious. But they were being valiantly resisted; the Swiss of the pope's guard were defending the surrounding wall with heroic bravery. A battery set up in Rome, on top of the hill, took the besiegers by the flank and killed many of their men. Unfortunately, at the moment when the sun was rising, a thick fog appeared which prevented the artillerymen from aiming their pieces properly; the Spanish took advantage of this moment to enter the city by means of a number of small houses built against the wall. At the same time the Germans also broke through from another side. The assailants had by then lost some thousand men.

On entering the city from two points, the High Constable of Bourbon's soldiers found that they had cut off a part of what would today be called the Roman national guard. These young people who had marched under the orders of their *capo-rioni* (district chiefs), were all pitilessly massacred, even though most of them had thrown down their arms and pleaded for their lives on bended knees.

Benvenuto Cellini, who happened on that day to be in the Castel Sant'Angelo, and probably in the spot where we are now, has left a curious account of this day and of those that followed. But he likes to embroider, and I scarcely believe him. While the fighting was going on, Clement VII was deep in prayer before the altar of his chapel in the Vatican, a singular detail in respect to a man who had begun his career as a soldier. When the cries of the dying convinced him that the city was lost, he fled from the Vatican to the Castel Sant'Angelo by the long corridor of which we have spoken, which rises above the highest houses. The historian Paul Jove, who followed Clement VII, lifted his long robe so that he could walk faster, and when the pope had reached the bridge that left him exposed for a moment, Paul Jove covered him with his cloak and his violet hat, lest he be recognized by his white rochet and become a target for some good marksman.

During this long flight along the corridor, Clement VII, looking down through the small windows, could see his subjects pursued by the victorious soldiers who were already spreading through the streets. They gave no quarter to anyone and slew with their pikes everyone who came within their reach [1].

After having reached the Castel Sant'Angelo, the pope would have had time to flee by the nearby bridge; he could have entered the city, quickly crossed it, and under the escort of his light cavalry reached the country and some place of safety. But fear and vanity made an imbecile of him. It is calculated that in this first day seven or eight thousand Romans were massacred.

---

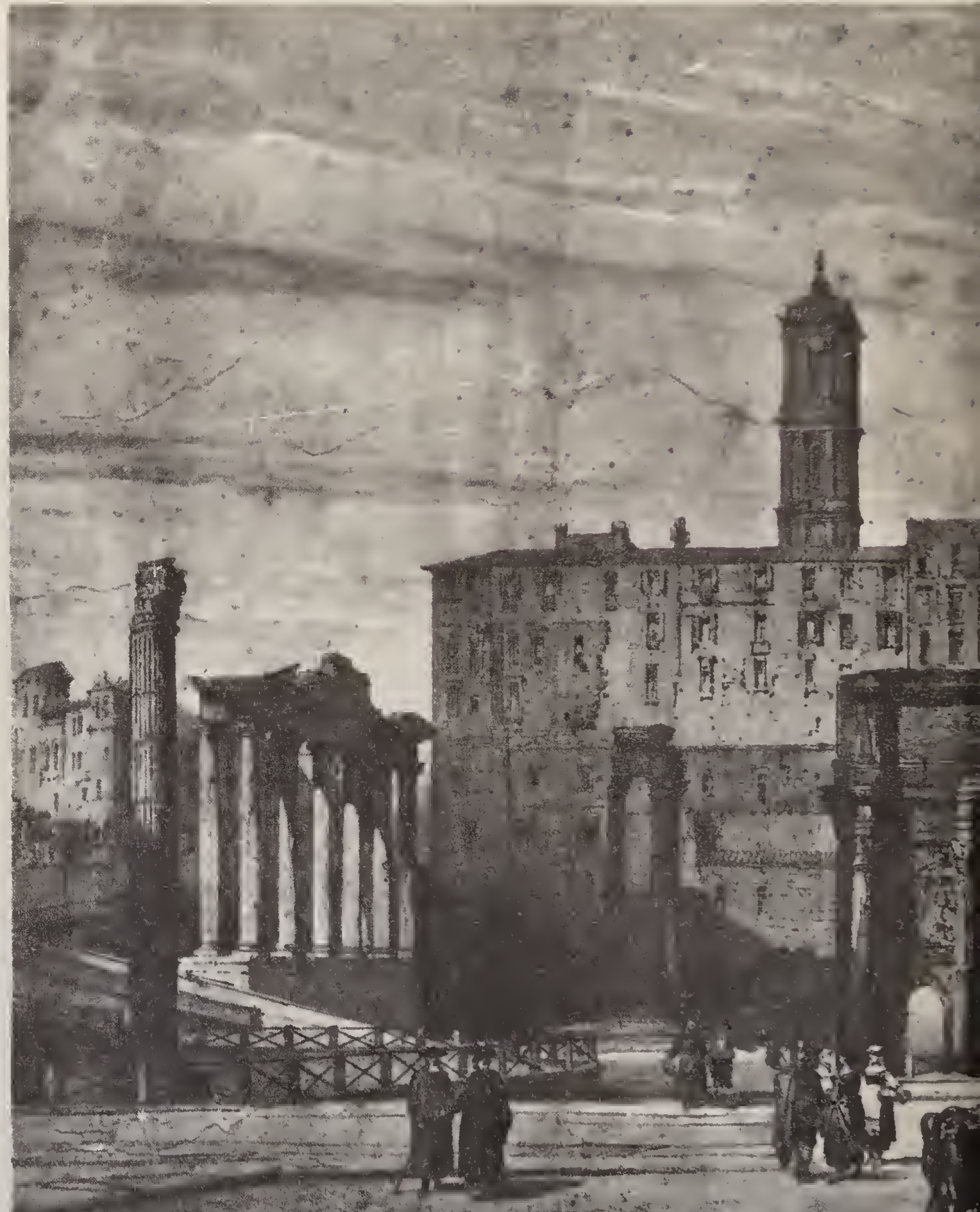
[1] See in Bandello the novella from which Shakespeare derived his charming comedy, *Twelfth Night.*

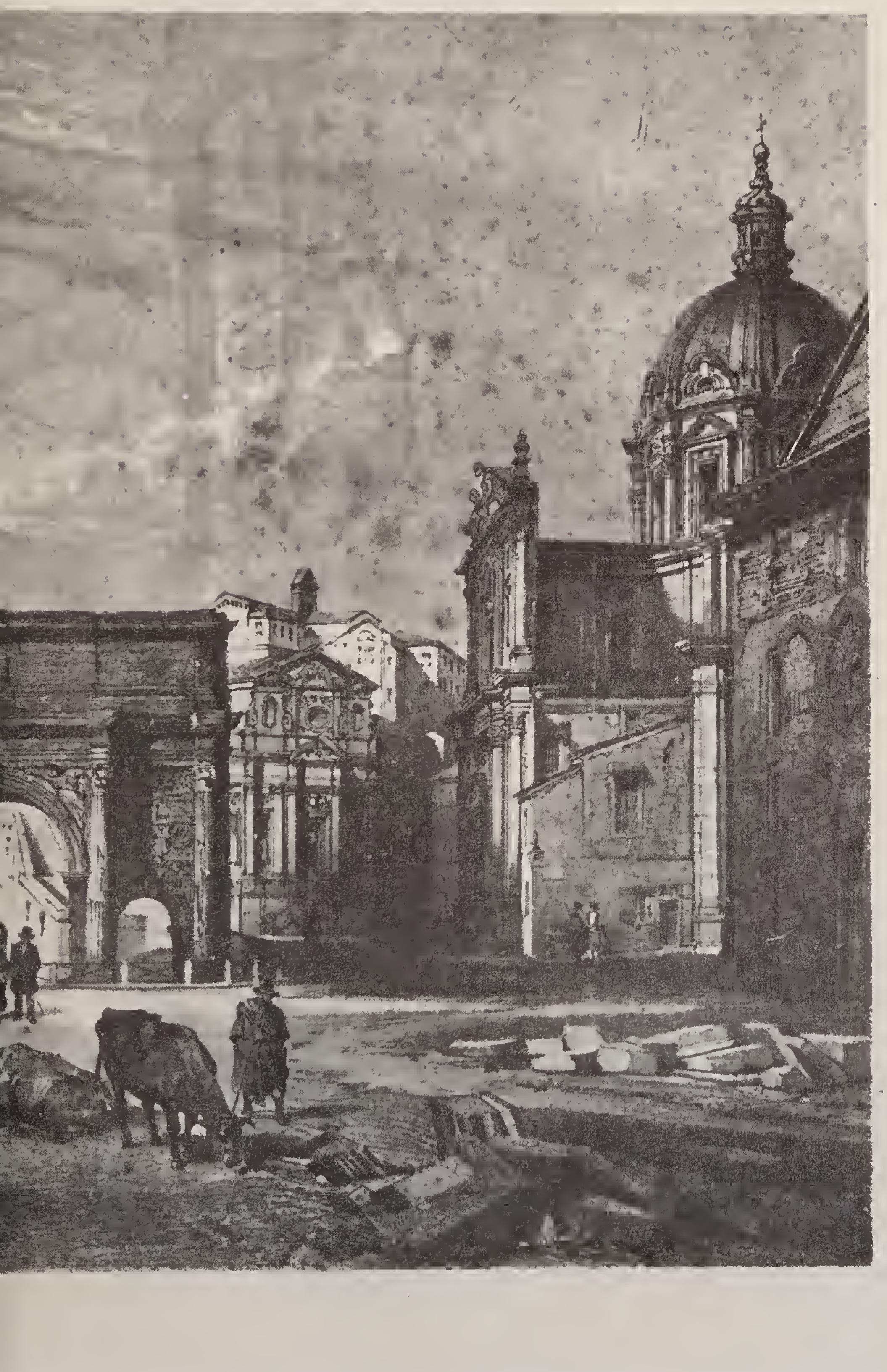
The Borgo and the Vatican district were immediately pillaged; the soldiers killed and raped; they spared neither the convents nor the pope's palace, nor the church of St. Peter itself. They had to wage a minor battle to seize the Trastevere district. The inhabitants, still so ferocious today, did not live up to their reputation in defending their houses. The emperor's soldiers rapidly overran the Via della Longara, and finally Luigi Gonzaga, at the head of the Italian infantry, was the first to enter Rome itself by the Ponte Sisto.

The singular military circumstance that we witnessed in Paris in 1814 occurred in Rome in 1527. The very day that the army of the High Constable of Bourbon carried Rome by storm, Count Rangone, who had had the good sense not to obey the ridiculous order that Clement VII had sent him, had reached the Ponte Salario with his light cavalry and eight hundred harquebusiers. If the bridges had been cut and the city had held out a few hours, it would have been saved by this brave soldier. A great army was marching to the aid of Rome, but it had left Florence only three days before, and the general commander-in-chief was, besides, a personal enemy of the pope's.

The fanaticism of the new reform that almost all the German soldiers professed was the real cause of the horrors committed in the sacking of Rome, so true is it that this passion unknown to the ancients is the worst of all. Never has anything more atrocious occurred in a like circumstance. Several women and children threw themselves out of windows to avoid dishonor, relates the contemporary historian Jacques Buonaparte, others were killed by their fathers or their mothers, and these palpitating and bloody bodies were not immune to the brutality of the soldiers. These broke into churches, bedecked themselves in pontifical ornaments, and in this state went and seized nuns whom they exposed naked to the eyes of their comrades. Church paintings were hacked to pieces and burned, relics and consecrated hosts scattered in the mud, priests were beaten with rods and delivered over to the jeers of the soldiery. These horrors lasted for seven months, as the soldiers reigned in Rome and laughed at their generals.

31. ROMAN FORUM
Lithograph by A. Mathieu from a drawing by Chapuy





The Spanish soldiers distinguished themselves by their avidity and their cruelty. It was observed that after the first day it rarely happened that a German soldier killed a Roman; they allowed their prisoners to buy their freedom rather cheaply. The Spaniards, to the contrary, burned the feet of their prisoners and obliged them by prolonged torments to reveal where their riches were hidden, or to exhaust the purses of friends they might have outside of Rome. The palaces of the cardinals were pillaged all the more carefully as many merchants, at the approach of the emperor's army, had deposited their possessions in the palaces of the cardinals in favor of this prince; but there was mercy for no one.

Cardinal Pompeo Colonna entered Rome two days after the capture of the city. He came to enjoy the humiliation of his enemy Clement VII. A crowd of peasants from his fiefs arrived with him: they had been barbarously pillaged by the order of the pope a short time before, and they avenged themselves by pillaging the Roman houses in turn. They found that there were still big pieces of furniture left.

But Pompeo Colonna was moved to profoung pity when he saw the state into which he had contributed to plunge his country. He opened his palace to all who wished to seek refuge in it; he bought back with his money, making no distinction among factions, whether friend or enemy, the cardinals held captive by the soldiers; he saved the lives of a host of wretches who, having lost everything on the first day, would have died of hunger but for him.

These scenes of horror have been described in detail by Sandoval, the bishop of Pamplona, who in fear of displeasing Charles V contents himself with calling the sacking of Rome an unholy work (*obra no santa*). Charles V was at that time only twenty-seven years of age, but he understood that Rome can be fought only with its own weapons. When he learned of the horrors which, failing his counter-order, lasted seven months, he organized a fine procession to ask God for the delivery of the pope, which depended solely on himself, Charles V. This clever stroke must disturb the sleep of certain modern prelates.

Bishop Sandoval relates that a Spanish soldier had stolen from the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of San Giovanni in Laterano a casket filled with relics, among which was a small part of the body of Jesus Christ, detached by the high priest during the Savior's earliest infancy. At the time of the retreat of the imperial army, the soldier abandoned this casket in a village in the vicinity of Rome. In 1551, that is to say thirty years later, a priest found it and hastened to bring it to Maddalena Strozzi. With the help of Lucrezia Orsini, her sister-in-law, and in the presence of her daughter Clarice, aged seven, Maddalena Strozzi opened the casket. These ladies found first a piece of flesh, still quite fresh, of St. Valentine, and a part of the jaw, with a tooth, of St. Martha, the sister of Mary Magdalene.

Princess Strozzi next took a small package on which could be read nothing other than the name of Jesus. Immediately she felt her hands grow numb, and she found herself obliged to let it drop. This miracle opened Lucrezia Orsini's eyes, and she exclaimed that the package undoubtedly contained a part of the body of Jesus. Scarcely had she uttered this word when the casket gave forth a sweet fragrance, so strong that Flaminio Anguillara, Maddalena Strozzi's husband, who was in an adjoining apartment, inquired as to the source of the perfume that reached his nostrils.

Repeated attempts were made to open the casket, all equally vain. At last the priest who had found the casket had the idea that the pure hands of the young Clarice, who was only seven, would be more successful. The holy relic was in fact uncovered and later placed in the parish church of Calcata, in the diocese of Civita-Castellana.

A dissertation reprinted in Rome *with approval in* 1797, gives details regarding this relic that I would not dare repeat. The approval of a book that deals with so delicate a subject proves that the author in no way departs from opinions regarded as orthodox by the court of Rome. The author discusses the observation of St. Athanasius, to the effect that the divine Word *cum omni integritate resurrexit.* John Damascenus, speaking of the Word, had said, *"Quod semel assumpsit, nunquam dimisit."* This brings up Euler's theory of infinitely small quantities, which may be considered as null.

The first time we have occasion to pass near Calcata, we shall go and see this relic which is unique in the world.

JUNE 4 / Yesterday as I was visiting, alone, the palace of Montecavallo, admirably restored under the direction of M. Martial Daru (administrator for the crown in Rome under Napoleon), I was joined by the *abbate* Colonna, to whom I brought a letter from Naples. He spoke to me *in confidenza,* a proof of esteem of which I boast only because he is in a position in which he pays no attention to the police. (We spent three hours in the delightful shade of the Montecavallo garden; the wife of the porter made us some very excellent coffee.)

Upon the fall of Napoleon's government, Pius VII sent to Rome a certain personage who hastened to remove from office the authorities established by the French; and deliberately left Rome without a government for thirty hours. The honest citizens were overcome with terror. Fortunately the rabble in this district, the fiercest in the world, for it is fashioned by the mendicant monks, did not perceive this fine opportunity to massacre and to pillage. If the Transteverins and other *sansculottes* of Rome had understood the full extent of their good fortune, they would have begun by cutting the throats of the seven or eight hundred citizens who had accepted any kind of employment from the French. Drawn to blood like tigers, they would probably have massacred all the rich merchants, and would then have got drunk and gone to sleep on street corners. The day would have made a fine sequel to the assassination of Prina, the minister, in Milan.

This hideous rabble of Rome was employed by the same characters, in 1793 and in 1795, to assassinate M. Basseville and General Duphot. The poor Hughes Basseville did not suspect, as he died, that he would be immortalized by Monti. This political murder, celebrated as a *high feat* in which the victim is in the wrong, was the occasion of the admirable poem of the *Basviliana* (equal or superior to anything that Lord Byron has done); what is amusing is that Monti was liberal at the time and frightened to death. He had known Basseville, had offered him information for his plans of liberal organization, and did not believe a word of what he was writing. Who would suspect it in reading these magnificent verses?

I dare to reveal this anecdote now that this great man's immortality has begun. M. Horace Vernet, in his *Horse Race* (*ripresa de' Barberi*), has strikingly represented this Roman rabble, at once hideous and admirable in its energy.

This rabble is a faithful counter-proof of the Christian religion, as the popes understand it. How different from the almost deistic people of Paris, recruited among peasants upon whom the sale of national property has conferred probity! The rabble of Paris was ferocious in 1780. I have it from M. d'Agincourt that before the revolution there were often knife fights at the Sunday balls at la Rapée. If there are killings among the people nowadays, it is for love, like Othello. Witness the admirable defense of M. Laffargue, cabinetmaker, Pau, 1829.[1]

---

[1] See page 294.

Days of anxiety, like the one I have just revealed, change the character of a people. Thus murders and executioners are educating the Iberian peninsula.

JUNE 5 / I have run into Monsignor Colonna again in the church of the Holy Apostles, before the tomb of Clement XIV (Ganganelli); this is Canova's first great work. This tomb, placed above the door to the sacristy, is very curious insofar as it throws light on the development of his talent. We chat for an hour as we look at it, we especially admire the figure of Temperance. Canova began his career in Venice by imitating nature so scrupulously that his enemies said that he *molded* his models rather than copied them. He began working at twenty and, like the late M. Houdon, made busts. A fine antique eagle beneath the vestibule of the Holy Apostles; a small tomb erected by Canova to one of his protectors.

We speak of the poisoning of that poor worthy man Ganganelli (1775). On signing a certain bull he suddenly exclaimed, "I am done for!" Monsignor Colonna gives me singular details, and thereupon tells me the story of another poisoning worthy of the Middle Ages. I now understand why my anecdote about the Duke of Chaulnes, catching the abbé de Voisenon with his wife at midnight, and taking it all as a joke, seemed so absurd when I told it in Bologna. It won me the reputation of being an egregious liar. But what is the use of telling things of such common occurrence?

We had just met an old man with a strange face. "Look, *there goes remorse,*" said Monsignor C . . . to me. "This man is going to leave one hundred thousand scudi to the priests." A young miniature painter was seeing a great deal of a Roman lady of the highest rank; the husband thought nothing of it for six months; finally he reflected that this painter, a very able one, was a man of no birth and *was protected by no one.*

One very hot day the husband prince himself offered the painter a glass of lemonade. The young man presently felt quite indisposed, went home and to bed; there, twenty-four hours later, he was seized with such violent fits of vomiting and such atrocious spasms that, as he lay on his back, the serums wrenched from his stomach by the pain shot out like jets of water and splashed into the middle of the room. The doctor called in ordered sugared water, instantly left for the country, reappeared only two weeks later, and for twenty years has not mentioned the painter's name. It goes without saying that Roman justice considered this death to have been the most natural in the world. But imagine the prince's wife dining the next day with her husband! There is a woman who can read Dante, and so can her husband. An ideal country for poets! In England, natural melancholy makes people kill themselves too quickly. There is nothing particularly touching about a man who killed himself twenty years ago, but think of a man who has spent these twenty years like the old doctor!

Many poisons known in Rome in 1750 have been lost; even in Naples one no longer finds certain poisons still in use before the civilizing wars of the French Revolution.

What will astonish the ultra-French who suppressed divorce in 1815, is the fact that before the revolution it was not rare in Rome. To tell the truth, it could be obtained only after a scandalous trial, and it was scarcely sought except by people of very high society. Habit in this respect was so deeply rooted that when the French authorities succeeded the papal authorities, they were still obliged to pronounce the dissolution of the marriage of a young Roman who was allegedly impotent, and who a week later married his mistress, by whom he already had three children.

Yesterday an Englishman was bargaining for a painting. He said to the painter:

"Signore, how many days did you work on this painting?"

"Eleven days."

"Well, I'll give you eleven sequins for it; you must be sufficiently well paid at one sequin a day."

The artist indignantly put his painting back against the wall and turned his back on the aristocrat. This kind of politeness delivers the English into the hands of charlatans. I have seen paintings bought for twenty or thirty louis which are not worth one hundred francs, at which I was delighted. But in a century from now all the paintings of Italy will be in England, exposed on fine red silk drapery. The dampness of the English climate will be most unfavorable to the poor masterpieces.

ROME, JUNE 7, 1828 / This evening, after a performance of *Elisa e Claudio,* which had given us infinite pleasure, for Tamburini was singing and our souls were disposed to candor and tenderness, the young marchesina Mathilde Dembos was admirably eloquent; she spoke of the sincere devotion, full of alacrity, without ostentation but without limits, that certain souls show to their God or to their lover. It is the closest thing to *perfect beauty* that I have heard during this voyage. We left her house intoxicated, as it were, by our sudden enthusiasm for a real and complete simplicity.

"Does not the most naïve among us," the engaging Della Bianca said to me, "spend a part of his time thinking about the effect he produces on others? The being who defies the public is perhaps the one who is most concerned about it. The man of candor employs all this time concentrating on his passion or on his art. Is the superiority of naïve and honest artists to be wondered at? But they will get few newspaper notices in free countries, and few decorations under monarchic governments."

"So, in order to be superior henceforth, a man will have to be born very rich and very noble, and will thus be above all petty temptations."

"Yes, but as a privileged person, he will spend his time being afraid of the people."

"Do you think it is possible to excel in the arts without true greatness of soul?"

"One can have a great deal of talent with a weak soul. Look at Racine, who aspired to be a courtier and died of mortification at having mentioned Scarron[1] in the presence of his successor, Louis XIV. We must not see man as better than he is. I am convinced that more than one honest artist is disturbed and discouraged by the successes of scheming artists. Therefore, in order to excel henceforth it will be necessary to be born rich and noble; that is what arts and letters will have gained by the protection of those who govern. A cobbler, in certain countries, is more fortunate than a painter; he is protected by the vulgarity of his trade, and if he excels he is sure of succeeding. A bad cobbler who makes shoes for the minister is not extolled to the skies by all the charlatans paid by the man in power: and who could resist this immense lever? The public that has only a certain sum to spend on paintings buys from the painter who is cried up and neglects Prud'hon."

Monsignor Colonna has asked me to read with him M. Thier's *History of the Revolution.* I explain to him the parts of this work that are unintelligible to a foreigner. He is struck by the colossal figures of those men who, in 1793, prevented the Austrian soldiers from reaching

---

[1] Paul Scarron, poet and comic writer, was the first husband of Françoise d'Aubigné, who as Mme de Maintenon became the mistress of Louis XIV. (Editor's note.)

Paris. He refuses to believe that in 1800 we were disgusted with freedom.

JUNE 9, 1828 / What is one to expect of an energetic and sovereignly passionate people, deeply suspicious of fate and of men, and consequently not frivolous in its tastes? Note that for five hundred years the people has been ruled by a government of which the personal characters of Gregory VII, Alexander VI or Julius II can give an idea; and this government holds out to it, if it does not obey, the gallows in this world and hell in the next.

Papal depotism, exercised by individuals who are passionate, like the rest of the people, lives only by caprices; in consequence the lowest cobbler, like the richest Roman prince, finds himself ten times a year in an unexpected situation and *obliged to invent and to will.* This is precisely what men born with such great qualities might lack in order to be, as individuals, the leaders of their kind.

If you have traveled, please follow in good faith the suppositions herewith: take at random one hundred well-dressed Frenchmen passing on the Pont Royal, one hundred Englishmen passing on London Bridge, one hundred Romans passing on the Corso; choose from each of these groups the five men who are most remarkable in courage and intelligence. Try to recall your impressions exactly. I claim that the five Romans will come out ahead of the French and of the English; and this will be so whether you put them on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, or in the court of King Louis XIV, entrusted with carrying out an intrigue, or in the midst of a stormy meeting of the House of Commons. The Frenchman—the one of 1780, that is, and not the sorry reasoner of 1829—will come out ahead in a salon where the chief business is spending the evening agreeably.

The Englishman whom my assumption has arrested on London Bridge will be much more reasonable and much better dressed than the Roman; he will have deeply social habits. The jury and the spirit of association, the steam engine, the dangers of navigation, resourcefulness in peril, will be familiar things to him; but as a man he will be greatly inferior to the Roman. It is precisely because he is led by a more or less just government (leaving aside the omnipotence of the aristocracy) that the Englishman is not obliged, ten times a month, to make up his mind in small hazardous cases that may very well later lead him to his ruin, or even to prison and to death.

The Frenchman will have kindness and dashing bravery; nothing will depress him, nothing will beat him down; he will go to the end of the world and come back, like Figaro, trimming or shaving everyone. Perhaps he will amuse you by the brightness and novelty of his ideas (I am still speaking of the Frenchman of 1780); but as a man, he is a less energetic being, less remarkable, more quickly wearied by obstacles than the Roman. Amused all day long by something, the Frenchman will not enjoy happiness with the same energy as the Roman who, in the evening, arrives at his mistress' with a soul virgin of emotions; hence he will not make such great sacrifices to obtain her. And should you direct your choice otherwise, and in these flocks of one hundred men belonging to three peoples were you to choose those most lacking in education and culture, the superiority of the Romans would be even more striking. This is because education, far from doing anything for the Roman, has the opposite effect; it is because government and civilization act against virtue and work, and unintentionally teach it crime and fraud. For example, the government deals with assassins: what can it do worse? Fail to keep word with them, and it does not fail.

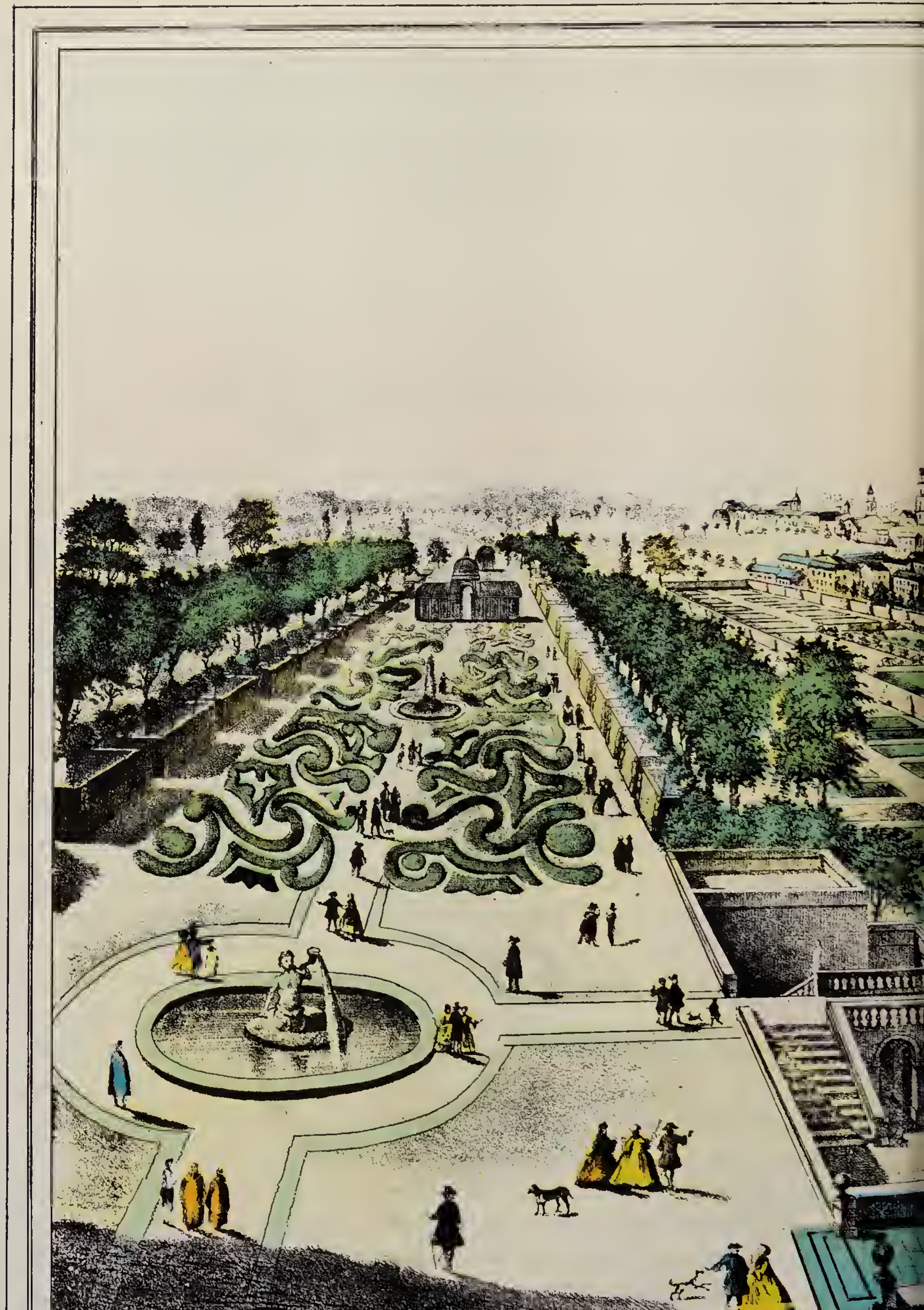
The trivial actions that fill the day of a small merchant, like the one who has just sold me the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, assume in less than fifty years the color of the government, and are decided by similar means and in accordance with the same moral habits as important actions.

If you intend to answer me by resorting to bombast and German philosophy we shall speak of something else; but if you esteem me sufficiently to be candid you will see from these *whys,* briefly sketched, how it comes about that the plant, man, is more robust and large in Rome than elsewhere. Under a good government, it would do greater things, but would need less energy in order to live, and would consequently be less fine. I do not ask you to take me at my word; if ever you go to Rome, open your eyes and hide this book.

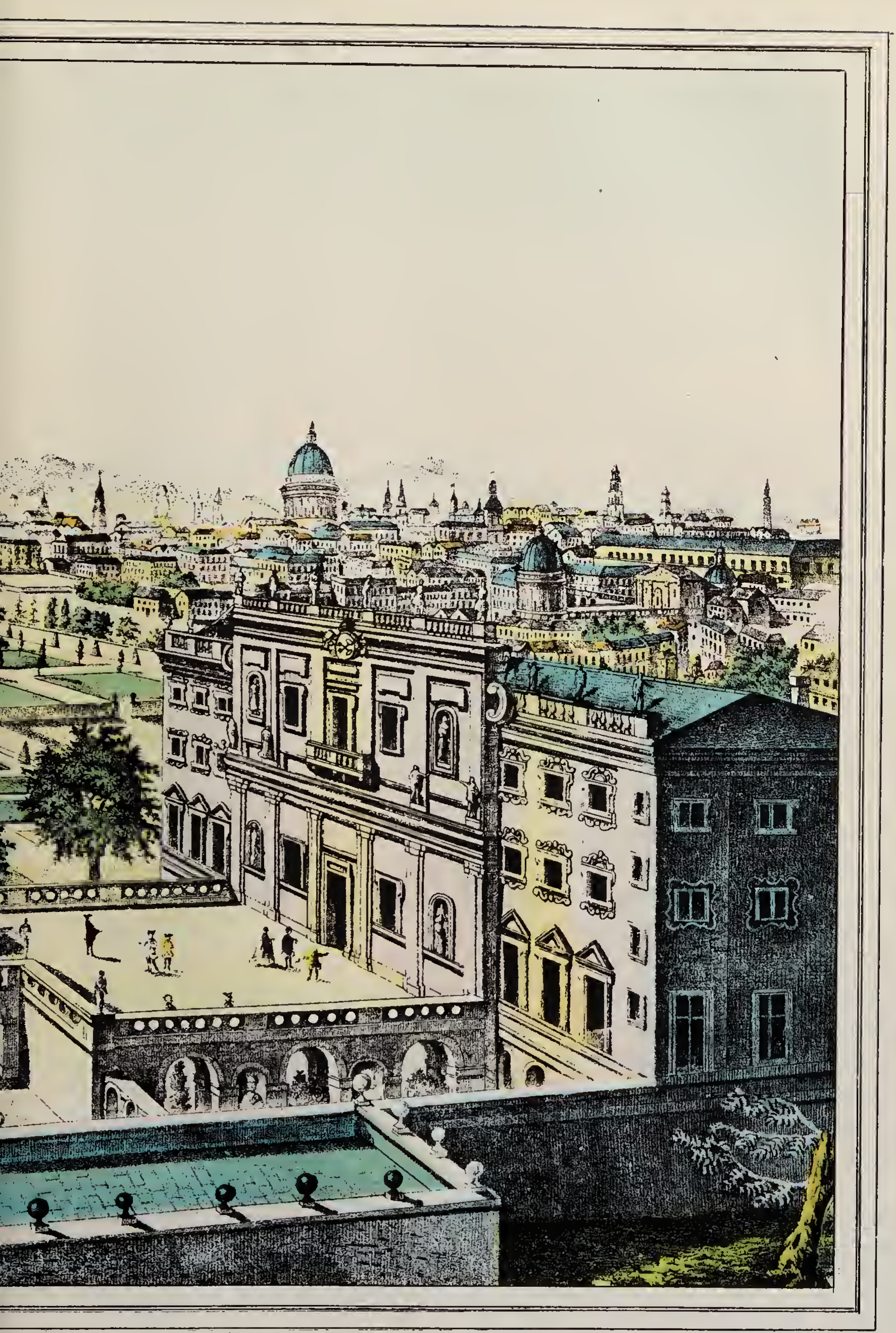
What follows is boring and is addressed only to the slow-witted and the insincere.

God forbid that I should claim that Pius VI or Pius VII had the character of the father of Caesar Borgia; but it is the energetic and active sovereigns who leave a deep imprint on the memory of peoples and not men who are gentle, like Ganganelli, Lambertini and the popes who have reigned for a hundred years. In morality these popes are perhaps superior to the sovereigns who occupied the thrones of Europe during the eighteenth century. But the policy of the court of Rome is

32. VILLA LUDOVISI
Colored lithograph of the period



Lustschlos



[illegible] Joseph Sono[illegible] 65

bei Rom.

constant toward its subjects as toward kings, and strange things have been done, even under the best popes. Witness what the most virtuous bishops tolerated, in 1783, in the convents of Tuscany[1]. Poison plays a more important role in Rome than one might think; admissions by the curate of ... The curates of Rome hold approximately the rank of the colonels in Napoleon's army in 1810. They are reasonable, efficient men, who are in many affairs and who know the truth concerning a great number of things. They are often unwilling to tell everything they know to the minister of the police (*il governatore di Roma*). This office is now held by Signor Bernetti, a man of real merit. (In 1829, Signor Bernetti is a cardinal and papal legate in Bologna.)

JUNE 10, 1828 / Anyone who has studied the history of the popes in Paul Jove and M. de Potter will agree with me. This history, if one is careful to skip everything that pertains to *dogma,* is the most original and perhaps the most interesting of modern times.

At Versailles in 1730, the maréchal de Richelieu was intriguing to give a mistress to the weakest of men, Louis XV. (See the *Memoirs of the Duchess de Brancas,* a delightful fragment published by M. de Lauraguais.) In Rome they were intriguing, in 1730, to decide whether this or that word should be added to the service of the Virgin, or whether the discalced Carmelite friars should wear pants. There were people passionately in favor of or against pants for the Carmelites. Twenty Latin authors were quoted in support of one or the other side.

I beg you to pay no more attention to the substance of the dispute than to the words of the libretto in an opera. Reserve your attention, and I may say your admiration, for the skill displayed by the disputants. Compared to such and such a discalced Carmelite friar intriguing in Rome for or against the pants, the maréchal de Richelieu, the abbé de Vermont, the baron de Bézenval, that is to say the subtlest and most successful courtiers in Versailles, are mere scatterbrains who have forgotten this morning what they meant to do last night. Think of what a wretched monk locked up in his convent has to do to become first man. There they all know one another, no one is scatterbrained or absent-minded. This school has given to the world the Sixtus Quintuses and the Ganganellis.

---

[1] *Vie de Scipion Ricci,* by M. de Potter. *Biographie de tous les papes,* published in Brussels in 1827. *Vies* by Paul Jove. In the last volumes of *The History of Painting* I shall publish fifty pages of small facts, all admitted. — Suppression of the convent of Bajano.

The traveler who is writing this can swear that among the men whom he has seen exercise power, Cardinal Consalvi and Pius VII are the ones whom he has liked best. In the lower ranks he could name among his friends several monks and a few abbots.

A Roman monsignor, stupid and with a conceit that you could cut with a knife, the uncle of the pretty Fulvia F . . ., had permitted Count C . . . to do his portrait. The count, exasperated by his model's stupidity and not knowing what to say to him, suddenly exclaimed, "You will look really imposing when you are a pope!" The abbot blushed profusely and finally said, "I'll admit to you that I've often thought so myself."

A young man belonging to one of the great families and a clever schemer aspire equally to become prelates (monsignori). An employed monsignore sees himself as a cardinal, and there is no cardinal who does not aspire to the papacy. All of which banished boredom from high society. You yourself, dear reader, who laugh at their folly and at the ruses of Roman politics, what would happen to you if you knew that a prize of one hundred million was to be drawn by lot within seven years from now among forty of your friends and yourself? What head would not be turned by such a thought?

JUNE 14, 1828 / The prime merit of a young painter is knowing how to imitate perfectly what he has before his eyes, whether it be the head of a young girl or the arm of a skeleton. It is with this talent that he will be able to copy exactly the ideal head of Tancred mourning the death of Clorinde, or that of Napoleon in St. Helena looking out over the sea. It is his imagination that will create the model he is to copy if, that is, after having learned the material parts of his art—color, chiaroscuro and drawing—he happens to have a soul to provide him with subjects. If this soul impels him to paint scenes too far above the prosaic tenor of everyday life, people will perhaps praise his painting *on faith,* but very few people will really feel its merit.

Dutch merchants, the duke of Choiseul who was the minister of Louis XV, and thousands of collectors pay its weight in gold for a painting representing a fat cook scaling the back of a cod, provided that this picture combine the three material parts of the painter's art. The enormous forms of Rubens' nymphs (*The Birth of Henri IV* at the Louvre), Titian's figures, often insignificant, appeal to men somewhat less lacking in soul. Finally, seventy-five percent of French travelers would feel quite at a loss in a tête-à-tête with one of Raphael's Madonnas; their vanity would suffer strangely, and they would end up by regarding her with exasperation; they would accuse her of haughtiness and feel that she despised them.

As for all the paintings by Raphael whose subject is not a pretty woman, Parisians arriving in Rome merely esteem them *on faith;* and if the *cult of ugliness* triumphs completely in France, this painter will be as despised in eighty years as he was eighty years ago.

If the young painter of whom I was speaking has a great deal of intelligence and imagination, but does not posses the *sine qua non* of his art, namely color, chiaroscuro and drawing, he will make nice caricatures like Hogarth, whose paintings no one looks at once he has seized the ingenious idea that they are intended to present to the viewer.

Civilization blanches souls. What strikes one particularly, when one returns from Rome to Paris, is the extreme politeness and the lusterless eyes of all the people one meets.

JUNE 15 / All Europe envies the elements of real well-being that France possesses. England herself is far indeed from the state of prosperity which we should be able to enjoy, were we not a little mad. Because a lieutenant of artillery became emperor, and flung up on the summits of society two or three hundred Frenchmen born to live on an income of a thousand *écus,* a mad and inevitably ill-fated ambition has taken hold of all the French. Even the young people repudiate all the pleasures of their age, in the mad hope of becoming deputies and eclipsing the glory of Mirabeau (but we are told that Mirabeau had passions, and our young people seem to have been born at the age of fifty). In the presence of the greatest goods, a fatal bandage covers our eyes, we refuse to recognize them as such, and forget to enjoy them. By a contrary madness, the English, really condemned to an inevitable misfortune by the *debt* and by their frightful aristocracy, make it a point of vanity to say and to believe that they are blessed with the greatest good fortune.

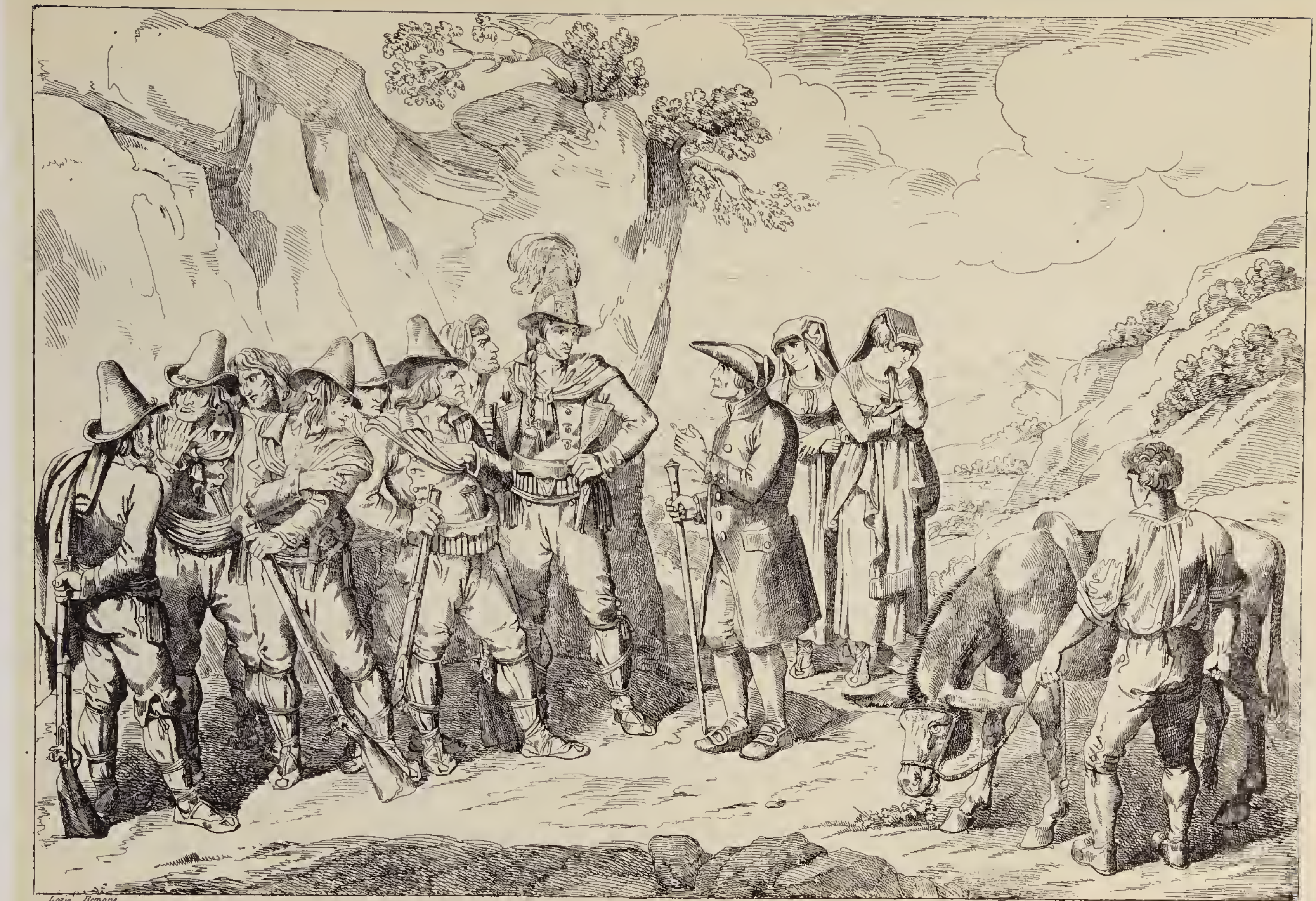
Italian good sense cannot understand our strange folly. Foreigners see the total result of what happens in a nation, but they do not sufficiently seize the details to see *how* good operates. Whence that so quaint belief: if ever Italy rises up to obtain the charter of Louis XVIII, France will support her.

This supposition aside, Italian good sense quite understands that henceforth any charter can be reduced to one single article:

"Everyone can print what he will, and violations of the laws governing the press shall be judged by a jury."

JUNE 16 / One evening, at Madame Tambroni's, Canova was speaking about the beginnings of his career. "A Venetian nobleman, by his generosity, made it possible for me to be free of anxiety for my subsistence, and I devoted myself to beauty." At the urging of Mesdames Tambroni and Lampugnani, he went on to tell us about his life, year by year, with that perfect simplicity which was the striking feature of his Vergilian character. Never did Canova give a thought to the intrigues of society except to fear them; he was a workman, simple of spirit, who from heaven had received a beautiful soul and genius. In the salons he sought beautiful features and looked at them with passion. At twenty-five he was fortunate enough not to know how to spell. And at fifty he declined the cross of the Legion of Honor because an oath was required. At the time of his second voyage to Paris (1811), he refused a vast living establishment offered him by Napoleon—a house wherever he wanted, near or far from Paris, in Fontainbleau for example—as well as a salary of fifty thousand francs, and twenty-four thousand francs for each statue that he would make for the emperor. Canova, after having refused this splendid way of living and honors that would have proclaimed him in the eyes of the universe the leading living sculptor, returned to Rome to live in his third-floor apartment.

He would have witnessed the cooling of his genius if he had settled in France, the light of the world, then busy with victories and ambition as it is today with industry and political discussions. It has been given to the French to understand the arts with infinite subtlety and intelligence; but up to the present time they have been unable to rise to the level of *feeling* them. The proof of this heresy would be tedious to establish for painting and sculpture, but if you are candid, witness the *physical discomfort* with which people allow themselves to be afflicted everywhere in Paris, and for example in the various theatres. In order to experience the effect of the arts, a body must be at ease. Witness the glum and complete silence at the opening performances at the Bouffes; vanity dares not speak, for fear of compromising itself. At an opening performance in the Argentina theatre in Rome, everyone gesticulates at the same time. The most suspicious old abbot is as mad as a young man; for the opera that pleases them they feel a real love; they buy a little piece of candle, by the light of which they read the libretto. Before



Lazio Romano

Pellegrini Parroco, che induce Gasbarrone ed i suoi a costituirsi al Governo

Pinelli F.

33. PILGRIM LEADER PERSUADING GASPARONE AND HIS MEN TO SURRENDER TO THE GOVERNMENT

Drawing and engraving by Bartolomeo Pinelli

French civility and good manners, the priests holding their lighted tapers would hurl insults at the maestro when the music displeased them. Then they would begin the most buffoonish verbal exchanges spiced by the naïveté and the frenzy of the participants.

The French really like only *what is fashionable.*

In the North, in America for example, two young people feel love for each other only after having assured themselves, in the course of twenty evenings spent in reasoning coldly together, that they have the same ideas on religion, metaphysics, history, politics, the fine arts, novels, dramatic art, geology, the formation of the continents, the imposition of indirect taxes, and on many other things. At first sight, and without any metaphysical reasoning, a statue of Canova's moves a young Italian woman to tears. Less than a week ago Giulia V . . . was obliged to hide her tears behind her veil. Madame Lamberti had taken her to see Canova's *Farewell of Venus and Adonis;* and on our way we were speaking of quite other things—and very gayly, as it happened.

It is not by a sudden transport of the heart that the arts are felt north of the Alps. I almost think that one can say that the North feels only by thinking; to such people one must speak of sculpture only by borrowing the forms of philosophy. In order to bring the general public in France to a feeling for the arts it would be necessary to give to language the poetic bombast of Madame de Stael's *Corinne,* which revolts noble souls, and in addition excludes gradations.

There are undoubtedly among us a few noble and tender souls like Madame Roland, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Napoleon, the convict Laffargue, etc. If I could only write in a sacred language understood by them alone! Then a writer would be as fortunate as a painter; one would dare to express the most delicate sentiments, and books, instead of being all prosaically alike as they are today, would be as various as dresses at a ball.

JUNE 17, 1828 / Will the extreme pleasure that Petrarch's finest sonnet gave us this evening be a sufficient excuse for me to place it here? The unexpected sight of a new painting by Raphael would not have moved us more deeply. The Italian language is so bold in the expression of passions, and so little spoiled by the delicacies of the court of Louis XV, that I do not dare to attempt a translation of this piece. The Italians will reproach me, for their part, for having quoted a poem that everyone knows by heart.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA

Dopo la Morte di Laura

Levommi il mio pensier in parte ov' era
Quelle ch'io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra
Ivi fra lor che il terzo cerchio serra
La rividi più bella, e meno altiera.

Per man mi prese e disse: In questa spera
Sarai ancor meco, se il desir non erra;
I' son colei che ti die' tanta guerra,
E comple' mia giornata innanzi sera:

Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano:
Te solo aspetto, e quel che tanto amasti
E laggiuso è rimaso, il mio bel velo.

Deh! perchè tacque, ed allargò la mano?
Ch'al suon di detti si pietosi e casti
Poco mancò ch'io non rimasi in cielo.

JUNE 18 / The pope's government is a pure despotism like that of Cassel or of Turin. Except that every eight years the first place is obtained by a studied maneuver, and all the others are reached by a combination of prudent contacts and real merit. The election, that singular circumstance, gives an original character to everything. In Rome, as you know, the laity, whatever their rank, whether they be princes or plebeians, occupy no important post. The plebeians are lawyers, doctors, engineers of bridges and highways, but all posts that have some authority are held by priests. In 1828, therefore, what risk does an ambitious man incur by being too fanatical or too backward?

You have read Mill, Ricardo, Malthus, and all the authors of political economy. Imagine the contrary of the rules of administration that they recommend; these are the ones observed in Rome, but often with the best intentions in the world.

Here, as in France in the fifteenth century, the same matter may be decided by two or three different ministries; the amusing thing is that the various ministries keep no record of their decisions, there are only dossiers, and what is easier than to remove an important document from a forgotten file? Should your cousin become general of the Minims or of the Premonstrants, or of the Capucins, or of the Dominicans, you reopen a case decided against you twenty years ago; and you in turn win out over your adversary.

The delays involved in cases between private individuals are therefore incredible. The litigant who expects to lose his case does everything in the world to postpone the decision. Should this decision be rendered, the *auditor santissimo* goes and speaks to the pope, and everything is stopped. An immense advantage, for in the course of the next ten years the litigant who was about to lose his case may see one of his relatives come into power.

The above will be denied; but do not let yourself be dazzled either by vain words or by adroit reticences. Ask for the plain, unvarnished story of the last *cause célèbre* judged in the course of the year. The tribunal of the Sacra Rota often renders decisions that are not subject to appeal; the prelates who compose it are extremely able jurists; but what good can possibly be accomplished with usages so contrary to common sense? A detailed treatment of the matter would require two or three pages, and I prefer to refer the curious reader to the Jesuit Lalande.

The moment a father sees a child of his manifesting a spark of intelligence, he makes a priest of him. The child may some day protect his family. Who knows? he may become pope. This singular chance works on all minds, and fits in well with the passionate love of gambling that is one of the characteristics of the Italian imagination. It is customary for the nephew of a pope to be a prince; such is the origin of the fortune of the Albani, Chigi, Rospigliosi, Barberini, Corsini, Rezzonico, Borghese and so many other families.

As for the way to make a fortune in the lower classes, this is my booter's opinion: You should carefully avoid being a hard worker, pious and well-behaved. Make a lot of noise, have a good time, go to Mount Testaccio with pretty women; scandal begins to break out in the district, suddenly you are touched by grace, and you deliver the care of your conscience into the hands of some *fratone* (an adroit Capucin or Carmelite who often rubs elbows with influential cardinals); you work assiduously in the daytime in your shop, and make up for it by having a prudent good time at night; you give alms, and in five or six years you are recommended to the good customers, to princes, to foreigners, and you find yourself at the head of a renowned shop. "I would have made a fortune more quickly," added the shoemaker, "if I had married a pretty woman; but I must say I find that a distasteful method."

JUNE 19, 1828 / My friends are beginning to take an interest in sculpture; here are some of the ideas which the sight of the statues of the Pio-Clementine museum suggested to us. Our fatuity wholly prevents us from understanding the ancients. The incredible indecency of a tomb in the court of the Studi, in Naples. A sacrifice to Priapus on a tomb, and young girls playing with the god! How far removed from the idea of a mass for the dead! We see how greatly the Christian religion disposes souls to love-as-passion. Imagine! not even death, nothing can break our relations with what we have once loved!

Can sculpture give us the head of Napoleon contemplating the sea from the height of the rock of St. Helena; or the head of Castelreagh who is about to commit suicide? If such a thing is possible, there is a place for Canova's successor.

A sculptor, who was with us this morning at the Pio-Clementine museum, seeing what we were demanding of his art, made the following comment: "One day," he said, "a Russian nobleman begged the court painter to make him a portrait of a canary of whom he was very fond. This cherished bird was to be represented giving a kiss to his master who had a piece of sugar in his hand; but it had to be evident from the expression in the canary's eyes that he was giving his master a kiss through love and not through the desire to obtain the piece or sugar." This answer was greatly applauded, but I confess that I am not convinced.

Sculpture must fulfill several conditions, without which it is not sculpture. It must be beautiful seen from all sides: for example: a Requiem music that is not agreeable to hear is music only while its author is living and scheming. Can this necessity to be beautiful, which I assume for sculpture, be reconciled with the expression of the passions? It seems to me that all great movements render sculpture ridiculous. (See with what restraint the ancients expressed Niobe's grief.) It is a different art—that of Madame Pasta—which undertakes to present to us the movements of a mother who is on the point of killing her children in order to avenge herself on her father (Medea).

The nude was an object of worship among the Greeks. Among us it repels. The vulgar in France grant the name of beauty only to what is feminine. Among the Greeks no gallantry was ever shown to women, who were but servants, but they showed at all times a sentiment condemned by the moderns. The soldiers of the Theban legion would die for their male friend, but did this friendship include tender melancholy? The man who is ready to kill his enemy does not kill himself. This would be making oneself inferior.

If the love of Heloise for Abelard has created more delicate sentiments than anything that antiquity presents to us, painting as practiced by Raphael and Domenichino must surpass the much-vaunted paintings of Apelles and Zeuxis and their fellows.

We are deeply drawn to Raphael's and Correggio's Madonnas, by rather moderate and often melancholy gradations of passion. The charming things discovered in Pompeii, on the contrary, are but the wholly sensuous painting that suits a burning climate as does a sonnet by Baffo; there is nothing for the loving soul. It is the opposite of a civilization in which one imagines that one pleases God by inflicting pain on oneself (Bentham's ascetic principle). Read the admirable theory of sacrifices by M. Joseph de Maistre, and proceed from this to the Neapolitan tomb that presents the sacrifice to Priapus. In 1829 we do not believe in M. de Maistre, and the Neapolitan tomb shocks us. What are we? Whither are we going?

Who knows? In such a state of doubt, nothing is real but the tender and sublime pleasure that the music of Mozart and the paintings of Correggio give.

JUNE 20, 1828 / Nowadays good form forbids gestures, said I one day to Canova who did not quite follow me. A judge sentences M. de Lav. . . . to death. M. de Lav. . . . is a man of good breeding, precisely because the man beside him, if he is completely deaf, cannot tell by looking at him whether he has just been acquitted or sentenced to death. Will not this absence of gestures to which all nations will come sooner or later do away with sculpture? England and Germany are perhaps a little superior to us in sculpture only because they are less civilized than we[1]. In the arts requiring gestures, French artists are reduced to imitating gestures known and admired by all Paris, the gestures of the great actor Talma. The best that can be said of their characters is that they act with talent, but rarely do they seem to feel on their own account. Take the painting, *Atala Borne to the Tomb,* by the late Girodet, in the Louvre museum. Does Chactas's face teach us something new about the grief of a lover who buries the corpse of his mistress? No: it is merely in perfect conformity with what we already know. Is this painting on a par with what painting had invented before M. Girodet? Remember the face of Agar looking with a remnant of hope at Abraham who turns her away (in Guercino's *Agar,* Brera museum, in Milan).

---

[1] See, in the *Memoirs* of the Margrave of Bayreuth, the manner of living of rich people in Prussia around 1740. Paris at that time had a society that read Crébillon fils's *Hasards du coin du feu* and Marivaux's *Marianne*. Germany is led astray by Kant and his successors, and England by the Bible and Methodism. It will take those people more than a century to become as civilized as we.

Is M. Girodet's painting on a par with the ideas that the Abbé Prévost inspires in us in the last pages of *Manon Lescaut*?

No. The figures of the great modern painter are actors who perform well, and that is all.

At Signor Tambroni's we sometimes spoke, in Canova's presence, of the necessity for the sculptors of the civilized nations to imitate the gestures of famous actors, of *imitating an imitation.* Despite our attempts to be incisive, Canova barely listened to us; he put little stock in philosophical discussions on the arts; he no doubt preferred to enjoy the charming images that his imagination conjured up. As the son of a simple worker, the happy ignorance of his youth had preserved him from the contagion of all poetics, from Lessing and Winkelman indulging in bombast on the *Apollo,* to Herr Schlegel, who would have taught him that ancient tragedy is *nothing other than sculpture.* If these theories on the arts were the charm of the conversations of Messrs. degli Antonj, Melchiorre Gioja, della Bianca, B. and M., whom I met every evening in the Tambroni house, it was because we were not great artists; in order to glimpse pleasant images, we needed to talk.

Theories discussed in such good company excited our imaginations to represent to ourselves vividly the divine works of sculpture or of music whose merit we were discussing. This, it seems to me, is the mechanism that makes theories so agreeable to *dilettanti* and so importunate to artists. In France the reasoning philosopher is, in addition, an object of terror to them; for he can write *articles* in the newspapers, which though abhorred are ever present to their minds and determine their fate. An article by Geoffroy put Talma in a fury: the great actor went and needled the old man in his box. "What is left to an actor, if his contemporaries are unfair to him?" Talma complained to us, still boiling with anger. This ridiculous scene is to my eyes one of the greatest proofs of Talma's genius. The public demands of the great actor whose reputation it will make ten years from now gestures a little simpler than Talma's. The actors who still imitate him are hereby forewarned.

Canova was too kind and too happy to hate us; I only think that often he did not listen to us. I remember that one evening, in order to excite his attention, Melchiorre Gioja said to him, "In the arts that owe little to mathematics, the beginning of all philosophy is the following little dialogue: Once upon a time there were a mole and a nightingale; the mole came up to the edge of his hole and, seeing the nightingale who was singing, perched on an acacia tree in bloom, said to him, 'You must be quite mad to spend your life in such a disagreeable position poised on a branch shaken by the wind and with your eyes dazed by that frightful light that gives me such a headache.' The bird interrupted his song. It was difficult for him to imagine the mole's absurdity; afterward he laughed heartily, and treated his black friend to some impertinent reply. Which was in the wrong? They both were.

"How often have I not heard the dialogue of an old atttorney or a banker who has grown rich and a young poet who writes for the joy of writing, without thinking about money, which in truth he often lacks.

"A man prefers Girodet's *Déluge* to Correggio's *St. Jerome*. If this man repeats a lesson he has just learned in some book, you must smile to him pleasantly and think about something else. But if he is likeable and candidly presses us for an answer," Melchiorre Gioja continued, "I shall tell him, 'Sir, you are the nightingale and I am the mole. It is impossible for me to understand you. I can discuss art only with beings who feel more or less as I do. But if you wish to speak of the square of the hypotenuse, I am your man, and within fifteen minutes you will think as I do; if you wish to speak of the advantages of the *spirit of association* or of the *jury,* and you are neither a priest nor a man of privilege, within six months you will think as I do; if you have invented for your use a science of logic, and in addition you have become accustomed to put it into practice, instead of six months, we shall need only six days to reach a common *credo.*' "

Canova had the fable of the *Mole and the Nightingale* repeated to him three times. He told us laughingly that the very next day he would have Signor Deste, his pupil, make a bas-relief representing the two characters of this dialogue.

Since drawing is an exact science that a cut-and-dried being can learn like arithmetic, by means of four years of patience, the fable of the *Nightingale* is in no way applicable to the chief merit of Messrs.

David, Girodet, etc. These gentlemen were great geometrists.

The same may be said of musical science. In six months' time, thanks to the accelerated methods of the nineteenth century, any amateur can acquire what is needed to be a pedant and speak of a diminished seventh; after which he will have less enjoyment and will be twice as boring.

If one is dealing with someone who is a bit slow of wit, one can tell him that there was once a barbet who said to a big greyhound, "What pleasure do you find in getting all out of breath chasing a hare, instead of enjoying yourself as I do doing pretty tricks to be caressed by your master?" There you have two animals of the same species.

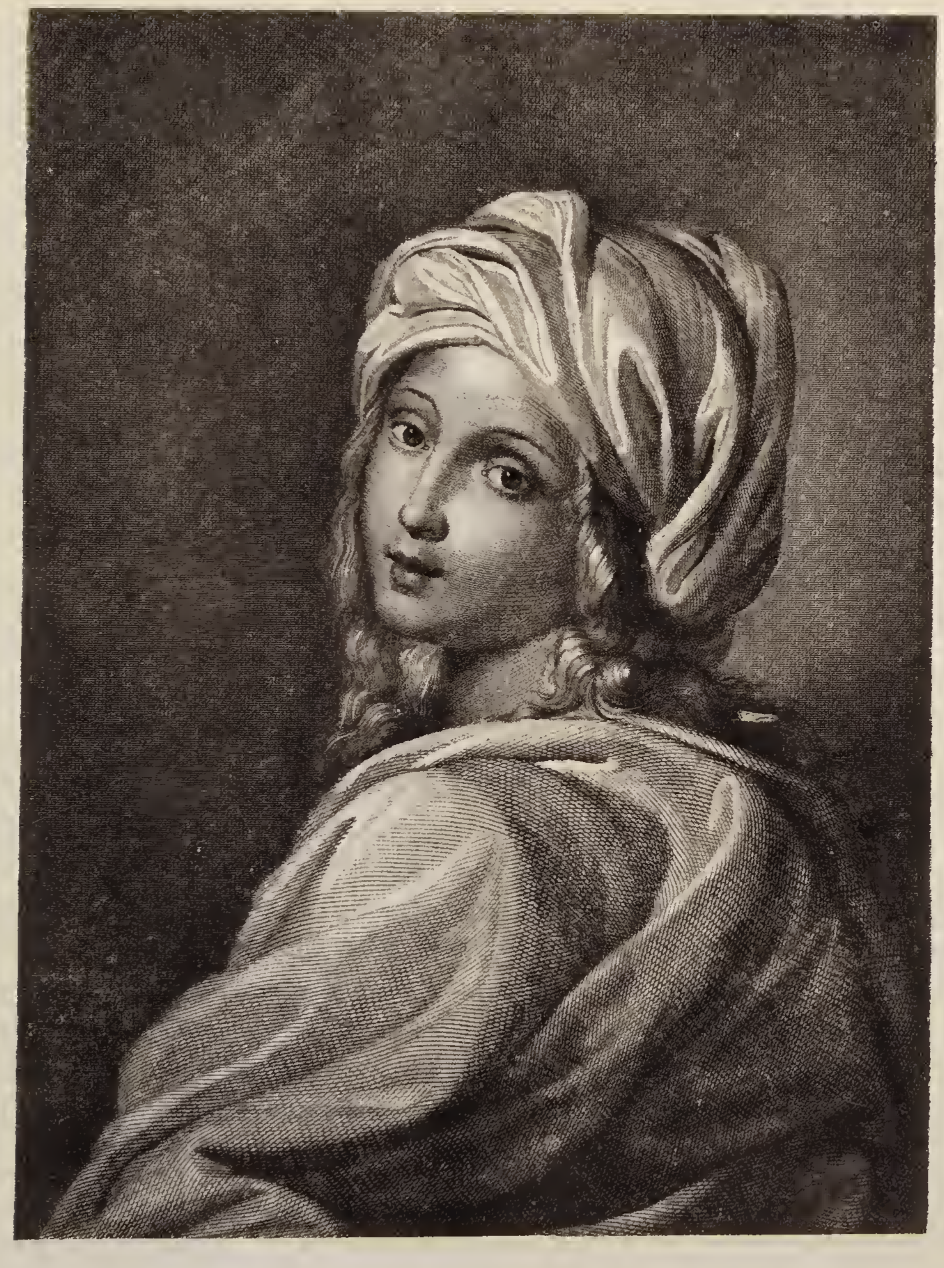
JUNE 21 / The odd inscription that one finds on the doors of certain houses in Pompeii:

HIC HABITAT FELICITAS

It is tantalizing to imagine a virtuous woman living in Pompeii and reading this inscription every day when she passes in the street. Sexual modesty, the mother of love, is one of the fruits of Christianity. The exaggerated encominums on the state of virginity were one of the follies of the first Christian pamphleteers; they clearly felt that what constitutes the strength of a love or of a worship is the sacrifices that it imposes. But an effect of their speeches was to give a Christian virgin a free and independent kind of life; she was able to deal as an equal with the man who sought her in marriage, and the emancipation of women was accomplished.

JUNE 24, 1828 / This morning I again saw Domenichino's frescoes in Sant'Andrea della Valle; there are days when is seems to me that painting can go no further. What an expression of tender and truly Christian timidity in those lovely faces! What eyes! Plunged in deep admiration, and speaking little and in a low voice, I was examining these frescoes with nice O. (a Jacobin who has an income of fifty thousand francs); a priest suddenly appeared and severely reprimanded us for talking aloud in the church. Nothing could be more untrue. There was no one in the huge church which, besides serves as a passage; and if diplomacy had been independent of the priestly party, we should have given that very insolent boor a piece of our minds; we had to beat a retreat.

This scene occurred just at a moment when our souls were deeply stirred by masterpieces of the arts, and made an extremely disagreeable impression on us. Needless to say, we made no secret of our adventure.



34. BEATRICE CENCI
Engraving by Alessandro Ponetti

This evening we bore a grudge against society, and we gave ourselves the pleasure of turning two or three powerful priests to ridicule. They left in high dudgeon; will they have us banished?

JUNE 25, 1828 / From the time of Tiberius, Rome was like those fashionable parts of the former park of Père Lachaise, where the vanity of the nineteenth century piles up tombs. All the fine spots of the Capitoline hill, of the Forum, etc., were occupied, and most of them consecrated by temples. If an emperor, or a rich citizen, succeeded in buying a little corner of vacant terrain in a fashionable street, he quickly took advantage of it to raise a monument by which he aspired to make himself illustrious. Conditioned by the ideas of a republic that had honored Horatius Cocles and so many heroes by monuments, the rich citizens of the century of Augustus had a horror of the profound oblivion into which they would fall on the morrow of their death. This accounts for the pyramid of Cestius, who was nothing but a financier; the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the wife of the rich Crassus, etc. etc. Those people may be said to have succeeded since I, an Allobroge, from the far North, am writing their names, and you are reading them, so many centuries after them. A similar sentiment appeared among the popes whose hearts were a little above the vulgar. The arts are lost in Rome, since men of this character will henceforth be solely concerned with seeking means of delaying the triumph of Voltaire and of the two chambers. Whether this country exists with or without the chambers, everything foreshadows the downfall of the arts during the nineteenth century. But, by means of an ingenious application of the steam engine, some American will be able, for six *louis,* to deliver to us a quite pleasing copy of a painting by Raphael.

A pope has his coat-of-arms placed on the smallest wall that he has restored and even on the painted wooden benches with which he furnishes the antichambers of the Vatican or the Quirinal. This quite pardonable vanity maintains the love of the fine arts. Even so one may read, at the King's Zoological Garden in Paris, the name of the animal-lover who makes a gift of a bear.

JUNE 26, 1828 / Here as everywhere else, the honor of speaking to the men who hold power must be bought at the price of a few moments of boredom. As French diplomacy forgets to protect the men who are supposed to have been attached to the court of Napoleon, I sacrifice ten hours a month listening attentively to powerful old priests.

Who would believe that there are people in Rome today who attach much importance to the story of Popess Joan?[1] A personage of considerable stature, who aspires to the cardinal's hat, attacked me this evening on the subject of Voltaire who, according to him, had indulged in many impieties concerning the Popess Joan. It is my impression that Voltaire says not a word about her. In order not to be *disloyal to my cloth* (the worst of faults in the eyes of an Italian), I maintained that the popess had in fact existed, using as best I could the reasons that my opponent let slip.

Several contemporary authors relate that after Leo IV, in 853, a woman, German by nationality, occupied the See of St. Peter, and had as successor Benedict III.

I have said that one must not expect of history a kind of certainty that it cannot offer. The existence of Timbuctu, for example, is more probable than that of the emperor Vespasian. I should be more inclined to believe in the reality of the most singular ruins that some travelers claim to have seen, in the heart of Arabia, than in the existence of King Pharamond or King Romulus. It would not be a strong argument against the existence of Popess Joan to say that the thing is improbable. The exploits of the Maid of Orleans are far more shocking to all the rules of common sense, and yet we have a thousand proofs of them.

The existence of Popess Joan is proved by an extract from the chronicles of the ancient monastery of Canterbury (founded by the famous Augustine, who had been sent to England by Gregory the Great). Immediately after the year 853, in the catalogue of the bishops of Rome, the chronicle (which I have not seen) bears these words:

"Hic obiit Leo quartus, cujus tamen anni usque ad Benedictum tertium computantur, eo quod mulier in papam promota fuit."

And after the year 855: *"Johannes. Iste non computatur, quia femina fuit. Benedictus tertius,"* etc.

This monastery of Canterbury had frequent and intimate relations with Rome; it has been adequately proved, moreover, that the lines I have just quoted were set down in the register at the very time that is marked by the dates.

The ecclesiastical writers who look to the court of Rome for their advancement still believe it useful to establish that the *power to remit*

---

[1] This woman was pope and reigned from 853 to 855, almost a thousand years ago. Most of those who have spoken of Popess Joan had reasons for lying. She is known in Italy because she is a figure in the game of *tarocchi*.

our sins, which the pope enjoys, has been transmitted to him from pope to pope, by the successors of St. Peter, who had himself received it from Jesus Christ. As it is essential, I do not know why, that the pope be a man, if from the year 853 to the year 855 a woman occupied the pontifical throne, the transmission of the power to remit sins was interrupted.

At least sixty authors, Greek, Latin and even *holy,* tell the story of Popess Joan. The famous Etienne Pasquier says that the immense majority of these authors had no ill-will toward the Holy See. The interest of their religion, of their advancement and the very fear of some chastisement required that they keep this strange adventure concealed. During the ninth and tenth centuries, Rome was rent by factions, and disorder was at its height. But the popes were hardly more wicked than the princes who were their contemporaries. Agapet II was elected pope before the age of eighteen (946), Benedict IX mounted the throne at ten and John XII at seventeen. Cardinal Baronius himself, the *official* writer of the court of Rome, admits this. Is there much difference between the face of a young man of eighteen and that of certain women of bold and determined character such as is needed in order to aspire to the papacy? In our own day, despite the intimacy that military life enforces, have not several women disguised as soldiers won the cross of the Legion of Honor, and this in the time of Napoleon?

I see that this appeal to facts greatly embarrasses my antagonist, who based his chief arguments on *improbability,* for the historic texts are inexorable.

Marianus Scott, a Scottish monk, who died in 1086, relates the story of the popess. Bellarmin, a papist writer, says of him, *"Diligenter scripsit".*

Anastasius, surnamed the *Librarian,* a Roman abbot, a learned man and of high merit, who was a contemporary of the popess, relates her story. It is true that in many af Anastasius's manuscripts, this scandalous page was omitted by the copying monks. But it has been proved a thousand times that it was their custom to suppress everything that they considered contrary to the interests of Rome.

Le Sueur, in his *Ecclesiastical History,* and Colomesius, in his *Historical Miscellany,* quote an Anastasius in the library of the king of France that contains the whole history of Popess Joan. There were two similar Anastasiuses in Augsburg and in Milan. Saumaise and Freher had seen them.

Anastasius was sufficiently informed, he lived in Rome, he spoke as an eye-witness. He wrote the lives of the popes up to Nicholas I, who came after Benedict III.

Martin Polonus, the archbishop of Cozenza and penitentiary of Innocent IV, has written the history of Popess Joan.

This singular woman is sometimes called *Anglicus,* at other times *Moguntinus.* Roolwinck, the author of the *Fasciculus Temporum,* says, "*Joannes Anglicus cognomine, sed natione Moguntinus.*" Mézeray, in the *Life of Charles the Bald,* says that the existence of Popess Joan was accepted as a *constant truth for five hundred years.*

The reader is well aware, from the serious turn of the pages he has just read, that this discussion, which had begun in the salons of his excellency, the ambassador of ..., ended up in the Barberini library, where my learned antagonist had made an appointment to meet me. Here we verified most of the texts. A M. Blondel, a Protestant, but who lived in Paris under Louis XIV, and who *sought advancement* [1], composed a quite unconvincing dissertation to disprove the existence of Popess Joan, who probably reigned from 853 to 855.

But what does the truth of this anecdote matter? It will never reach the kind of men who have their sins remitted. "Give a French *Civil Code* to your subjects," I told my adversary, "and no one will seriously revive the memory of the young German woman who so awkwardly placed herself between St. Peter and Leo XII. She was young, for her sex was revealed by a childbirth occurring in the midst of a procession. In the Louvre museum a porphyry bath chair is shown that is mixed up with the history of Popess Joan." But I do not wish to become scandalous.

The ladies traveling in our company have struck up acquaintance with several German painters of the highest merit: these gentlemen imitate Ghirlandaio and find that the Carracci, and perhaps even Raphael, have spoiled painting. But what do an artist's theories matter? Their paintings give me almost as great pleasure as those of the most ancient painters of the Florentine school. There is the same love of nature, the same truth. We met these gentlemen today two steps from the Piazza di Spagna, in the house of the consul of Prussia, Herr Bartoli, where they have painted in fresco several subjects drawn from the Bible. One told me, "I rather like you, but you are unfair toward Germans."

---

[1] This is the politest term I can use, and it is also the first question to raise regarding a man who goes in for the writing of history. Remember how Mézeray's pension was withdrawn and given back by Colbert. Almost all histories need to be rewritten.

"What I am trying to do," I replied, "is to give an idea of the customs of the Italians and their manner of feeling—a difficult thing and, as you know, a dangerous one for my tranquility.

"It is from the core of this manner of feeling that have sprung the Correggios, the Raphaels, and the Cimarosas, who of all the men I have not seen are the ones to whom I surely owe the most agreeable moments and the greatest gratitude. I can paint the customs of Italy only by using as the background of my painting customs of Paris or of England, which cast shadows and mark outlines by the opposition of colors. I say, for example, that in marriages there is such a usage in Italy, which differs in this or that respect from this or that usage in Paris. In Genoa there is a certain marriage contract that is known as the lady's future *cicisbeo* (around 1750); but if I never compare the manners of behaving of Italy to the usages of Germany it is because that country, which showed so much courage in the century of Luther, and which shows so much naturalness in love and the other family relations, has only artificial and passing social usages.

"The civilization of Germany is arrested first of all by the universities. The students or *Burschen* get drunk on beer and fight duels[1], in accordance with amusing practises, instead of working seriously. I know only one place on earth where a mass of *young men,* as they call themselves, work seriously; this is Paris, and the workers are the young people who, by discoveries in the natural sciences, want to make a situation for themselves and enter the Paris Academy of Science, the only good one.

"The Germans are a candid people; as such, they have imagination, and consequently a national music. *Irony* has not been protected in Germany by the support of a single and preponderant court. At the court of Munich they make fun of the etiquette of the court of Wurtemberg or of the etiquette of Baden. The social usages of the German will become fixed only by a two-chamber government. Today the invasion of reason is prevented by the influence of fifteen or twenty courts that divide the country of Arminius. There you have a duke of Coethen newly converted to Popism, who does not want the public officials of his states to marry without his signed permission. And you make fun of nothing!

---

[1] These excesses are protected by the German governments as preserving the kernel and the strength of nationality. They are not sufficiently numerous nor general to eliminate serious occupations, and they are neutralized by the complete abstinence of German students of the other sex.

"The Germans have said to themselves: the English boast of their Shakespeare, the French of their Voltaire or their Racine, and we should have no one! It is as a result of this observation that Goethe was proclaimed a great man. Yet what has that man of talent written? *Werther*[1]. For Marlowe's Faust, who summons up the vision of Helen (of the *Iliad*), is better than his.

"As for your philosophy, it is wholly summed up in the phrase, *I like to believe.* It is true that you like to believe what is just and beautiful; but the moment you start amusing yourself by believing what is desirable, absurdity knows no more bounds. Kant and Plato triumph. I too *would like to believe;* but three poor little children have just died of fever next door, which *forces me to believe* that all is not just and beautiful in this world.

"Were the paradise of the Christians nothing but the certainty of seeing again those we have loved, what could be more beautiful? What a delightful prospect for the imagination!"

But I had let myself be carried away by my worthy German, who spends his life in imaginary spaces, following the example of Schelling, Kant, Plato, etc. These philosophers, for the inhabitant of Berlin, are like skillful musicians whose function it is to exalt his imagination. This is why the Germans need a new great philosopher every ten years. We have seen Rossini succeed Cimarosa.

The manners, the social habits of Germany, though quite likeable, are very little known; they are not fixed, they change every thirty years. I could therefore not use them as a point of comparison to help a few curious and impartial people of wit to a better knowledge of the country from which Paris, for three hundred years, has brought the Rossinis, the Piccinis, the Leonardo da Vincis, the Primatices and the Benvenuto Cellinis.

The conversation lasted a good long time. My adversary spoke very well and most politely, but did not in truth shake me in my belief. Germany has one delightful thing in its favor; all marriages there are love matches[2].

France will produce people like Voltaire, Courier, Molière, Moreau,

---

[1] This is a bit strong! Rarely can a foreigner feel the full value of Goethe's *Faust.* Moreover, it is absurd to mention only his *Faust* and his *Werther.* Don't you know his *Tasso,* his *Goetz,* his *Egmont*? Besides, Germany can match the great authors of

Hoche, Danton, Carnot; but I very much fear that the fine arts will always be in the situation of the orange trees in the Tuileries. If we shine by our intelligence, would it not be showing a lack of it to aspire to combine all possible advantages? to wish to give Europe both Voltaires and Raphaels? Must nations always behave among themselves like badly brought up and presumptuous young people?

There are days when the beauty of the climate of Rome alone suffices for happiness; today, for example, we enjoyed the pleasure of living by slowly rambling through the area surrounding the Villa Madama. We felt Raphael's divine architecture. In our enthusiasm for the great man, we went, before returning to our quarters, to see his little church of the Navicella. Here you have the Italian *prettiness,* so far removed from the *rococo.* Forgive me this last word, which designates French *prettiness* twenty years after it has ceased to be fashionable.

Our German painters, people of real merit, have told us several things about the king of Bavaria, Louis. This prince feels the fine arts and loves them like a German (and not like an Englishman or a Spaniard: this is rare praise). One of these gentlemen tells us that a friend of his has counted fifty thousand statues in Rome and the nearby countryside.

JUNE 27, 1828 / The abbé C..., with whom we spent the day, told us a thousand things that I cannot repeat here without shocking good society and even the tribunals.

Signor C. spoke to us this evening about the Rome of his youth. It was in 1778; Pius VI had been reigning for three years. Almost all the middle class of Rome was wearing the ecclesiastical habit.

An apothecary with wife and children, who did not wear an abbot's dress, exposed himself to losing the practice of his neighbor the cardinal. This dress cost little and was highly respected, for it could cover an all-powerful man; that is the advantage of the absence of decorations. Only black habits were therefore to be seen.

There were as many courts in Rome as there were cardinals. If a cardinal becomes pope, his doctor is the pope's doctor; his nephew is a prince. This ticket won in the lottery is a boon to everyone in the household, great and small. It was constantly said, in 1778, that the master was like a man who once every eight years put his hand into the hat to pick

---

France and England with several great spirits whom the author appears not to know.

[2] This was seventy years ago.

a black ticket mixed with thirty-nine white tickets, and this black ticket confers a throne. (I am translating the Roman phrase. The people here are constantly concerned with the lottery, with the hazards of games of chance, and a pope is unlikely to live longer than seven or eight years.) People in Rome are daily talking about the illnesses of the reigning pope. This conversation is cruel, lugubrious and bores me; people enter into surgical details. Everyone repeats the proverb, *"Non videbis annos Petri"*, which means, "You will not reign twenty-five years." When in 1823 Pius VII was approaching St. Peter's years, the people believed that if the pope gave the lie to the proverb, Rome would be destroyed by an earthquake. Pius VI and Pius VII, by reigning twenty-four and twenty-three years respectively, caused a good many cardinals to die of vexation.

The profound immorality that reigned in the Sacred College in 1800 has gradually disappeared, and so has all wit. In Rome as elsewhere, it is the most stupid who govern, or who instill fear in those who govern. Such is the spirit of *restorations.*

Consider the prudence that had to prevail in a country where a court—the most despotic, but also the most prudent and the least violent in the world—was flanked by thirty courts at least as prudent. Imagine the conduct of a courtier of Cardinal Mattei, for example, who had only six courtiers; what assiduity! the more wit the cardinal had, the less liberty was left to the courtier. The only compensation that this unfortunate had was to be surrounded by the respect and the attentions of his family during the few hours that he could spend at home. From this stems the Roman *politeness* and *prudence;* from this, too, its politics. *"Questa gente è l'unica al mondo per il maneggio dell'uomo,"* says Cardinal Spina.

Never will a French imagination conceive the unbelievable attentions bestowed on a powerful priest by his family. Among us there are services that the most devoted friendship leaves to the valet.

In Rome, as there is no career open to young people, four or five years of chagrin, of anxieties and of unhappiness await middle-class youth around the age of eighteen, when they must choose a profession. A *fratone* (a powerful and scheming monk) can by a mere word pull a young man out of this hell by obtaining for him some small situation paying six *scudi* per month (thirty-two francs). From this moment the young Roman's imagination becomes calmed. He sees himself rich in the future, provided he is *prudent,* and no longer thinks about anything but love. It should be observed that Rome is more of a small town than Dijon or Amiens; not everything is told, but everything is found out. People in Rome still talk about Cardinal de Bernis; his memory is one of the most imposing that the old men of the town have kept. That is because the cardinal was magnificent and polite. This is all that a private man, if he is prudent, sees of a great nobleman. The *Memoirs* of Marmontel and of Duclos will tell you what Cardinal de Bernis really was, and Casanova's *Memoirs* will tell you how he spent his time in Italy. Cardinal de Bernis supped with Casanova in Venice and ran away with his mistress. How he did it is something quite curious.

In Rome, Cardinal de Bernis is an heroic figure; he used to give a magnificent dinner every day and received once a week. M. de Bayanne, the Rota auditor (judge of the Rota court for France), had the most agreeable *conversazione* in Rome, *bocetti* tables in one room, in another the best castrates, the leading women singers, a good orchestra; in a third, literary and philosophic chatter, that is to say discussion on Etruscan vases, on the paintings of Herculaneum, etc.; everywhere a profusion of mirrors and of nimble and respectful lackeys. Imagine all this convenient magnificence directed by the master of the house, a clever man who has a passion for it.

The revolution has changed all this. M. d'Izoard, cardinal and archbishop, was Rota auditor in my time; he never received, and he was reported to the French ambassador, M. de Blacas, if he went to say his prayers in a church adjoining Cardinal Fesch's house.

In 1778, our abbé continued, the Roman cardinals and princes could not get over their astonishment that two sensible men, after having drawn a winning number in the lottery of fortune, Messrs. de Bernis and de Bayanne, should go to so much trouble to dine and wine the public. Prince Antonio Borghese, somewhat jealous, would say, "Those people were brought down from an attic by fortune; magnificence is a novelty that they cannot get over."

A prince or a cardinal would dine alone, would then go to see his mistress, and would spend enormous sums in building a palace or in restoring the church that gave him his title. (See Casanova's *Memoirs,* the edition in French printed in Germany in 1827.)

Today's cardinals do not build, because they are poor; three or four, perhaps, have mistresses—respectable women of a certain age; twelve or fifteen conceal *passing* fancies beneath a perfect prudence. (The story of three dowries obtained this year by Cecchina, our neighbor.)

The ignorance of these gentlemen in everything that relates to administration is the same as in 1778, that is to say superlative. But it is more striking because the world has taken a step forward. My neighbor, a young Roman lawyer, reads M. de Tracy's *Logic,* translated into Italian. The youth of the cardinals of today, compressed by Napoleon, has not been spent in intriguing at the Princess Santa Croce's or at Signora Braschi's. Therefore one cannot hope to find in the court of Rome either the subtlety or the *savoir-vivre* that were so conspicuous among the colleagues of Cardinal de Bernis. Two or three of them, perhaps, are clever, which greatly embarrasses them.

The cardinals of 1829 know man by the works of the holy fathers and the legends of the Middle Ages; the name of *monsu* de Voltaire makes them turn pale. They think the term *political economy* is a new name given to some execrable French heresy. To their way of thinking Bossuet and Voltaire are not so very far apart, and they hate Bossuet more, for they look upon him as a renegade. But I shall say nothing further; it is difficult to speak of the present time to a society that is somewhat straight-laced and that needs to despise those who tell it stories.

In 1745, the emperor Francis I[1] had just been elected in Frankfurt, despite the efforts made by France and Spain; the Austrian party in Rome thought up a kind of celebration. They took a child of twelve to thirteen, the son of a painter named Leandro, and having a pretty face; he was dressed in tawdry finery; a *facchino* carried him standing on his shoulders; he was paraded about in Rome, followed by a crowd of rabble that shouted, "Long live the emperor!"

The mascarade passed first before the palace of Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, the French chargé d'affaires, stopped beneath the windows and redoubled its cries of joy. The cardinal clearly sensed that this was not to do him honor; but, deciding to do the thing that was appropriate with a populace, he showed himself at the balcony and had a few handfuls of silver thrown down. Immediately the rabble pounced upon the coins, crying, "Long live the emperor! Long live France!"

The ragged mob, excited by the success of its insolence, continued its march, betook itself to the Piazza di Spagna, before the palace of Cardinal Aquaviva, intending to play the same farce. The cardinal appeared at a balcony. At the same moment twenty gunshots were fired

[1] Emperor of Germany, 1745—1765; father of Marie Antoinette. (Editor's note.)

from the grilled windows of the palace, felling as many killed as wounded, and the poor child was among the dead. The procession instantly took to its heels; but presently the people of Rome gathered into an angry crowd, bent on setting fire to the palace and burning Aquaviva. The latter had provided himself with more than a thousand stalwarts with whom he filled the Piazza di Spagna. Four pieces of cannon loaded with grape-shot were put into firing position before the palace. The populace, which was converging on the Piazza di Spagna from all the streets, took fright; they scattered, and vented their fury only through imprecations against the cardinal. A plan was set into motion to get under Cardinal Aquaviva's palace through a sewer and blow it up with gunpowder. The chief of the conspiracy was a mason named Giacomo, a strong-headed man. The cardinal, who felt some anxiety, had spies at work. They brought Giacomo to him. The cardinal explained to him that it was by a fatal misunderstanding that his men had fired on the people: the order had been to fire in the air. Giacomo did not try to deny the plot to blow up the Piazza di Spagna, which was clearly the reason he had been brought here. There might be witnesses hidden behind the tapestries of the cardinal's room. All that could be got out of the mason, after a long conference, was the assurance that he would never do anything to threaten His Eminence's safety.

After this bold stroke, Cardinal Aquaviva was all the more respected in Rome, and he knew how, in one way or another, to get rid of those who offended him. Casanova's *Memoirs*—far superior to *Gil Blas,* [1] except for the style—give a good picture of this *cardinalone* and his manner of acting toward a young girl. As for his political conduct, President de Brosses gives a charming account of his deeds and ways.

With age, worldly passions subsided, the fear of hell remained, and Cardinal Aquaviva felt an urge to make public amends for the *salutary rigors* that had filled his life. But as in the case of Cardinal de Retz, the Sacred College—*ob reverentiam purpurae*—refused to allow it.

I hardly know what would be done today about a cardinal who should have an insolent man shot to death. Perhaps he would be forced to a year's retreat at the delightful convent of la Cava, near Naples. The underling who fired the shot would be convicted to the galleys in perpetuity and would escape six months later. It must be recognized that the fear of French jibes has changed the entire conduct of the cardinals; Voltaire is Luther's successor. Nothing is considered more obnoxious in Rome than a book like the one you have before your eyes. On the other hand a great deal of protection is accorded to the scholar who concerns himself only with Etruscan vases and arrives in Rome loaded with the ribbons of his country's government; for after all one must not seem to hate literature. Some cardinals have endless jibes about the poor devil of a traveler who trots around the globe at his own expense; they gloat over the vexations to which he is subjected by consuls and the police. One of them was saying, at the envoy of . . . 's, "I suppose those poor devils have nothing to eat at home."

---

[1] *Gil Blas,* a picaresque novel, the masterpiece of Alain-René Le Sage (1668—1747); the first major novel in France to portray the life of the middle classes with some measure of realism. (Editor's note.)

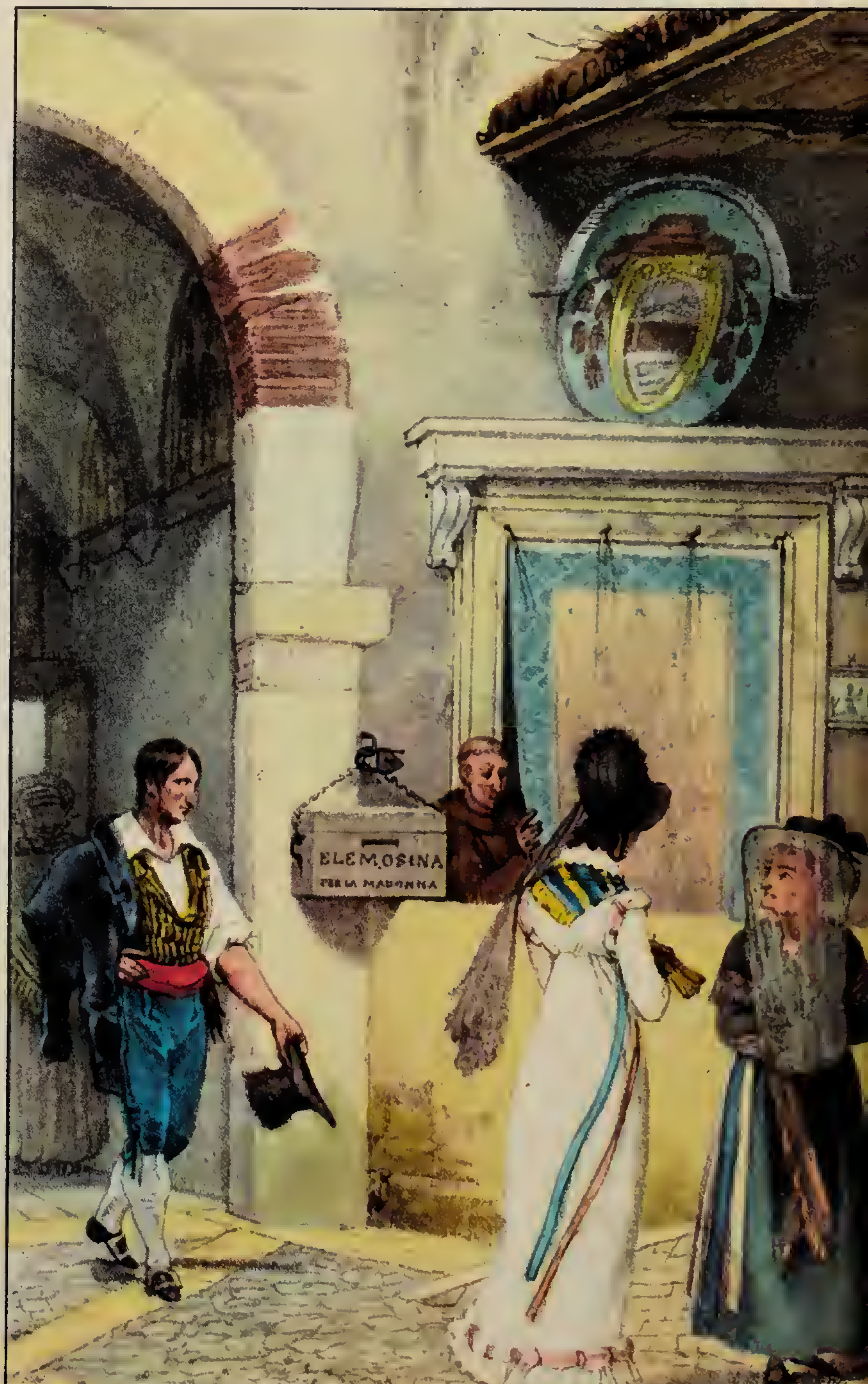
Paul, who was present, seized upon the remark, explained that he was an elector, and took the occasion to explain to those present our whole electoral law, the functions of the chamber of deputies, the petitions against curates who refuse the sacraments, the decrees of the courts of justice against the *contrafatti,* etc. Presently there was a circle of some thirty persons around him, among whom three curious cardinals and two other who were highly annoyed, *e di stizza.* The revenge was complete. Among this people given to mockery, fortunate is the man who can invent a jest and coolly follow it through! This description of the publicity that attends everyone's little sins in France, developed in front of the enemy cardinals, seemed a delight to the Roman malice. It made Paul famous; people in various circles are beginning to run after him.

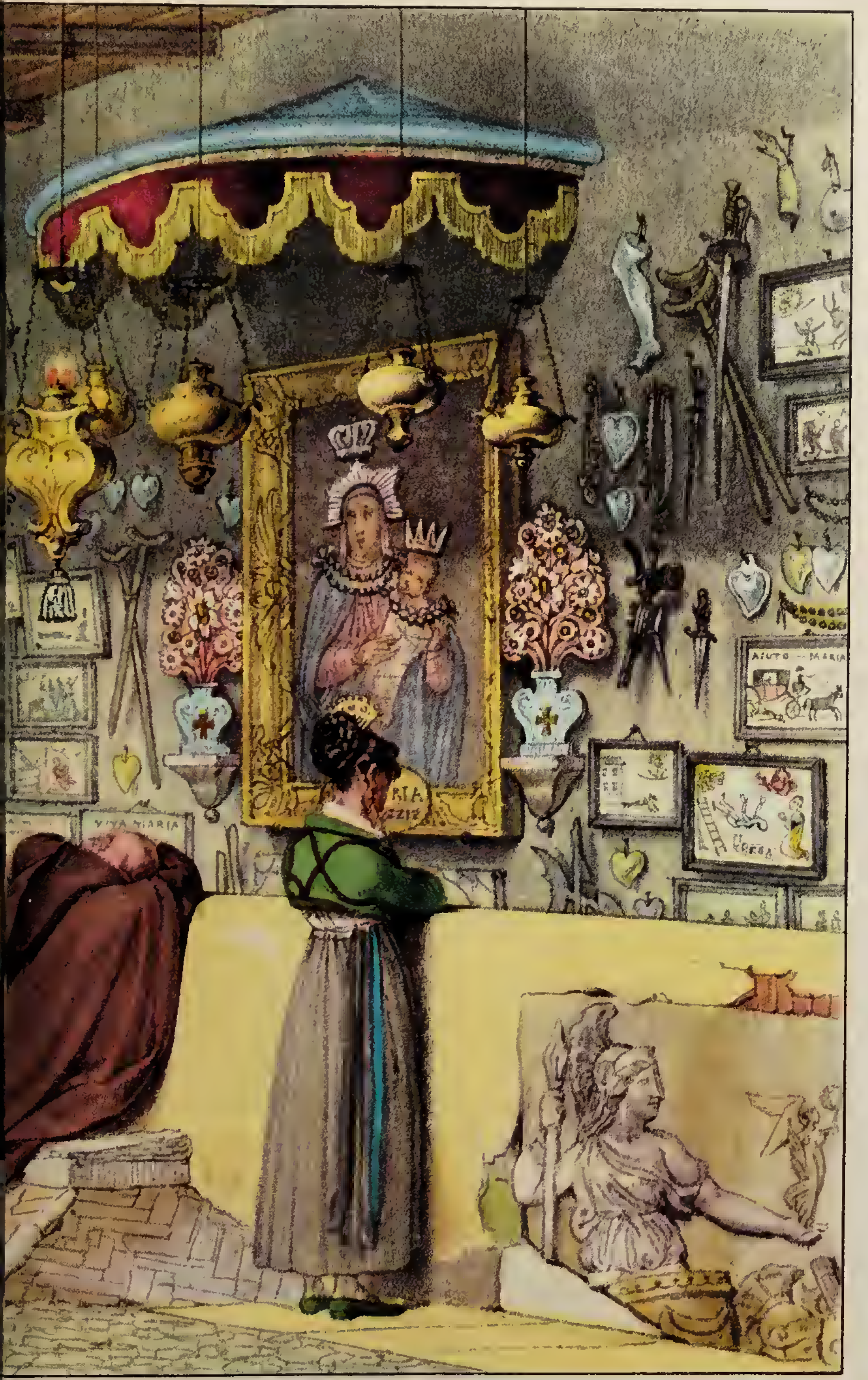
TRAJAN'S COLUMN

JUNE 28, 1828 / In the year 99 A.D., and 867 by the Roman calendar, the Senate dedicated this column to Trajan, who was then waging war against the Daces, and who died in Syria before seeing this monument completed. Dion Cassius relates that Trajan wished this column to be erected on his tomb; he wanted posterity to know that, lacking space, he had had removed a part of Mount Quirinal equal in height to this column. The last two lines of the ancient inscription of the pedestal clearly indicate this intention.

Cassiodorus says that Trajan's bones, enclosed in a gold urn, were placed beneath the column that bears his name. He was the first of all the Romans to have his remains entombed in the city.

35. VOTIVE OFFERINGS
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas


ELEMOSINA
PER LA MADONNA


AIUTO — MARIA
VIVA MARIA
VIVA MARIA

Lith. de Villain

The bas-reliefs of Trajan's column appear to me to provide a perfect model of the historic *style;* nothing is exaggerated, nothing is neglected. The articulations of the bodies are treated with a lordly mastery almost worthy of Phidias; it is the most perfect portrait that the Romans have left us of themselves, and sooner or later engravings of these military actions will be placed in all Roman histories.

Under the reign of Napoleon, the steward of the crown in Rome had removed the earth that concealed the columns of the magnificent basilica placed south of Trajan's column. The latter was erected in a very narrow space (seventy-seven feet in length by fifty-six in width), that could be obtained only by attacking the rock. Fanatical worshippers of antiquity claim that this column must have produced a much better effect when surrounded by tall buildings. It is certain that the light, coming from above, must have given greater relief to the figures, and by climbing up into the adjoining buildings they could be viewed at closer range.

We shall not speak again here of the basilica that the nineteenth century saw restored at the foot of Trajan's column. We went down this morning into the vast square, ten feet below the level of the streets that surround it; it was with an ever-renewed pleasure that we walked on the marble pavement of Trajan's basilica.

The ineptitude of the modern architect (it was M. Valadier, I believe) has erected a wall that obliterates the view of the basilica from the persons who pass in the street on the side opposite the column. Despite this absurdity, the restoration is nevertheless the finest in Rome.

The scholars who print itineraries of Rome would not obtain the license of the *maestro del sacro palazzo* (the censor-in-chief) if they indicated the works carried out by orders of Napoleon. All these great works, which would have immortalized ten pontificates, are supposed to have been executed by the orders of Pius VII. Several itineraries, for example Féa's, printed in 1821, have carried prudence to the point of not even making mention of the basilica that we have just seen. This reminds us of the well brought-up child who told his mother that Louis XVIII had been a king much addicted to war. The child was questioned, and it was discovered that in the history books of the Jesuit colleges, Napoleon is represented as a skillful general to whom Louis XVIII had given the command of his armies.

JUNE 29, 1828 / I suppose Dancourt was a faithful painter of the manners of his time. Before the revolution a shoemaker, an attorney or a doctor more or less knew what their social status was. The doctor, the lawyer, came into society only in a subordinate capacity; now Paris is a republic in which equality reigns, and one is a man of society first and foremost, for everyone well knows that one achieves fortune and fame only through drawing-room relations.

In Rome people are concerned with achieving happiness by satisfying their passions; everyone follows the impulses of his soul, and this soul in no wise takes on the color of the trade that the man pursues in order to earn his living. There is nothing narrow or base in the shoemaker's manner of behavior; and if tomorrow chance were to bring him a great fortune he would not be too much out of place in high society. At most he would stand out by his energy, for here as everywhere French education has etiolated the upper classes. Last year the courts drew our attention to several murders committed through love; the accused all belonged to the working class which, because of its poverty, has no time to concern itself with the neighbor's opinion and with convention. M. Laffargue, the journeyman cabinet-maker, whose life the Pau court of assizes has just spared, has a sturdier soul than all our poets taken together, and more wit than most of these gentlemen. In Italy, Cimarosa has painted the passions of the people.

This morning we were in Tivoli. In a café our excellent *vetturino,* who has become our friend, but whom I shall not name for fear of bringing persecution down on him, ran into his comrade Berinetti, about whom he had told us a great deal. I offered the worthy man some punch.

Last year, Berinetti happened to be in Venice. There, in one of the darkest *calle* or small streets, he was startled by the sight of a young girl. His surprise was even greater when, on perceiving him, she turned her head away and wept. Berinetti remained motionless for a moment, then said to himself, "It's Clarice Porzia, of Terni."

A year before, he had driven this young person and her father, a rich merchant of Terni, from Rome to Naples. Berinetti, whose own words I am reporting, for he is the hero of the story, said to himself, "Clarice's presence in Venice, and especially the way she burst into tears when she saw me, are not natural. I must find out about her."

From the moment when this idea came into the good man's head, he put aside all his business and spent days and nights roaming through the streets in the vicinity of the one in which he had caught sight of Clarice Porzia.

"But what about your travelers?" I asked him.

"I was supposed to drive to Rome, as a matter of fact, with four good fares (meaning that they were the kind who pay well), but I told them one of my horses was ailing, and I passed them on to a comrade. I should have considered myself the lowest kind of creature if I had not clung to my idea of finding Clarice again. Finally, on the fourth day, completely worn out, I went into a small shop where they sell Greek wine and fried fish, and what did I see? Clarice, prettier than ever, but oh, so pale and thin. I took off my hat and went up to her respectfully. She wanted to run away from me, but I begged her to listen to me. 'I have something to tell you!' I exclaimed and it was surely my good angel who inspired me when I added, 'Your father is well, he sends his love and asked me to deliver four sequins to you.'

" 'Alas! it is impossible!' she replied, weeping.

"People in Venice are very curious, and I saw that they were beginning to look at us and that Clarice did not want to be overheard; I gave her my arm, and we got into a gondola. There she burst into tears. I did the best I could to put her at ease; merciful God, how pale she was!

" 'I am a lost girl,' she finally said. 'I allowed myself to be seduced by Ceccone.'

" 'Oh, do not say that!' I cried—for I must tell you, signore, that Ceccone is a Neapolitan *vetturino,* the worst scoundrel to be found on the road from Bologna to Naples, a man without heart and a thoroughly bad character. Well, anyway, signore, he had run away with this girl of eighteen, had gone through all the money he had obtained from her jewels, and then had abandoned her in Venice, where she had been living for six weeks on fifteen *soldi* a day. I pretended to take it lightly. 'Never mind all that, signorina. Tomorrow we shall leave for Terni!'

" 'Ah, I'll never dare to see my father again.'

" 'I promise you he won't scold you.'

"The next day we started off. When we reached Terni I hid her in a cottage a quarter of a mile from town; she had told me on the way that her father would never forgive her for having run away with Ceccone—such a bad character. 'Well, I shall say that it was I who ran off with you.' I ran the risk of being murdered; but I had made up my mind to see this matter through. On entering Terni I commended myself to the good St. Francis of Assisi. I went in and saw the father; he was unarmed, but for greater safety I asked him to follow me to the café. There I shut myself up with him in a small room, and he immediately began to weep. 'You're bringing me news of Clarice,' he said. 'Yes,' I said, 'if you will swear to me that you will do no harm to her, nor to the man who ran off with her.' After a good hour of persuasion he finally calmed down, then I confessed to him that I was the man. The poor fellow had no evil designs. I told him that, although I was married, I had had a moment of weakness; I led him to his daughter. Ah, signore, what a moment! In the end, she spent six months in a convent in Rome. I was worried that the father might be intending to leave her there; but no, he is a good sort, he has just married her well in Spoletto."

I spent an hour with the good Berinetti, who told me several anecdotes that compromise some highly respectable persons, and would be like a black blot in this book were I to repeat them.

In driving us back to Rome, our *vetturino* told us, "The strange thing is that Clarice's father never repaid Berinetti the eighty scudi that this whole affair cost him, even though Signor Porzia knows the whole truth, for that scoundrel Ceccone wrote him that it was he who had seduced Clarice and not Berinetti. To the latter Ceccone has written that he would die only by his hand, and he will keep his word: *"Non vorrei esser nei panni di Berinetti"*—I would not want to be in Berinetti's shoes.

I feel that this story hardly deserves to be printed. Personally I was carried away by the poor *vetturino's* greatness of soul. It shone through his eyes and in the telling of a score of details that I have omitted as being too long. He considered himself merely as adroit and not at all as generous; it was clear that he had used all his wit to bring about the reconciliation with the father, and not to be knifed as he made the would-be confession.

The story pleased our lady companions, so I shall introduce Berinetti to them. Frederick says to us: "Molière was appointed by Louis XIV to give an ideal model to each class of his subjects, and to flay with ridicule all those who hesitated to conform to this model. Colbert arranged to have men of finance exempted from the list. Only the bizarre men who are driven, by a touch of madness, to take up the profession of writing, could have withstood the jibes; for them the French Academy was invented. Thus all liberty in little things, everything unpredictable, was banished from France. We are now in a period of transition that will last one hundred years; and the new moral order that will succeed what we know will in the first place be superior to anything that exists in England or elsewhere, being the most recent in date and established in a century of enlightenment and of examination. The new society will begin by throwing into the fire all current books; Montesquieu himself will then be ridiculous; Voltaire childish, etc. Lord Byron, in that remote posterity, will appear as an obscure and sublime poet whom the vulgar will believe to be almost a contemporary of Dante."

JUNE 30, 1828 / At break of day, because of the heat, we were all at the Velabro. This is where the shepherd Faustulus came upon the founders of Rome. In this small space, near the Tiber, behind the Capitoline hill, there was a pool fed by the waters of the river; it was in the forest, on the edge of this pool, that Remus and Romulus were suckled by the she-wolf.

The imagination of our lady companions was quite carried away to the early Roman times; I was careful not to destroy their pleasure by telling them that, thanks to the longevity of those primitive ages, the kings of Rome had reigned 244 years between the seven of them, giving each of them a reign of thirty-four years. Nothing extinguishes the imagination like the appeal to memory or to reasoning. That is why the preachers of the present day are so boring: they are forever reasoning against Voltaire, Fréret, etc.

We went to see the lovely temple of Vesta on the banks of the Tiber, which shows up so well as a result of the work done by Napoleon's administration (1810), and of which the present name is Hercules Victorious (*tempio di Ercole vincitore*). The circular portico, formed by nineteen fluted columns of white marble of Corinthian order, is charming. Only one column, the entablature and the roofing are missing. The wall of the circular *cella* is of white marble, and the blocks are very well joined.

The style of the capitals and the proportion of the columns, perhaps a little too slim, indicate that the temple was redone about the time of Septimius Severus.

The poverty of the materials used for the temple of Virile Fortune, situated a few paces from the temple of Vesta, is precisely what has made it so interesting to our eyes. What we have here is very probably a monument built in the time of the republic. Such is the accepted fable. This temple was erected by Servius Tullius, the sixth king of Rome; he wished to thank fortune which from a slave had made him king. The form of this edifice is a rectangle; it is surrounded by eighteen columns, six of which are isolated and the others half set into the wall. These fluted columns of Ionic order are twenty-six feet tall, and are of tufa and travertine.

We see them wretchedly covered over with stucco, as well as the entablature on which can be made out children, candelabra and heads of oxen; the pediments are of goodly proportion. This temple, erected on a large base, makes a very handsome effect since it has been unearthed by the order of Napoleon. He did not dare to restore it to its primitive beauty by eliminating the church and destroying everything that has been done to change the temple into a church. It was dedicated to the Virgin in 872, and today belongs to the Catholic Armenians.

We passed before the house attributed to Cola di Rienzo, an inscription announces that it was erected by Nicolo, son of Crescentius who, like Cola di Rienzo, dreamed of liberty in a century that was unworthy of it.

We came to the ruins of the Ponte Emilio, the first that Rome saw built of stone. The arch was the great invention of primitive architecture; for a long time, in Greece, a column was joined to the next by a beam or flat stones. The Etruscans, a precocious people, had the use of the arch.

The Ponte Emilio, begun by Marcus Fulvius the censor, in the year 557 by the Roman calendar, was completed by Scipio the African in the year 612; restored by Julius III, it collapsed in 1564 A.D.; rebuilt in 1575, half of it was carried away by the flood of 1598.

By a steep path close to this bridge we went down into a small boat, by means of which we examined the Cloaca Maxima so greatly admired by Montesquieu, and with reason. What a passion for the *useful* those first Romans had!

Being still in the mood to be stirred by relics of antiquity, we went to visit the charming remains of the theatre of Marcellus. Marcellus was the nephew of Augustus, immortal because of some lines of Vergil: *Tu Marcellus eris*! The great poet read them in the presence of Octavius, who had just lost his beloved son. This act of Vergil's reveals a soul debased by despotism, says the severe Alfieri; was he afraid that Rome would lack masters? Alfieri was rich, and Vergil was poor. The Piedmontese gentleman is only too justified when he speaks of men of letters with *impulso artificiale* (a pecuniary vocation). I apologize for this swarm of little digressions. It is by saying whatever comes into our head that we are able to achieve our main objective, which is not to bore the ladies in our travel company by making them look at ruins that are ugly to eyes devoted to fashion.

Ten years after the death of Marcellus, who would have reigned over Rome, Augustus made the dedication of this theatre. The Romans had the pleasure of seeing six hundred wild beasts killed before their eyes. Today a cantata would be sung in which the virtue of the prince would be celebrated in an academic way. On the arrival of the emperor Francis of Austria, Monti sang the return of Astrea. Justice had apparently been exiled in the time of the French, and returned with the government of Herr von Metternich! Monti was poor, like Vergil.

Jean-Jacques Rouseau alone managed to remain poor and beat Prince Conti at chess, while he was at the same time beside himself with joy at receiving the visit of a prince. After this digression, continuing the office of cicerone, I went on to relate that on the day of the dedication of the theatre of Marcellus, Augustus's curule chair had suddenly collapsed, and he fell full length on his back, which caused the old Jacobins of Rome great pleasure.

If you will forget the enormous ugly roof of the theatre of the rue Ventadour, its façade can give an idea of what remains of the theatre of Marcellus. This edifice formed a semicircle, the diameter of which was 370 feet. It could hold 25,000 spectators. What remains of it today is two rows of elegant arcades. They surrounded the part occupied by the spectators (toward the Piazza Montanara). The set-in columns of the lower arcades are of Doric order; the upper arcades are Ionic.

This ruin is so attractive, "enters the eye so well," as artists say, that most architects, when they have occasion to place the Ionic order over the Doric order, follow the proportions of the theatre of Marcellus. There was probably a third order above. In twenty years we shall be less barbarous toward architecture; that third order will perhaps be added to the Ventadour theatre, and the ugly roof will be hidden. The theatre of Marcellus is built of great travertine blocks.

Like all the somewhat solid monuments of ancient Rome, like the tomb of Cecilia Metella, like the arch of Janus Quadrifrons in the Velabro, the theatre of Marcellus served as a fortress in the Middle Ages. The Pierleoni family occupied it, and then the Savelli; later, the Massimi family had built on the ruins of this theatre the palace that we see today. Peruzzi was the architect. Signor Orsini, the present owner, has just had it restored. The court of the palace is reached by a long ramp. It follows the rise formed by the ruins of the ancient theatre.

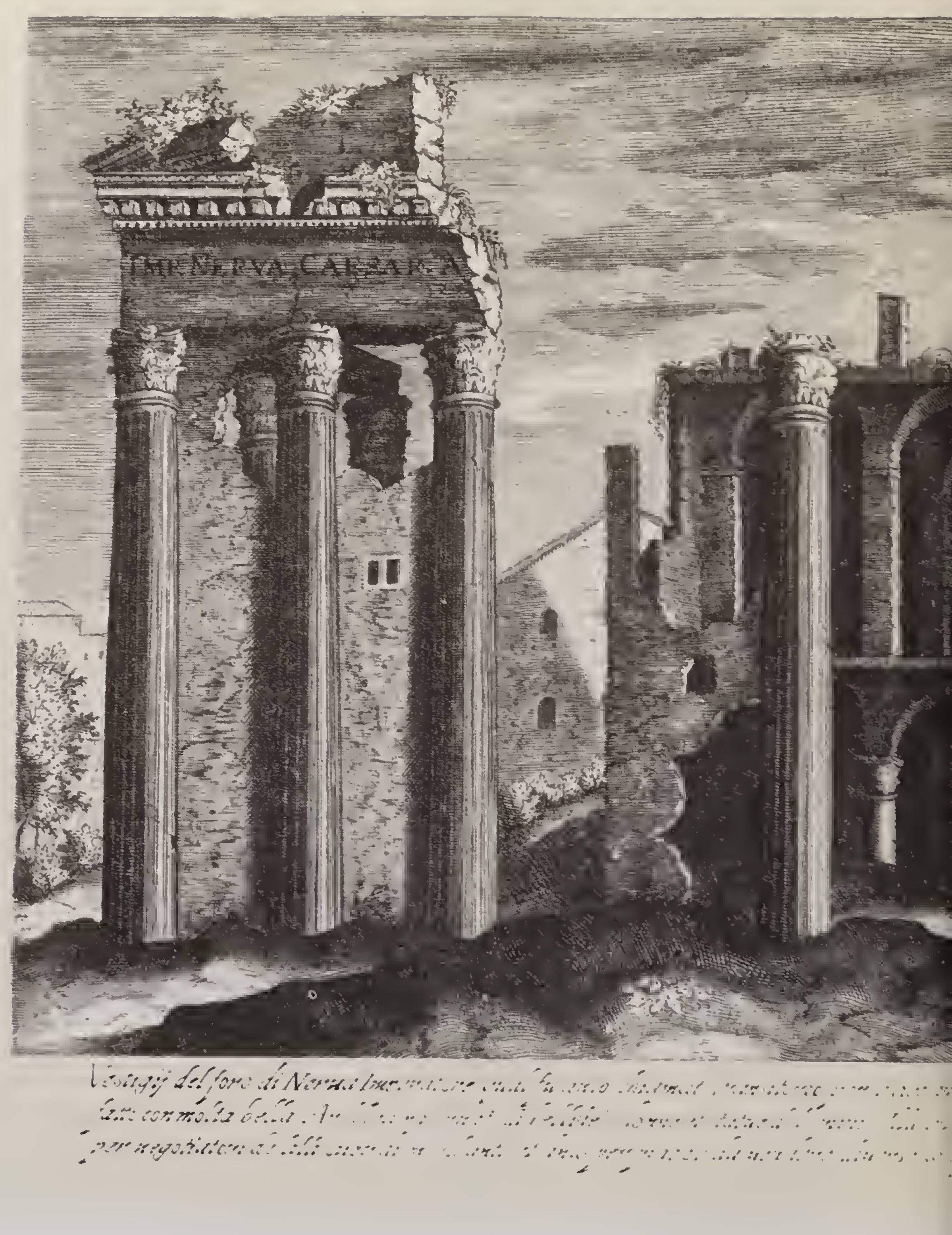
Great black clouds threatened a storm; instead of venturing out into the Roman Campagna we came back to the arch of Janus Quadrifrons. This massive edifice does in fact present four fronts, and it rests on four heavy pillars. In ancient Rome there were a number of these arches bearing the name of Janus, which were intended to offer shelter against the heat of the sun—often dangerous here. We have the names and locations of five or six vast porticos that served the same purpose. The most agreeable, in my opinion, was at the noviciate of the Jesuits on Monte Cavallo. In the winter people would gather round these shelters to enjoy the sun and talk politics. In many towns of Italy, on sunny days, in the winter, the inhabitants can still be seen, wrapped in their great coats, gathering in the shelter of some wall, to seek out the pleasures of conversation. We have come upon this usage even in Verona, though this town is far to the north.

The arch of Janus Quadrifrons is composed of large blocks of white marble; its four big pillars rise from a base; the two outer parts of each pillar are each adorned with six niches, which is in very bad taste. It was only in the century of Septimius Severus (195) that architecture reached this point of decadence. This kind of trivial ornamentation was quite in fashion under Diocletian, in the year 284. Fashion, which lives only by changes, was beginning to make its way into an art whose products last fifteen or twenty centuries. Public reason was weakened, a rare stroke of luck for the mad or stupid tyrants who reigned over Rome.

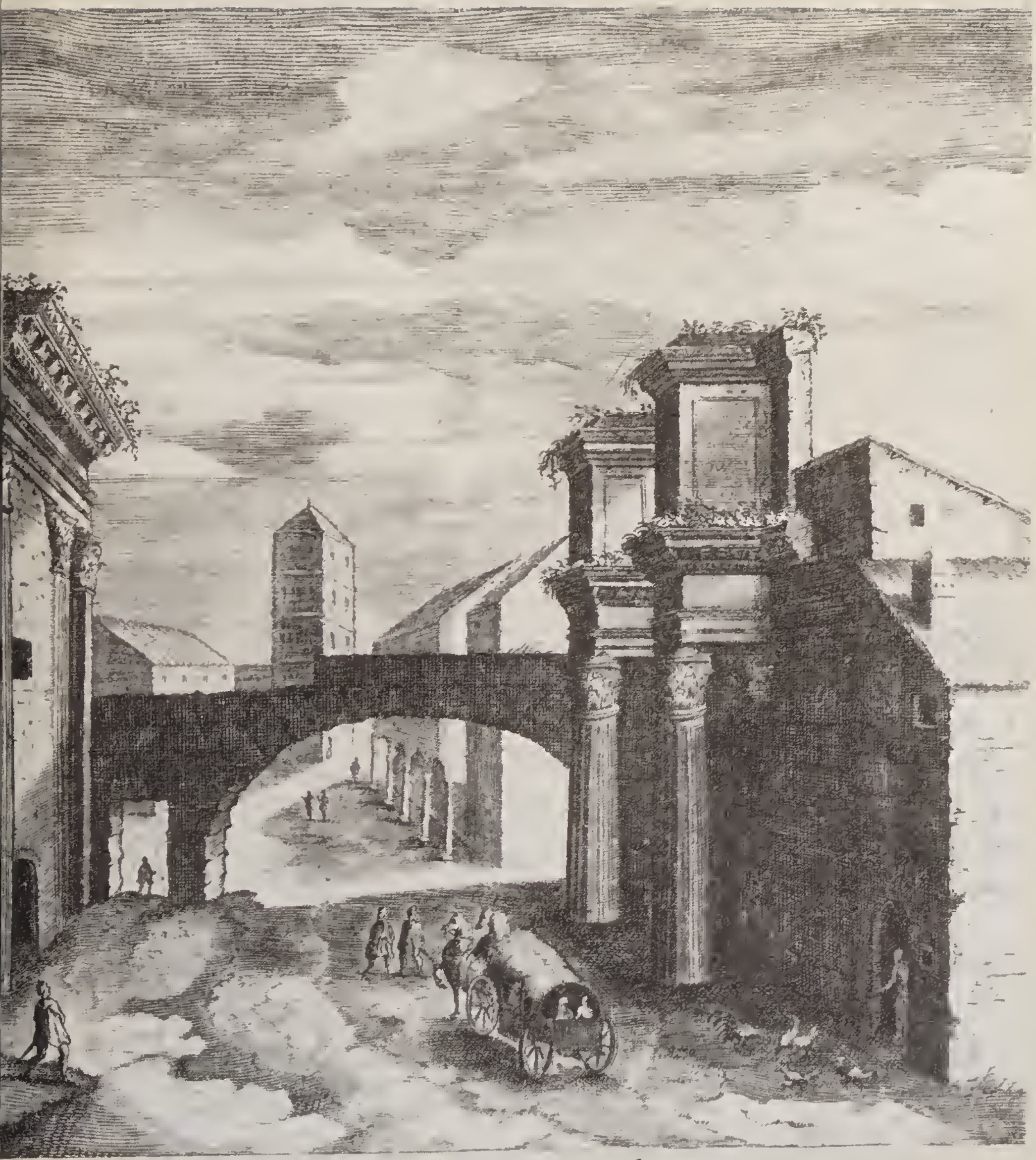
The holes that one notices in the arch of Janus Quadrifrons are attributed to the patience of the barbarian soldiers who were after the iron clamps used to bind the blocks of marble. Signor Sterni called our attention to the fact that several of these blocks had already been used for other buildings.

That mysterious being for whom we are the most remote posterity, and of whom, under the name of Hercules, only the most imperfect idea has come down to us, had erected the Ara Maxima near here; it was an altar that he had erected to himself after having killed Cacus. This thief had stolen some of Hercules' cattle; he had hidden them in a cave of Mount Aventine; but their lowing betrayed their hiding-place. We reread on the spot, with vivid pleasure, what Livy has to say about this story. These adventures were for the Romans what the traditions of the miracles of saints of the Middle Ages are for us. They still circulate freely in our countrysides. It is not easy to discover the origin of the

36. TEMPLE OF MINERVA
Engraving by Marco Sadler (1606)


IMP NERVA CAESAR A

Vestigij del foro di Nerua Imperatore [illegible]
fatti con molta bella Ar[illegible]
per negotiation[illegible]



[illegible] Romani [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Marco Sadeler excudit

great and simple actions attributed to Hercules who, in accordance with Don Quixote's sublime idea, seems to have roamed the earth in order to punish oppressors and bring succor to the weak and the oppressed. It was near the spot where we are standing that the great statue of Hercules, in gilded bronze, was discovered, which can now be seen in the Capitol.

Near here, at the foot of the Palatine, Romulus began the famous furrow that marked the enclosure of his new town; his plow was harnessed to a bull and a cow, as was prescribed by religion, which even in that remote epoch already exerted an immense sway over Italian imaginations. Is this due to the race of men or to the frequency of earthquakes and storms, which in summer are really such as to inspire terror? They even frighten us, undoubtedly because of the electric effect that jangles our nerves; then we seize a big iron bar that diminishes our anxiety.

The center of the power of the priests was here in Etruria, now so devoid of passions. They played the role that the Jesuits would like to assume; they appointed the little kings of the country, who could do nothing without their consent. I cannot help seeing the first step forward of the human mind in this triumph won by the spirit over brute force.

The town of Romulus not having been destroyed by its neighbors, as has happened to hundreds of others founded like this one by a bold brigand, the superstitious people whom it had assembled placed a bronze ox in the place where it had begun its furrow. Bas-reliefs and statues were the inscriptions of those ancient tribes that did not know how to read. This *bronze ox* confirmed or gave to this place the name of Forum Boarium.

This whole account had interested our lady travel companions; I took advantage of this to propose putting a little order into our excursions, which had so far been dictated by the inclination of the moment. These ladies today felt a kind of passion for ancient times; we decided to see again, before returning to our lodgings, the ten arches, more or less preserved, which are still to be found in Rome.

Any kind of order in our sightseeing would have seemed ridiculous and boring during the first months of our stay; then we were without passion; we should not have been moved, as we were today, by the memory of Hercules leading his herd across the Tiber. There was another drawback. Our eyes were unable to distinguish in a portico the small differences in form that indicate the century of Augustus or that of Diocletian.

JULY 1, 1828 / For two months a kind of inner revolution has shaken our little company. One of the ladies no longer makes any attempt at hiding her passion for the Villa Ludovisi and Guercino's paintings. Another lady friend often goes back to see Father Danti's geographic gallery in the Vatican. Paul himself has developed a taste—which hardly does credit to his sensibility—for Alexander VI and his century. He studies with lively curiosity the history of the Holy See from 1450 forward. Philippe is doing research on antique statues. Signora Lampugnani does not let a day go by without going back to see Canova's studio or some statue by the great man.

We have pleasant friends in Rome, and after having been on the point of leaving this town three months after our arrival, it appears that our stay will be greatly prolonged, though we may soon leave for Naples and Sicily with the intention of then returning to spend several months in our beloved Rome. This passion that I foresaw, and of which I had later despaired, is at last born.

JULY 2, 1828 / We have seen several palaces these days; first the Farnese Palace, the most beautiful of all, built by Sangallo and Michelangelo of stones plundered from the Colosseum and the theatre of Marcellus. This isolated palace has the form of a perfect square, and it stands on a very attractive little piazza. Like the palaces of Florence it is also a fortress. Danger lurked everywhere in the streets of Rome in the fourteenth century; popes were deposed and massacred like the dey of Algiers today; but as an effect of this singular and non-military despotism, the history of Rome is far more savage and interesting than that of Bologna, Milan or Florence.

The Farnese Palace, admirable because of Michelangelo's architecture, would be regarded today as horribly gloomy. I quite understand how, on the first day, a young Frenchwoman accustomed to our houses pierced by a hundred windows, might have the impression of a prison. A court closed on four sides is always an absurdity in a palace that is not a fortress, and whose master is supposed to be rich enough to buy all the necessary ground, since he aims at magnificence.

The vestibule by which one enters this magnificent edifice is adorned with twelve doric columns of Egyptian granite; and three orders of columns one upon another decorate this square, dark court on its four façades. The lowest order forms a portico of a fierce and truly Roman majesty. It is beneath this portico that has been placed the great sepulchral urn of Paros marble that belonged to the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Relegated to a corner of the court, this urn here produces no effect; it is an error of taste of the century of Paul III to have removed it from the monument of which it formed the principal part. We stopped for two hours in the gallery where Annibale Caracci has painted in fresco (1606) most of the paintings of the mythology related by Ovid. The center of the vault is taken up by the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne. The faces have a little the defect of those of Titian; while they are admirably well painted, one senses the absence of the celestial soul and of the spirit that Raphael always gives to his.

Little frescoes, placed in the lower parts of the vaulted ceiling, represent *Aurora abducting Cephalus; Galatea roaming the seas amid nymphs and tritons,* etc. We particularly noticed a painting full of freshness and sensuousness: Anchises helping Venus to remove one of her cothurns. This work is worthy of Ariosto. It is striking even for a nineteenth-century spectator whose judgment is vitiated by the memory of so many lithographs full of affectation. The drawings in the albums and the prints of English almanacs exaggerate the severe type in the faces of old people and of scoundrels, and it is easy to recognize their ridiculousness. But when one has become accustomed to seeing affected faces of the gracious kind, if one has taken ever so little pleasure in them, one is no longer responsive to the grace of Correggio, of Parmigianino, of Guido and of Annibale Carracci.

This great man spent nine years in painting the ceiling of the Farnese gallery. He was not a courtier and did not get on well with the courtiers of the cardinals who had ordered it from him. He experienced the fate that Prud'hon has met in our day. In the nineteenth century an artist must pay court to the journalist who dictates the opinion of rich people, which is nearly as scabrous as to seek to please an imbecilic, ostentatious and avaricious old cardinal. Annibale was a great artist because he was not a prudent philosopher. He had thought to insure himself bread for his old age by making this great work; he was paid in a ridiculous manner and died of disappointment.

These immortal frescoes are very much despised by French artists of David's school. The contrary faction, the painters who despise *form* and worship the ugly, finds that they have not enough expression. But if some fire or some earthquake does not destroy them, they will still be admired several centuries after the names of all of these have sunk into oblivion.

I admit that these frescoes are quite smoke-darkened. Six times a year they are exposed to the excessive heat of the thousand candles of his excellency the ambassador of Naples, who gives his diplomatic parties in this gallery.

One day Signor d'Italinski stood absorbed in thought in the midst of those men wearing three or four ribbons of dazzling colors diagonally across their chests. These personages were all busy trying to convince one another that they felt complete contempt for public opinion and the *Carbonari,* whom they mortally fear. Whereupon Signor Italinski, too old to be ambitious, spoke as follows: "A century must excel in that which is its chief concern. Our chief concern is to bring about political conversions. It is to this end that, whether we are the deceivers or the deceived, we constantly speak of the *good,* the *just,* the *useful.* Among the men whom Annibale Carracci wished to captivate, that whole part of attention and of reason that is devoted to seeking these ideals was in the service of the fine arts. Whereas today, witness the literary reviews written by the grave men who direct public opinion—what frightful *cant*! etc."

In a room adjoining the Farnese gallery we admired the most beautiful head of Caracalla that antiquity has left us; it is as beautiful as the *Aristides* of Naples, or as the *Vitellius* of Genoa.

Même quand l'oiseau marche on sent qu'il a des ailes.[1]

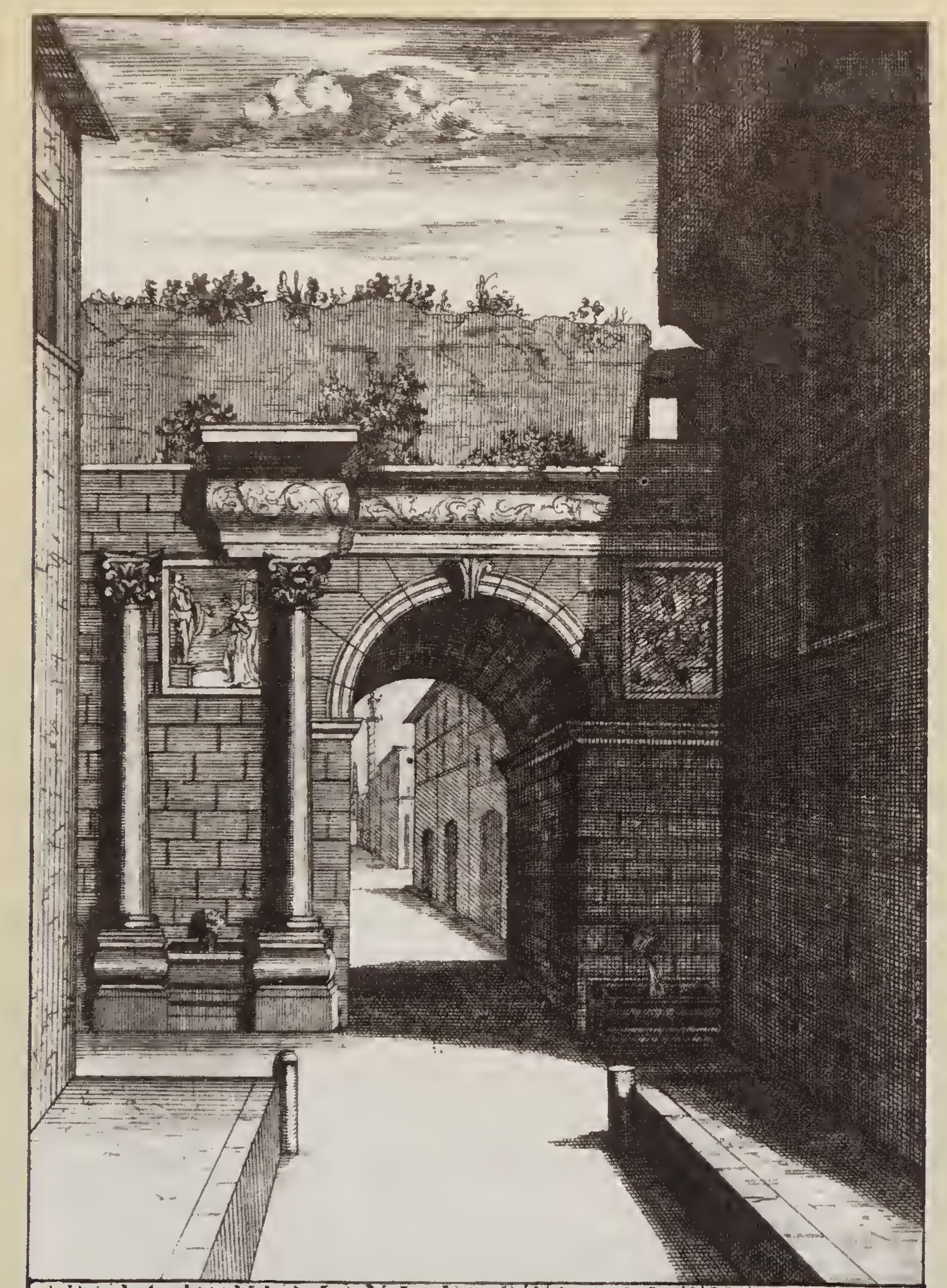
The sculptors to whom we owe these sublime portraits were able to create the ideal (they could *choose* it in nature, and did not doltishly copy it after some admired statue).

On leaving Carracci's gallery, we went to see some of the palaces of which Signor Tambroni had given us a list[2]. Most of them recall the history of the pope whose nephew built it. Almost all are remarkable for their architecture, for some beautiful statue or antique bust, or for some painting by a great master.

The laziness of the present-day Roman is so great, it is such a torture for him to go out of his way, that in spite of the prospect of the *mancia* (tip), several of them told us that the palace confided to their safekeeping

[1] Even when the bird is walking, one feels that he has wings.

[2] The first twelve in this list of thirty-eight outstanding palaces in Rome are well worth going out of one's way to visit. They include: the Vatican, the Quirinal or Monte Cavallo, the Cancelleria, Rospigliosi, Farnese, Farnesina, Borghese, Doria-Pamfili, Corsini, Chigi, the Villa Medici, Barberini.



ARCVS DOMITIANI POSTEA DICTVS *di Porto Gallo*

37. ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS (PORTUGAL)
From *Roma vetus ac recens* by Alessandro Donati

contained nothing remarkable. We replied with an air of importance, and mumbling the name of some influential cardinal, that we insisted on seeing the distribution of the rooms.

We have the courage to look only at one or two things in each palace; we shall come back at a later date if the memory of it pleases us. At the present moment we pay tribute to the world's opinion by following its suggestions.

The façade of the Giraud Palace, near the Castel Sant'Angelo, is by the famous Bramante; this is what most struck us this morning. The Stoppani Palace seemed to us beyond all praise; it is by Raphael, who was also an excellent architect. That is where Charles V was lodged when he came to Rome. We admired the stairway of the Braschi Palace (Piazza Navona), and did so all the more as it was erected in a period of decadence, in 1783.

The court of the Monte Cavallo Palace, restored by Napoleon, is also attractive, as well as the charming Madonna in mosaic set on the bell-tower. The original is by Maratta.

The Barberini Palace would be striking by its severe beauty north of the Alps; here it shows Bernini's bad taste. Weary of this modern affectation, we went to seek a pure pleasure in the sublime church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. Michelangelo had done little to spoil the ancient form when he changed the main hall of Diocletian's Baths, then very well preserved, into a Catholic church.

Vanvitelli upset everything in 1740; he sealed the door opened by Michelangelo; one now enters this church through a kind of furnace room of the old baths. The tombs of Salvator Rosa and of Maratta have been placed here. The contrast between this furnace room and the antique columns is pitiful. The church, where we have come perhaps for the twentieth time, was vividly felt today.

The cloister of the Carthusians, twenty steps from here, is worthy of Michelangelo. It is a great square portico, formed by a hundred columns of travertine.

As we still had a bit of daylight on coming out of the cloister, we went back to the pretty Piazza Barberini, whose fountain our lady companions like so much. It is a faun who with a conch shoots into the air a little jet of water that comes down again on his head. Even though they are good Frenchwomen, these ladies felt that it is superior to the fountain of Grenelle.

We went up into the church of the Capucins, so well known for the charming, too charming archangel St. Michael, by Guido. Prettiness can go no further; if one tried to do more, one would end up painting what is fashionable. And as the aim of fashion is always to be different from your neighbor and to be running after the sensation of novelty, after a few years what appeared delightful to the elite of good society of a century seems the height of the ridiculous to the good society that replaces it a hundred years later. The people of wit who gathered together in the salons of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse or of Madame du Deffand [1] did not know as much about political economy and politics as we do, but in every other respect they were far superior to us. That society of 1770 made only one mistake, which was to leave us the product of its fine arts; this single error will cause it to be designated by posterity as the generation of *fogeys.* Grave theologians find Guido's painting too attractive. It is said that young girls have succumbed to love, like Sophie in Rousseau's *Emile,* praying for hours on end before this celestial face.

This evening, for an hour, we had music sung before people capable of enthusiasm. Our singers were not much above the ordinary, and yet they did wonderfully well. Tamburini, a singer of genius, rather poorly supported, sang the famous duet between the father and the son from Mercadante's *Elise e Claudio.* At the point where he exclaims, *"Ei viene,"* everyone was weeping. Alas! in Paris one can pay singers, but one can never get a public so prompt to madness. The room we were in, somber and magnificent, painted in fresco long ago by Piero da Cortona, with a height of forty or fifty feet, lent wings to the imagination. All about us we saw characters belonging to mythological subjects, and we could not grasp the picture as a whole. The company was composed of rather communicative foreigners; having two more weeks to spend in Rome, why should they not spend them gaily? Our ladies decided that the young Russians were the nicest. Several Russian noblemen perform immense charities, and well-conceived ones. Their conversation is at times a little pale, because of the infinite number of lies that are demonetized in France and still respectable in Saint Petersburg; Marmontel's *Moral Tales,* moreover, seem to them charming, and Clara Gazul [2] would probably bore them. It is too simple.

"I am leaving," a French painter told us this evening, "after having lived in Rome for fourteen years, and I shall miss this city all my life. Never was I badly treated here, and what delightful times it has afforded me!"

---

[1] Julie de Lespinasse (1732—1776), a fascinating woman in whose salon the Encyclopédists foregathered; Marie, Marquise du Deffand (1697—1780), a woman of outstanding intelligence, whose correspondence with Walpole, the Duchess de Choiseul and Voltaire is full of brilliant insights. (Editor's note.)

[2] Jean François Marmontel (1723—1799), versatile writer, invented the edifying "moral

JULY 3, 1828 / Seated beneath the trees of the Pincio, that hummed with the song of the cicadas, we were enjoying the delight of a fresh little breeze coming from the sea. Our satisfied eyes roamed over the outspread city of Rome which they were beginning to know. At our feet we had the Porta del Popolo, and there were moments of silence. Suddenly Phillip began to speak and with a charming gravity told us the story of the entry of Charles VIII into Rome in 1494 through the gate that was before our eyes.

After hearing his description of that vast army, which included the flower of French chivalry, and which, from three o'clock in the afternoon of that memorable day of December 31 until nine o'clock poured through the gate and into the city, we began to argue. No doubt this expedition was a piece of madness; it was *useful* to no one, but it was *beautiful.* It is because he was unquestionably an artist that we so often repeated the name of Charles VIII today.

Napoleon's wars were extremely *beautiful,* and to a certain extent *useful.* Hence their reputation, which will last thousands of years. The old age of those of us who have seen the retreat from Moscow will not be ridiculous; it will be protected by that great memory, which by 1850 will begin to be heroic.

This evening, a delightful *opera buffa,* the *Contessa di Colle Ombroso,* divinely sung by Piparini. We walk through the streets of Rome at about one o'clock, the exquisite and flooding song of the nightingales that the people raise in cages.

JULY 4 / We spent the day in the famous basilica of St. Paul's beyond the Walls. It is believed that Constantine had it built on a part of the cemetery where St. Paul had been buried after his martyrdom. In 386, the emperors Valentinian II and Theodosius ordered the reconstruction of this basilica on a much vaster scale. It was completed by Honorius; several popes have restored and adorned it.

---

tale," which was widely imitated and which enjoyed an enormous vogue in the eighteenth century; Clara Gazul, the imaginary author of a series of plays which Prosper Mérimée published in 1825 under the title of *Théâtre de Clare Gazul.* (Editor's note.)

Among the basilicas whose naves are separated by columns, none perhaps was more majestic and more Christian before the fatal fire of July 15, 1823. Now nothing is more beautiful, more picturesque, more melancholy than the frightful disorder produced by the fire; the heat of the flames, which were fed by the enormous beams that supported the roof, caused most of the columns to burst from top to bottom.

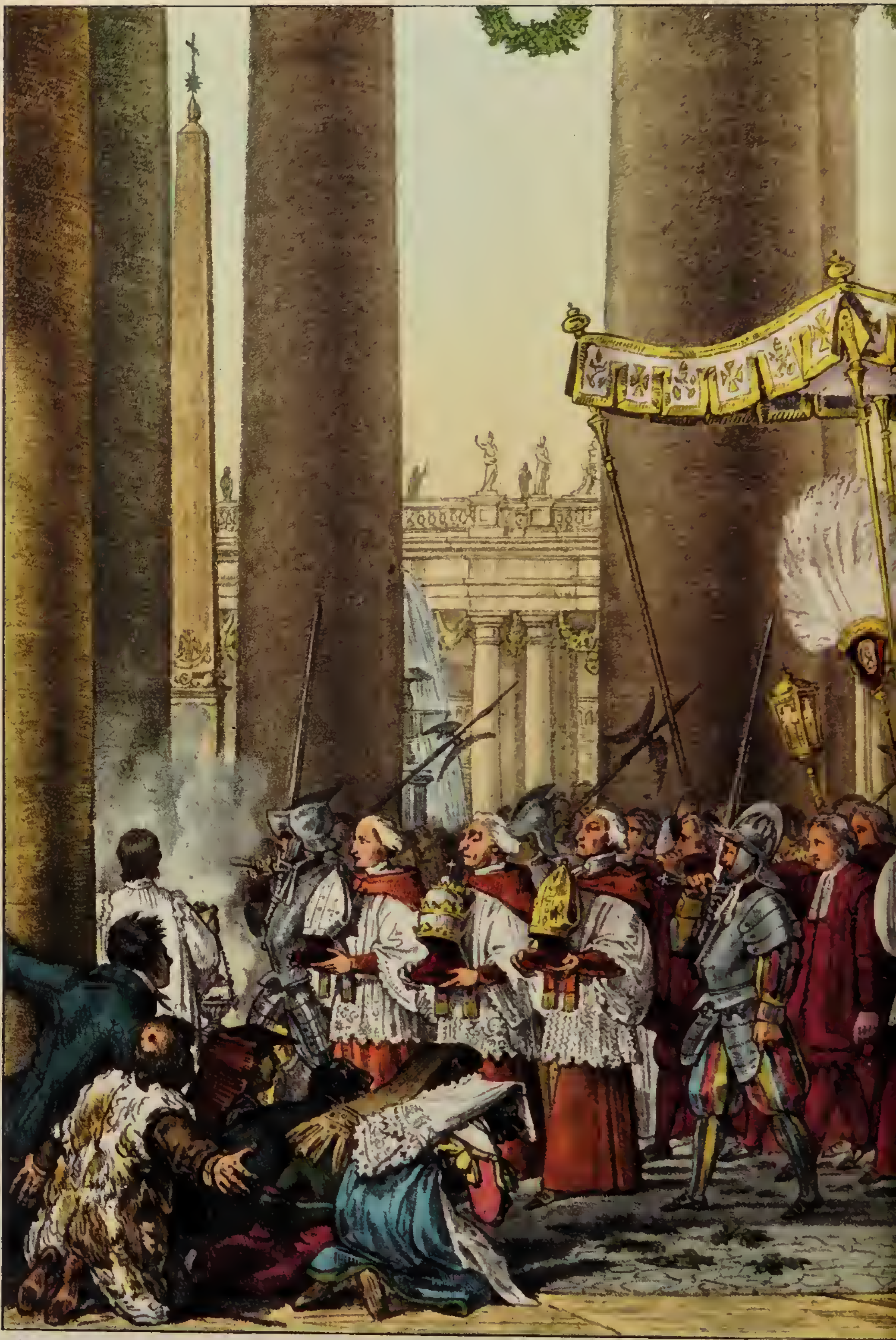
During the twenty years that preceded the fire, I saw St. Paul's as the riches of all the kings of earth could not re-establish it. The century of budgets and of freedom is not propitious to the fine arts; a road of iron rails, a workhouse, are a hundred times more worthwhile than St. Paul's. To tell the truth, these so useful objects do not give the sensation of the *beautiful,* from which I conclude that freedom is inimical to the fine arts. The citizen of New York *does not have time to feel the beautiful,* but he often has this pretention. Is not all pretention a source of anger and of unhappiness? You see a painful impulse substituted for the sensation of the beautiful, which does not prevent freedom from being more worthwhile than all the basilicas in the world. But I wish to flatter no one.

Formerly, on entering St. Paul's, you were surrounded, as it were, by a forest of magnificent columns; there were 132 of them, all ancient: God knows how many pagan temples had been dishonored to construct this church! (Buy in the Corso the *plan* and the inner view of St. Paul's; price: two *paoli.*) Four lines of twenty columns each divided the church into five naves. Among the forty columns of the central nave, twenty-four, which were of Corinthian order and of a single block of violet marble, were removed from Hadrian's mausoleum (now the Castel Sant'Angelo).

How much better would it not have been for our pleasures, in 1829, if these columns had remained at Hadrian's mausoleum, which would be the world's most beautiful ruin! But one should not accuse the public opinion of the year 390 of stupidity; it did not seek the same sensation that we do; then the thing that came before all else, in the eyes of men impassioned over a religion that had been so long regarded with horror by the powerful of the earth, was the adorning of a church. For several centuries, the sense of *security* had disappeared from the midst of the society of Christians, and every day less thought was given to things that were merely *agreeable.*

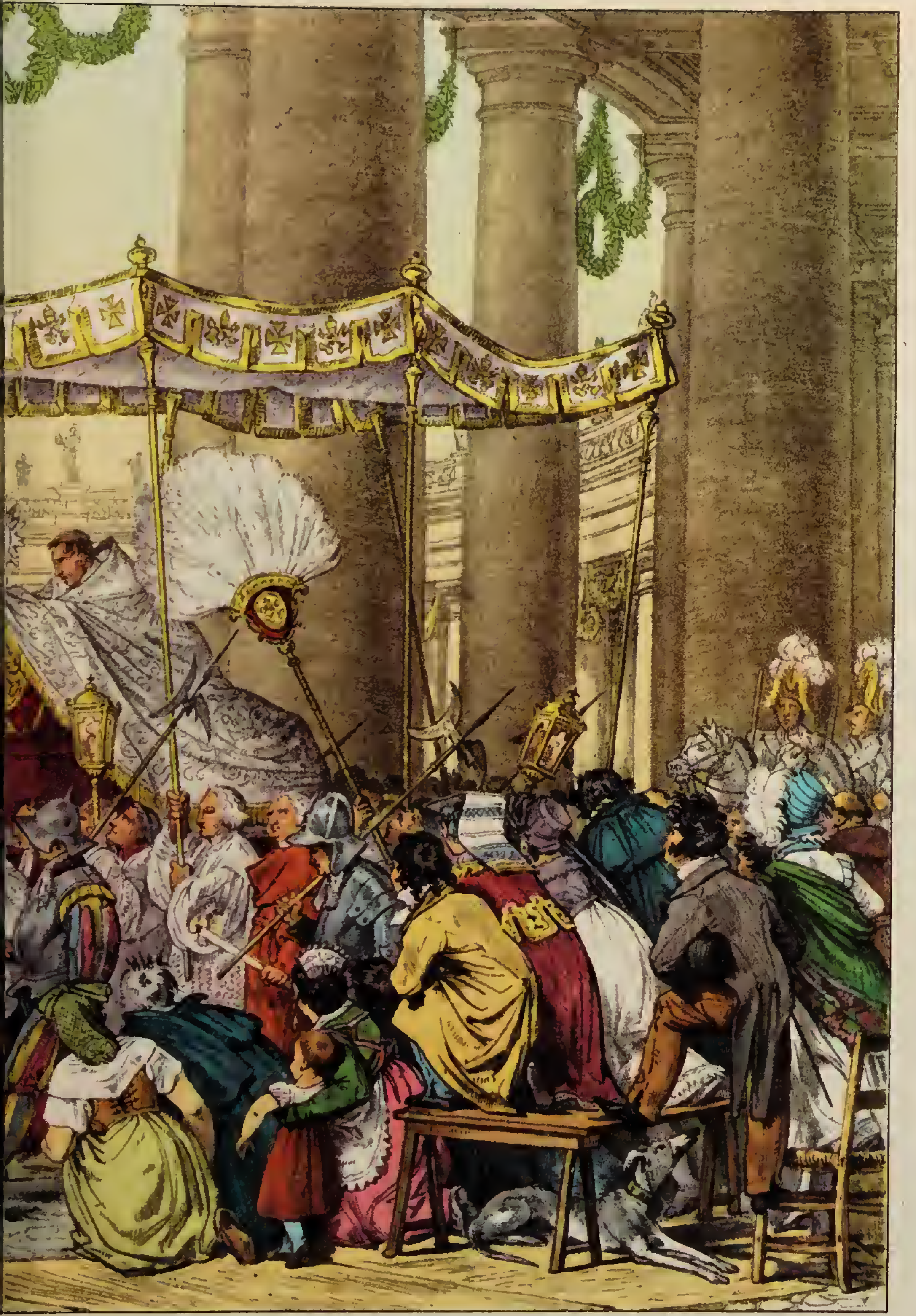
What especially recalled the first centuries of the Church and

38. THE POPE IN THE GREAT PROCESSION OF CORPUS DOMINI
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



Thomas

Grande Processi



Lith. de [illegible]

Corpus Domini.

formerly gave to St. Paul's its eminently Christian—that is to say, severe and unhappy—air, was the absence of a ceiling; the traveler perceived above his head the great beams forming the roof; they were neither hidden nor disguised by anything. It was a far cry from this to the golden paneling of Santa Maria Maggiore and St. Peter's. The paving of St. Paul's beyond the Walls was formed of irregular fragments plundered from ancient marble monuments.

The moment one enters the church one's eye is struck by the great mosaic with gigantic figures that one sees behind the altar beyond the forest of columns; it served as an inscription for everything around it, and gave to the soul the name of the sentiment that stirred it. The colossal proportions of the twenty-four old men of the Apocalypse and of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, who surround Jesus Christ, were equivalent to these words: *terror and eternal hell.* This mosaic is of 440.

Something mysterious has become linked in the minds of the Romans with the fire in St. Paul's, and the people of imagination in these parts speak of it with the somber pleasure that verges on melancholy, a sentiment so rare in Italy and so frequent in Germany. In the great nave, on the wall, above the columns, was the long succession of the portraits of all the popes, and the people of Rome saw with anxiety that there was no more room for the portrait of the successor of Pius VII. Hence the rumors of the suppression of the Holy See. The venerable pontif, who was almost a martyr in the eyes of his subjects, was approaching his last moments when the fire in St. Paul's broke out. It occurred on the night of July 15 to 16, 1823. That same night the pope, almost dying, was agitated by a dream that kept summoning up before him a great misfortune overtaking the Church of Rome. He awakened with a start several times, and asked if nothing new had occurred. The following day, in order not to aggravate his condition, the fact that the fire had occurred was withheld from him, and he died shortly after without ever having known it.

A few ancient authors claim that cedars were sent from Mount Lebanon for the roofing of St. Paul's. On July 15, 1823, some wretched workers who were working on the lead roofing supported by these beams set them on fire with the heater that they were using for their work. The enormous pieces of wood, that had dried for centuries under a burning sun, when their flaming masses fell among the columns, formed a destructive hearth whose heat made them burst in every direction.

Thus perished the most ancient basilica not only of Rome but of all Christianity. It had lasted fifteen centuries. Lord Byron claims, though mistakenly, that a religion can last only two thousand years.

The relics of St. Peter and of St. Paul were separated into two parts at an early date. The one is kept beneath the high altar of St. Paul's; the other is in St. Peter's, and the heads of the two apostles are in San Giovanni in Laterano.

Leo XII had untertaken to rebuild St. Paul's. A few sentences full of bombast inserted in the Cracas official journal inform us from time to time that a marble column for St. Paul's has been sent for from the quarry on Lake Maggiore, near the Borromean Isles, in Lombardy. These columns are shipped on the famous Milanese canal, perfected by Leonardo da Vinci. After a century or two of futile efforts, any thought of rebuilding this church will be abandoned.

For a year it has been the fashion to claim that the twenty-four columns of violet marble came from the Emilia basilica, in the Forum. The authority for this is a passage from Pliny the Elder, as well as some verses by Satius. What is certain is that these columns were of the Corinthian order, fluted on two-thirds of their length, and were thirty-six feet tall and eleven feet in circumference. The other columns were of Paros marble. The two immense columns of saline marble that supported the great arch of the tribune were fifteen feet in circumference and forty-two feet in height. The fire has split them from top to bottom. These immense fragments leave a lasting and melancholy memory. Why should I not admit it? At St. Paul's we were true Christians.

It seems to me that the eye admires with much more difficulty those columns of the temples of Sicily that have been manufactured by means of a quantity of small circular blocks, piled one on top of another like a stack of checker-pieces in the game of backgammon; whereas one is struck with respect at the sight of a column made out of a single block of marble or of granite. Something recalls the idea of *impotent imitation* in columns formed from an assemblage of little slices of stone, like those of the Madeleine, in Paris. But we cannot do otherwise, and I prefer a column made in this manner to no column at all.

One of the sources of the pleasure that a great monument of architecture gives is perhaps the sense that it communicates of the power that has created it. Nothing, however, is so destructive of the idea of power as the sight of an imitation that has remained imperfect for lack of means. France or Europe certainly have quarries that would have made it possible to form the columns of the Madeleine of only two or three blocks. It was not done because it would have cost too much. Result: an impotent imitation. Architecture will become more and more impossible outside of Russia, where the czar can put ten thousand slaves to work on a monument.

The impression of deep and hopeless sadness that one experienced in St. Paul's beyond the Walls was aggravated by the fact that the capital of each column was separated from the adjoining capital by an arch and not by a straight line as in the Greek monuments and the Madeleine temple. Above these arches, the long row of portraits of the popes contributed still further to the deeply Catholic appearance of this basilica. The faces that have been given to several popes recall the salutary rigors of St. Bartholomew and the inquisition.[1]

St. Leo the Great had these portraits made, beginning with St. Peter and including himself (440). This collection was continued by the order of Pope St. Symmacus, in 498. Benedict XIV, Lambertini, had the ancient portraits restored and to these he had added those of the popes who had preceded him. Pius VII, who was the 255th pope, had had the collection completed.

I visited St. Paul's on the day following the fire. I found in it a severe beauty and an impression of calamity such as only the music of Mozart, among the fine arts, can suggest. Everything conveyed the horror and the disorder of the disaster; the church was cluttered with smoking and half-burnt beams; great fragments of columns split from top to bottom threatened to fall at the slightest jar. The Romans who filled the church were thunderstruck.

It was one of the most beautiful spectacles that I have ever seen; it alone was worth the trip to Rome in 1823 and compensated one for all the insolences of the agents of power. "Those base and unjust men," the poor traveler would say to himself, "cannot enjoy such sublime sights; they do not have the soul required for this; and besides, they would be afraid that a murderer might be hidden behind the fragments of some column."

It was St. Leo the Great who had the great mosaic at the back of the church made in 440; it has suffered little damage from the fire.

---

[1] See the original briefs of some of these popes in the *History of the Inquisition,* by Canon Llorente. This poor man, expelled from France at the height of a severe winter, died of cold and wretchedness on the road to Madrid. If he had written in a different vein, he would have been made a bishop; his persecutor was Cardinal Machi. History readers are forewarned.

The same is true of the altar, remarkable especially because it is adorned by a canopy capped by a Gothic ornament.

The adjoining cloister, built in 1220, must also be seen. St. Paul's has no outer features of interest, and the air of the environs is so unwholesome that the monks in charge of this church are obliged to abandon it every year by the month of May. The five or six unfortunates who are left there always come down with fever.

On our way back, we saw Cestius's pyramid and Mount Testaccio.

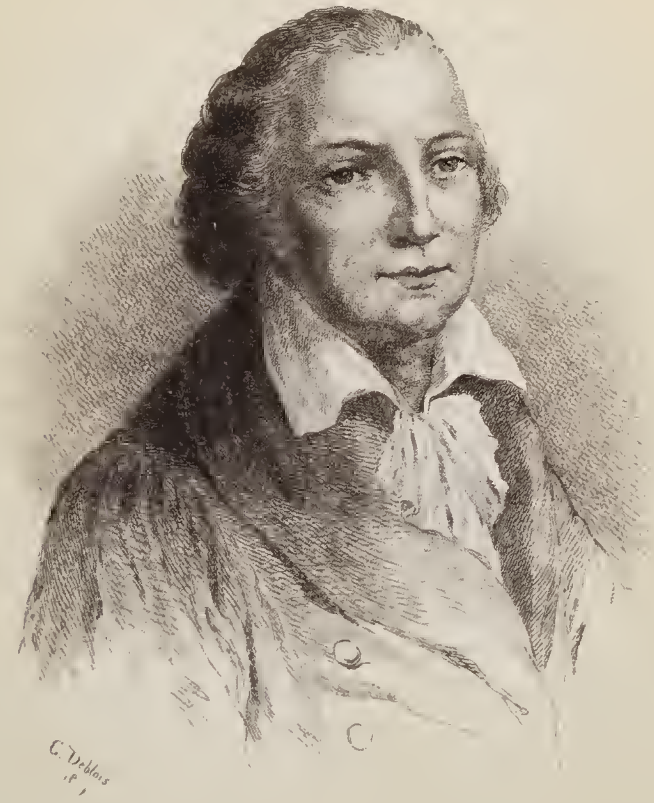
JULY 5, 1828 / Our attitude in regard to Rome is completely changed. If I dare say so, we feel a kind of passion for the renowned city; no detail is too severe or too minute for us. We are thirsty for everything that belongs to the object that we are examining.

Six months ago our lady companions would not have been willing to stop for an hour in San Giovanni in Laterano. We arrived there this morning at nine o'clock and left at five. Our visit was interrupted only for the few moments that we spent in the Villa Altieri, where a frugal lunch had been prepared.

San Giovanni in Laterano is the world's leading church, *Ecclesiarum urbis et orbis mater et caput;* it is the seat of the sovereign pontif as bishop of Rome. The pope, after his exaltation, comes here to take possession of it. (This is the ceremony of the *possesso*).

It was in 324 that Constantine built this basilica in his own palace, which he subsequently ceded to the sovereign pontifs. They dwelt here during their sojourns in Rome up to Gregory XI (1370), who brought back to Rome the Holy See established in Avignon. This pope was the last of the seven French popes. If the kings of France had had the strength and foresight necessary to settle the popes on the banks of the Rhone, our country would have avoided all the spiritual quarrels of which we have yet another example in 1828. When Cardinal Rubeus was informed of the election of the first French pope (Clement V, archbishop of Bordeaux), he exclaimed in the presence of his neighbor, Cardinal Napoleon Orsini, *"Hodie fecisti caput mundi de gente sine capite."* (You have chosen the world's head among a people that has no head.) Clement V did not deserve this reproach. Hardly was he pope (1305) when he created twelve Gascon or French cardinals. These naturally despised the Italian cardinals, who were soon in the minority.

If Herr von Metternich can obtain a Lombard or Austrian pope, we shall see a similar sight. Petrarch, an eye-witness, has described the



CIMAROSA

39. DOMENICO CIMAROSA
Engraving by Charles Deblois

manners of this court of Avignon in several letters; I recommend them to the reader. Unfortunately Petrarch, exactly like a nineteenth-century author, feels impelled to write nobly and fears to debase himself by relating details. The reader may look for the sixteenth letter *sine titulo,* pages 727–731. He will find in it the story of a stuttering cardinal who covers himself with his red hat in a singular circumstance.

Upon entering this really quite large basilica, one observes that it is divided into five naves separated by four rows of pilasters; these pilasters conceal the columns that existed before Borromini. They are fluted and of composite order. In the middle of each of the pilasters of the central nave there is a ridiculous niche, occupied by a colossal statue that is even more ridiculous. These niches are each adorned by two pretty columns of antique green. The statues, which are fourteen feet five inches in height, represent the Apostles; above, there are bas-reliefs of stucco and, higher yet, paintings oval in form, by the best painters of the time. It would undoubtedly have been better to make copies of the sublime prophets that Michelangelo painted in the Sistine; but in Italy they always want something new, and they are right; that is how the arts are kept alive.

After Racine and Voltaire, French tragedy would not have fallen to its present level if every year, at a given period, actors had been required to put on a new tragedy.

Here in San Giovanni in Laterano is the last beautiful chapel produced by the Christian religion, as it is understood since the Council of Trent. One must not look for the touching simplicity of the first centuries of Christianity, nor for the sense of awe that Michelangelo inspires. The Corsini chapel is the first to the left as you enter; it is one of the richest in Rome; it seems to me prettier and less beautiful than the chapels of Santa Maria Maggiore. Placed in Paris, in the church of St. Philippe du Roule, it would make us mad with admiration. This chapel was erected by the order of Clement XII, Corsini (1735), on plans drawn by Galilei, a Florentine architect, who decorated it in the Corinthian order and covered it entirely with precious marbles.

One must ask the beadle to open the pretty grille that separates it from the church; a mosaic copied from Guido is worth seeing at close range; it represents Sant'Andrea Corsini; the original is in the Palazzo Barberini. The tomb to the left as you enter is that of Clement XII, who had himself placed in this fine porphyry urn that was abandoned beneath the portico of the Pantheon, from which it has been concluded, with the ordinary logic of antiquarian scholars, that it had contained the ashes of Marcus Agrippa.

The monument to the right is that of Cardinal Nero Corsini, the pope's uncle. Here one sees several statues and bas-reliefs that show the deplorable state to which the arts had fallen in Rome during the century that separates the death of Bernini from the apparition of Canova (1680—1780).

The cupola is decorated with stuccos and other gilt ornaments; the marble paving is charming; in short, the chapel lacks nothing except genius in the artists; I see nothing beautiful except the ancient urn.

The oval chapel next to it is that of the Santori family, with a marble Christ by Maderno.

In the central nave one notes the bronze tomb of Martin V, and in the nave to the right the portrait of Boniface VIII, which is thought to be by Giotto and which seems to me very good. The pope is represented between two cardinals, proclaiming on the balcony of the church the first jubilee of Holy Year, in 1300. The high altar is surmounted by a Gothic ornament. Here, amid the most famous relics, are kept the heads of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. At the back of the church may be seen some mosaics that are very ancient, since they date back to the time of Nicolas IV.

In the transept to the left there is a fine altar of the Holy Sacrament, remarkable especially because of four columns of gilded bronze, fluted and of composite order. It is said that they belonged to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and that they were made by Augustus with the bronze rams of Egyptian ships.

As one goes out through the north door, at the end of the right-hand nave, one passes before the statue of Henry IV, who looks altogether disconsolate at finding himself in such a spot. You know that the king of France is canon of San Giovanni in Laterano; his ambassador comes here every year, on the feast of Santa Lucia, I believe; his carriage is accompanied by several others and moves at a slow pace. On this occasion all the French are invited. The Duke of Laval used to impart a great deal of grace and simplicity to ceremonies of this kind.

The Roman people, inclined to mockery, claim that in 1796 it was the French republic, one and indivisible, which was the canon of San Giovanni in Laterano. These functions, ridiculous today, were the occupation of fine Roman society in the seventeenth century, when Spain was rich. The Spaniards and the Romans themselves lent them seriousness and magnificence. What is a great lord without gold braid, couriers, carriages, the luxury and all the ruinous magnificence that win him the respect of his neighbor? There are no longer any great lords except in England; but they are serious, sly, and especially less gallant than the Roman lords of the seventeenth century.

Before remounting the smart little horses we had rented in town, we gave a glance to the Scala Santa, composed of twenty-eight steps of white marble; it is the very stairway of Pilate's house in Jerusalem; Jesus Christ mounted and descended it several times. The faithful can be seen at all times climbing it on their knees. Sixtus Quintus had the domestic chapel of the popes, which was formerly at the palace of San Giovanni in Laterano, placed on the platform of this stairway. The view from this spot is admirable. It is a Poussin landscape—a magnificent and sober countryside, adorned by grandiose ruins such as are to be found only in the vicinity of Rome.

One would regret to leave San Giovanni in Laterano without giving a glance to the obelisk. It is the largest one known, it is ninety-nine feet tall, not counting the base or the pedestal. Theutmosis, king of Egypt, dedicated it to the sun in the city of Thebes, about which scholars tell us such fine tales.

Constantine had this obelisk placed on a ship in the Nile. His son Constantius had it brought from Alexandria to Rome. The Egyptians were masters in the art of transporting enormous loads and hollowing out immense temples in the rocks. That is their sole merit; a merit of slaves.

The Laterano Palace had been destroyed by a fire. Sixtus Quintius had it rebuilt. Fontana was the architect; here he placed the fine obelisk which, broken into three pieces, lay buried in the middle of the great circus. Ammianus Marcellinus speaks of this obelisk, whose cross is 433 feet from the ground; it would have been better to erect it at the spot where Constantius had put it. This way of restoring ancient monuments will become the fashion when the generation born around 1800 comes into its own.

I write no name. Under no pretext must a traveler have about him the written name of an Italian; one can manufacture names according to the outstanding feature of the man's character. May I be pardoned a trivial detail? If anyone brings the present volume to Rome, I advise tearing out the title; it should be carried in a pocket at Ponte Centino, the frontier of Tuscany, and on approaching the customs of Rome, near the Porta del Popolo. In Naples I have seen two volumes of Livy confiscated (belonging to Signor Perro's reading room on Via San Giacomo) which an Englishman had carried to Ischia.

We entered Constantine's Baptistery, a few paces from the lateral façade of San Giovanni; it is a small octagonal church that is attributed to Constantine (324). The story of the baptism of Constantine in Rome, thirteen years before his death, is a tale manufactured in the eighth century to serve as a motif for the donation of Rome. The great Roman general prepared the triumph of Christianity with a great deal of prudence, and was probably baptized only at the moment of his death, in 337. They will tell you in Rome that this is where St. Sylvester had the audacity to give absolution to this man steeped in crimes. Three steps lead down to the baptismal fount, formed of a fine basalt urn. Here are to be seen two bas-reliefs, representing the baptism of Him who was truly *just,* and that of Constantine; one cannot help venting a sigh at the association.

All in all, San Giovanni in Laterano has little merit from the point of view of the *beautiful.* Such was our unanimous opinion after seven hours of examination.

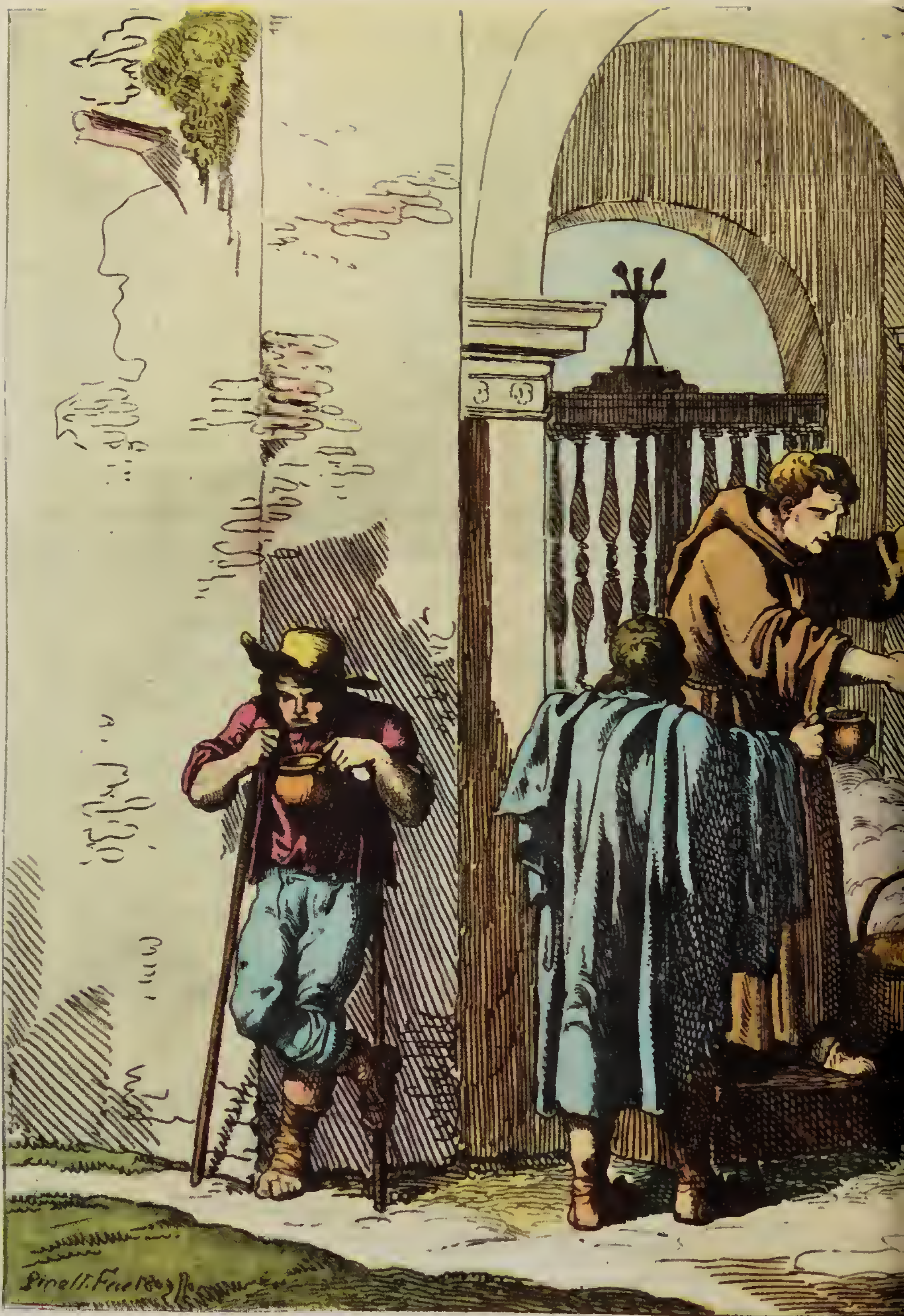
Galloping toward Santa Maria Maggiore, notice on the right a part of Mount Esquiline; there were the sumptuous gardens of Maecenas and the little houses of Propertius, of Vergil and of Horace. This spot is charming and must have been quite salubrious.

In Paris we have no intermittent fever; but, perhaps because of the smell of mud, the air is debilitating and makes people imbecilic by the age of sixty. Undoubtedly there are honorable exceptions; but compare two men of sixty, one of whom has lived in Paris and the other in Dijon or Grenoble.

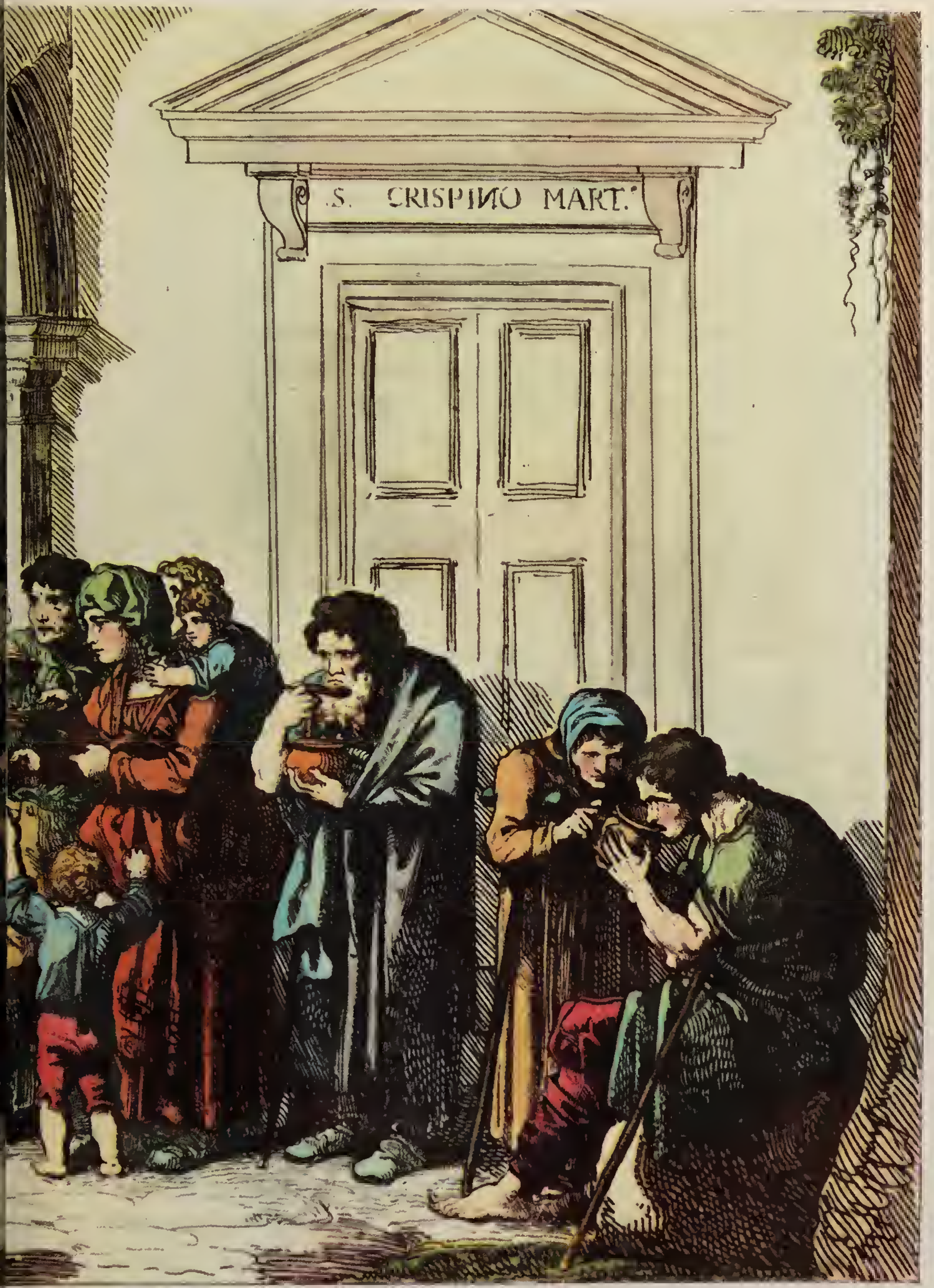
A fine climate is the treasure of the poor man who has a soul. What good fortune for poor artists, like Horace, Vergil and Propertius, when the capital of the world's civilization is well situated! Imagine Paris placed by chance at Montpellier or at la Voulte, near Lyon. The whole tender part of the arts is impossible, or at least *stentata,* in a climate where the nerves are *strung* in a different fashion three times a day. I am comparing the nerves to the strings of a harp. What will Plato and his school say?

On approaching the square of Santa Maria Maggiore, we noticed a magnificent fluted column of Paros marble and of Corinthian order. It was in the immense building overlooking the Forum, of which only

40. CHARITY OF THE FRIARS
Engraving by Bartolomeo Pinelli


Pinelli Fec 1809

La


S. CRISPINO MART.

dei frati.

three vaults remain, which in the Middle Ages were chapels, and which are for the moment called the Basilica of Constantine. Paul V had this column removed in 1624. And his architect, Carlo Maderno, who designed the façade of St. Peter's, placed it here, opposite the façade of Santa Maria Maggiore; even in this small work Maderno discovered the art of not pleasing the eye. This superb column, fifty-eight feet tall and having a diameter of five feet eight inches, is surmounted by a statue of the Madonna *"col bambino."* The Madonna's head is 133 feet from the ground; lightning, several times, has had the insolence to strike it. Poor washerwomen wash their linen in the fountain that is at the foot of this column; these oppositions please certain souls and stir them to revery. The vulgar see in them nothing but the commonplace.

BASILICA OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE

JULY 6, 1828 / This church owes it origin to a miracle of the kind that happened to Migné [1] in 1826. To Migné an immense cross appeared in the sky; in Rome, on the night of August 4 to 5 of the year 352, Pope St. Liberius and Giovanni Patrizio, a rich citizen, had the same vision. The following day, August 5, a miraculous snowfall covered the precise space that today is occupied by the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. Because of this miracle it was first called Santa Maria *ad Nives* and Santa Maria Liberiana, and finally Santa Maria Maggiore, because it is the largest of the twenty-six churches dedicated in Rome to the mother of the Savior.

In 432, Pope St. Sixtus III enlarged this basilica, and gave it the form that we see today. Several popes have enriched it, and finally Benedict XVI (1745) had the main façade redone.

I greatly miss the original façade, which was formed entirely of a portico of eight columns and of a great mosaic executed by Gaddo Gaddi and Rossetti, contemporaries of Cimabue. It was the good time; painters worshipped their art, and passion is always persuasive.

Benedict XVI, Lambertini, had his façade erected after Fuga's drawings. There are two orders: the lower portico is Ionic with pediments, the upper order is Corinthian and forms three arcades. We climbed to the upper portico to see the truly Christian mosaic by Gaddo Gaddi; on the main level beside the door stands a bad statue of Philip

---

[1] Jacques-Paul Migné, an abbot, author of theological works (1800–1875). (Editor's note.)

IV, who sent gold to adorn this church, one of the five patriarchals.

Thanks to this gold, the basilica looks like a magnificent salon and not at all like an awe-inspiring place, the dwelling of the All-Powerful. It is true that the paneling displays a truly royal magnificence; it was the first gold to come from the Indies. Thirty-six superb Ionic columns of white marble divide this immense salon into three parts, of which the middle one is much higher and better lighted than the others. It is believed that these columns were taken from Juno's temple.

One must pass rapidly before the mediocre tombs of Nicholas IV and Clement IX, to reach the magnificent chapel of Sixtus Quintus in which he reposes. This great prince had the good fortune of finding, in Fontana, an architect a little above the mediocre. One looks at the statue of Sixtus Quintus only in order to study his physiognomy. St. Pius V, the inquisitor, occupies opposite this great man a fine urn of antique green. This chapel is entirely lined in precious marbles, but the paintings, the bas-reliefs and the statues are commonplace.

Four gilded bronze angels support a magnificent tabernacle, also of gilded bronze, above the altar; there is kept a part of the cradle of Jesus Christ. Among all the frescoes that cover the walls of Sixtus Quintus's chapel and of the adjoining sacristy, we saw with pleasure only a few landscapes by Paul Bril.

The high altar of the basilica is placed under a magnificent canopy supported by four porphyry columns of Corinthian order, surrounded by gilded palms. This ornament is crowned by six marble angels. The altar itself is formed of a great ancient porphyry urn, that is said to have belonged to the tomb of Giovanni Patrizio and his wife.

The mosaic that is at the back of the gallery is by Turrita, a man of talent who contributed to the renaissance of art. The other mosaics of this church interested us because they go back to the year 434, and show what art in Italy was before the renaissance (which occurred around 1250). Pope Paul V chose Santa Maria Maggiore in which to place his tomb (1620); it must be admitted that this chapel is magnificent; beside his tomb he had placed that of Clement VIII, who had made him cardinal. The statues of the two popes are by Sylla, of Milan. It is too bad Paul V, who had the genius of a great lord, did not find a better sculptor; his chapel is cluttered with statues and bas-reliefs, and the richest marbles have been lavished on it.

In the midst of so many art objects, one must stop only at the frescoes that are on the sides and on the arcades of the windows, as well as above the tomb of Paul V; they are among the good works of Guido Reni; they are the Greek saints and the canonized empresses; but what do the names that are given to these faces matter? The picture of the Virgin, which is on the altar, was painted by St. Luke; it is placed on a background of lapis, surrounded by precious stones and supported by four gilded bronze angels. On the entablature of this altar one notes a bas-relief likewise of gilded bronze. It is the miracle of the snow that occasioned the founding of this basilica.

This chapel of Paul V and that of Pope Corsini at San Giovanni in Laterano give an idea of magnificence and would arouse the somewhat obtuse taste of the people of the North or of the inhabitants of America; in Rome they are not highly considered.

Santa Maria Maggiore has two façades; the one facing north, which one sees from the street that leads to the Trinità de' Monti, was erected by the orders of Popes Clement IX and Clement X (1670).

Sixtus Quintus had an obelisk of red granite, without hieroglyphs, transported to the solitary square that is before this façade. Emperor Claudius had brought it from Egypt; it lay before Augustus's mausoleum, where it was found, as well as the obelisk of Monte Cavallo; it is forty-two feet tall and its pedestal is twenty-one feet.

The street leading from here to the square of Trajan's column is curious because of its rises and dips. It seemed to me to be inhabited by the little people; the words that one hears spoken reveal a somber, passionate and satiric character; the gayety of this people has an intoxicating quality. Here one finds all the *verve* of the Italian character. Among us, north of the Loire, civilization, in fixing the attention on *what others think of us,* has led to the disappearance of the *brio* without which Italian music could not have listeners worthy of it. On the other hand this attention to others gives rise to wit, to the piquant and to comedy. Watch the game of proverbs in a Paris salon; the most extravagant things are said *without verve.*

It is in the street that we were following while making these reflections that half the murders of Rome are committed.

JULY 7, 1828 / Signora Lampugnani took Frederick and myself to the concert given by Signora Savelli. The music was flat, which did not surprise me: it is by Maestro Donitzetti. This man pursues me everywhere. One must, however, praise the good taste of the Romans: they demand new music in concerts. In the salons in Paris, we hear nothing but the airs of *Othello,* of *Tancrède* and of the *Barbier de Séville* that we have heard sung at the theatre for the last ten years, and a hundred times better, by Mesdames Mainvielle, Pasta and Malibran.

The music being nauseating, I entered into conversation with my friend Monsignor N . . ., the cleverest *ultra* of Rome. He made great fun of the so-called liberty enjoyed in Genoa and Venice before the revolution. I easily proved to him that if those republics had survived, they would have the two chambers today, and all rich Italians would go and settle there.

My *ultra* abbé is dying to go to see the Chamber of Deputies in Paris. He needs to be able to prove to others, and perhaps to himself, that it is a detestable invention. I tell him anecdotes that make him smile and that torture him a moment later; finally the music came to an end. A very nice Florentine was saying to Signora Lampugnani that the best commentary on a great poet would be an account of the circumstances in the midst of which he lived.

"Take the example of Ariosto," he went on. "In 1505, when he was thirty years old, living at the court of Ferrara where he was something like a sub-prefect, this is what Cardinal Ippolito, whom he has so much celebrated, was doing. The cardinal was seeking to win the favors of a lady relative of his whose lover was Don Giulio d'Este, his illegitimate brother; one day as Ippolito reproached this lady for favoring his rival, she tried to excuse herself by alleging that Don Giulio's eyes exerted an irresistible power over her. The cardinal left her in a rage; and on learning that his brother Don Giulio was hunting, he went and fell upon him without warning in the woods, along the Po, forced him off his horse, and there had his eyes torn out by his squires in his presence. But even though the cardinal was watching his men during this atrocious execution, Don Giulio, while disfigured, did not completely lose his eyesight.

"A brother of Giulio and Ippolito, the gentle Duke Alfonso who was then reigning, was not sufficiently powerful to punish a prince of the Church. He spent a great part of his days overseeing the casting of his bronze cannons. (It will be remembered that he immortalized himself in the battle of Ravenna, by the first great artillery maneuver in open country that history mentions.) He would forget himself for entire mornings in his lathe-shop, where he worked very skillfully in wood. As he thought only of living gaily, he admitted to intimate familiarity the men of wit who lived in Ferrara. Among them were included Ariosto, buffoons and men of pleasure. Alfonso, conscious of possessing the great qualities that make a prince, lived without affectation, without pedantry, and his subjects regarded him as poorly qualified to occupy the throne.

"An inordinate ambition led his second brother Don Ferdinand to take advantage of this circumstance; an ardent desire for vengeance pursued the unfortunate Don Giulio who now had become very ugly. Both sought and found associates to overthrow the government. Don Giulio wanted to avenge himself by the sword and by poison on Ippolito and on Alfonso, who had not punished him; Ferdinand had his eye only on the crown.

"The difficulty of this conspiracy was to get rid of both brothers at the same time. They were to be seen together only during great ceremonies, and on such occasions they were surrounded by a numerous guard. They never ate together; Alfonso, surrounded by his joyous company, ate his meals early; Cardinal Ippolito, with all the pomp and delicacy of a man of the Church, would prolong his revels until midnight.

"The conspirators awaited a favorable occasion. One of them, Giani, a famous singer, gave the duke so much pleasure by his talent that the prince would play with him like a schoolboy. Often in the games which they played in the gardens, Giani had tied the prince's hands and could have murdered him. But Ippolito never lost the memory of what he had done; by his orders, all the moves of Don Giulio were closely watched, and at last, in the month of July, 1506, the cardinal learned the secret of the plot.

"The poor Don Giulio had time to flee as far as Mantova, but he was betrayed by the marchese Francesco II Gonzaga. The torture to which Giani and the other conspirators were subjected made the conspiracy of the two brothers fully known. The underlings were put to death. Ferdinand and Giulio, who had been condemned to the same fate, were reprieved as they were already on the scaffold; their penalty was commuted to life imprisonment. Ferdinand died in prison in 1540; Giulio was freed again in 1559, after fifty-three years of captivity. We saw the portraits of all these people in the library of Ferrara."

I have related this anecdote because it is more or less dissimulated by all the clever people of the time, who sought to please Alfonso. Ariosto, in introducing the two unhappy brothers among the shades presented to Bradamante, takes exception to Alfonso's clemency.[1]

About the year 1500, princes began to fear history and to bribe historians. The history of Italy, so fine until then, becomes in about 1550 like the history of France by Mézery, Father Daniel, Velly, etc.: one reads of a man bribed by money or by desire for consideration and the necessity of flattering powerful prejudices. Saint-Simon alone forms an exception among us; as for Italy, Guicciardini is a base scoundrel; Paul Jove tells the truth only when he is not paid to lie, and he boasts about it.

---

[1] *Orlando furioso,* Canto III, octaves LX and LXII.

JULY 8, 1828 / We were roaming this morning on Mount Aventine in enchanting weather, no sun, and gusts of cool air coming from the sea; there must have been a storm last night: we were idling, giving ourselves over entirely to the sheer joy of being alive. We made a tour of Mount Coelius, behind the priory of Malta. After having shrugged our shoulders at the sight of the ornaments placed here by Cardinal Rezzonico, and quite worthy of the century of Louis XV, we came to the gate of a vineyard. We knocked for a long time; finally an old woman came to let us in, escorted by her snarling little dog; she silenced him, and with much alacrity proceeded to act as our guide.

San Stefano Rotondo was a temple erected in honor of the emperor Claudius. The first church dedicated to St. Stephen was built by St. Simplicius in the year 467. But in the account written by this saint himself we find both the church of St. Stephen and Claudius's temple. Note that in his time, in 467, the public authorities did not yet allow the Christians to destroy and to occupy public monuments. It was only in 772 that Pope Hadrian I could seize Claudius's temple, and on its foundations erect the church that we see. Nicholas V had it repaired in 1454; Innocent VIII and Gregory XIII had work done on it.

This church, which has a very singular form, is adorned with fifty-six ancient columns arranged in two rows; almost all are Ionic and of granite; six are of Corinthian order and of Greek marble. It is against the inner walls of the nave that are exposed frightful paintings by Pomarancio and Tempesta, so famous among the vulgar men whom chance brings through Rome. They are intelligible to these gentlemen, like the guillotine in action. This atrocious reality is the sublime of common souls. Raphael is rather cold next to St. Erasmus being eviscerated with a lathe.

On entering I saw near the door a saint whose head is crushed between two millstones; the eye is wrenched from its orbit and . . . The rest is too frightful for me to set down.

The fine verses of Racine describing an atrocious sight veil its horror by their elegance. The frescoes of San Stefano Rotondo are not sufficiently beautiful to make bearable the frightful tortures that they represent only too well and too clearly. The ladies in our company were unable to endure the sight of the paintings that cover the concave wall all around the church. They went to wait for us at the Navicella.

We had the courage to examine these frescoes in detail. The men of the nineteenth century no longer feel the passion that made the first Christians embrace martyrdom. Our sympathy conveys to us the idea of a suffering that was really never felt; most of the martyrs were more or less in the state of *ecstasy*. From 1820 to 1825, six hundred women of Bengal let themselves be burned alive on the tombs of husbands whom they did not love. [1] That is a sacrifice that is truly felt, a suffering that is really atrocious. It is far easier to brave death in the interest of a metaphysical theory maintained by clever people who derive their consideration and their subsistence from their discourses; they easily convince poetic souls that they will acquire eternal happiness at the price of a few hours of suffering.

Most of the travelers whom we see speaking of martyrs in Rome have made up their minds in advance to believe everything or to believe nothing. The women who every day throw themselves on funeral pyres in English India, in honor of husbands whom they did not love, reject the principal objection, which is the one based on improbability. Those young women of India deliver themselves to the flames as a matter of honor, as in Europe men fight duels. [2]

The history of the persecutions and the martyrs has been told by Gibbon; this historian undoubtedly always says what he believes to be true; but he abhors the details that the nineteenth century so greatly and so rightly loves. Here is an anecdote:

[1] A fine triumph of legislation! Scholars assure us that this usage was established because Indian women formerly rid themselves of inconvenient husbands by poison. For forty years Indians have been bold enough to ask their Brahmins why the women have to burn to death. Are all religions dying out?

[2] M. Hébert attributes these frightful sacrifices of Indian women in great part to the avarice of relatives, who do not want to pay for the maintenance of the widowed women, and to the jealousy of old men, who try to make sure of the faithfulness of their young wives even after their death. For that matter, the Hindus do not regard the life of a woman very highly. Every years hundreds of the faithful form in caravans and arrive in Benares to drown themselves, through devotion, in the Ganges, the sacred river; putting an end to one's days in the holy city is a way of ensuring one's salvation.

St. Perpetua was put to death for her religion in the year 204, under the reign of Severus, probably in Carthage. She was only twenty-two years old; and up to the eve of her martyrdom she herself wrote from day to day what was happening in the prison, to her, to St. Felicity her companion, and to several other Christians who suffered death with these two young girls. The naïve story of Perpetua is very touching. It shows that suffering for the faith was fashionable in Africa about the year 204; as dying gaily, and without deigning, so to speak, to give a thought to death, was in fashion in the prison which Madame Rolland left only to mount the scaffold.

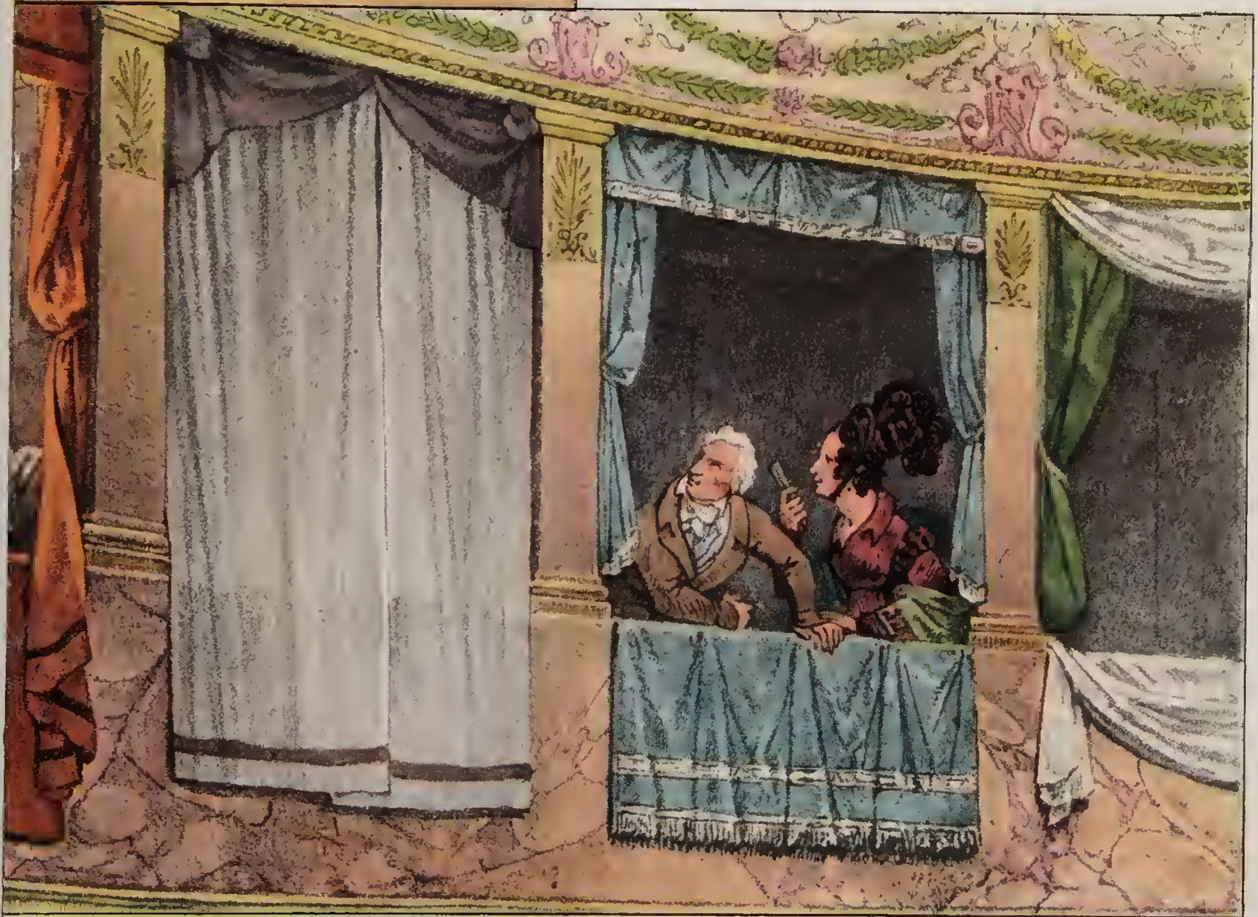
The African executioners led Perpetua and Felicity out into the middle of the circus, which on that day was filled with spectators; they stripped the two young girls of all their garments, and in this state exposed them in a net. The people were horrified by this infamy, and their cries forced the executioners to give their dresses back to the Christian girls. They let into the circus a furious cow whose strength and rage were well known to the spectators. The cow charged Perpetua, lifted her on her horns and flung her to the ground; the girl fell on her back; she got up and, noticing that the dress that had been restored to her had become torn on the side, she brought the strips together with great calm and modesty.

This action touched the people, who again showed disgust for the spectacle that they were being offered. The executioners set off with their victims for one of the gates of the city, called Sana Vivaria. Before leaving, Perpetua bound her long hair again, as it had become undone. "On my march to triumph," she said, "I must not wear the garb of affliction."

Upon arriving at this gate, named Sana Vivaria, Perpetua seemed to awaken from a deep sleep. "She had been until this moment carried away in a kind of ecstasy; she began to look about her like a person who does not know where he is, and to everyone's great astonishment, she asked when she was going to be exposed to the cow whose fury, she had been told in prison, she would have to face."

At this moment some zealous members of the crowd, apparently paid by the authorities, demanded with great cries that the young Christian women be brought back to the circus; the people, they said, must not be robbed of the pleasure of seeing the dagger plunged into their throats. The authority hastened to lead the Christians back to the circus.

"All received the death blow without uttering a word and without



Lith. de Villain.

Loges de Théâtre.

41. AT THE THEATRE
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas

wavering; St. Perpetua alone, who before had felt neither pain nor horror, because of the ecstasy into which she had been plunged, gave way to panic and to screams. She fell into the hands of a gladiator who was clumsy or who was loath to put a young girl to death; the fact is that he pierced her with his sword without killing her, causing her to utter deafening screams." (Tertullian's *History*.)

From San Stefano Rotondo we went and rejoined our lady companions on Mount Coelius. After having examined some nearby excavations belonging to the barracks of the first cohort of the Vigils, we knocked at the door of Villa Mattei, where the Prince de la Paix now lives. That is where the fine marble *Hermes* was found, with the heads and the names of Socrates and Seneca.

Every day, in walking about Rome, one discovers some magnificent vista. We forgot ourselves for two hours at the end of one of the lanes of Villa Mattei; the sublime outlook over the Roman Campagna of which no one had told us.

After having gone alone to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the sight of which tempted me, I arrived in the evening at the Cabaret de l'Armellino at the moment when it was closing; but I handled the oldest of the waiters *allegramente*. He was willing to serve me, and throughout the dinner regaled me with amusing stories about the men in power. I do not believe one-half of what he tells me; but I see how the humble people of Rome judge Leo XII and his ministers. *"E un vero leone,"* this man kept repeating with amazing freedom.

No one is prouder and more inexorable toward customers who annoy them than the people of Rome. This insolence irritates me at times and then pleases me; I see that a great king like Frederick II could make something of these people. From the cabaret I went to the marionettes of the Fiano Palace, which made me laugh for an hour. The improvisations of those little wooden figures are not subjected to a preliminary censorship. The police of Rome, not yet very sophisticated, merely send the director to prison when he has been too gay; but before his show begins, he is careful to inebriate the spy asigned to keep watch on him, and who is irremovable, for he is Cardinal N . . .'s former valet. For that matter, very few people are removed from office in this part of the world; when a man has a superior or a supervisor, the sole problem in life is to win him over by every possible means.

JULY 10, 1828 / An English lady has just brought from London facsimilies of eight or ten letters of Bonaparte. Quite unlike most conquerors, who were crude beings, one sees that Napoleon was madly in love during his campaign of 1796; this distinguishes him no less than the worship of true glory and of the opinion of posterity, which seems so absurd to M. Bourienne.

These love letters of Napoleon's are being much talked about in Rome. Madame R . . ., on reading them, said, "One can see that he was an Italian." I agree.

No. 3

"Albenga, 16 germinal year IV (April 5, 1796)

> "It is an hour after midnight, a letter has just been brought to me; it is a sad one, my soul is afflicted, it announces the death of Chauvet. He was commissioner-in-chief of the army; you met him at Barras'. Sometimes, my love, I feel the need to be consoled. It is only in writing to you, to you alone, who can influence the moral tone of my ideas, that I can pour out my troubles. What is the future? What is the past? What are we? What magic fluid envelops us and conceals from us the things that we are most eager to know? We are born, we live, we die surrounded by wonders. Is it surprising that priests, astrologers, charlatans have taken advantage of this inclination, of this singular circumstance, to lead our ideas about and direct them according to their passions? Chauvet is dead; he was attached to me, he would have rendered essential services to his country. His last word was that he was setting out to join me. Yes; I see his shadow, he is hovering here, everywhere, he whistles in the air; his soul is in the clouds, he will be propitious to my destiny. But here I am senselessly shedding tears over friendship, and who knows but that I may already have other, irreparable ones to shed? Soul of my existence, write to me by every mail, otherwise I should not be able to live! I am very much taken up. Beaulieu is moving his army, we are face to face. I am a little tired, I am on horseback every evening. Adieu, adieu, adieu; I shall sleep with you in my heart; sleep consoles me, it places you by my side, I press you in my arms. But on awakening, alas, I find myself three hundred leagues from you! My best to Barras, to Tallien, to his wife.
>
> "B"

This almost indecipherable letter is dated 16 germinal (April 5, 1796); Bonaparte had left Paris on March 4, thirty-three days before; the Battle of Montenotte was fought on April 12, and that of Millesimo on the 14th of April.

CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE

JULY 11, 1828 / It was a French cardinal, M. d'Estouteville, who had this church built in 1483. The façade is simple and noble; the interior has three naves, along which are many chapels richly adorned with marbles. Unfortunately, in the last century several things in the interior of this church were restored by Vanvitelli. The high altar, which is very rich, was erected after the drawings of Bernini; two angels in adoration are quite pretty.

The chapel of St. Augustine is adorned with beautiful columns, and what is far more interesting to one of the ladies in our company, there are three paintings by Guercino. In another chapel one notices some works by Lanfranc, that famous intriguer, the pupil of the Carracci; his *St. Augustine* is especially esteemed; the saint stands on the seashore meditating on the mystery of the Holy Trinity. The same subject was sketched in one of the bases of Raphael's *Stanze* at the Vatican. The manners may be compared; it will be seen that, as music has done from Pergolesi to Rossini, painting while it was still living developed from the simple to the composite.

In the first chapel, to the left as one enters, there are magnificent works by Michelangelo da Caravaggio. This man was a murderer; but the energy of his character prevented him from falling into the simple-minded, noble manner to which the Cavaliere d'Arpino owed his glory in his time; Caravaggio wanted to kill him. Because he loathed the *stupid* ideal, Caravaggio corrected none of the defects of the models whom he stopped in the street and who posed for him. I have seen in Berlin paintings by him, which were refused by the persons who had ordered them, as being *too ugly*. The reign of the ugly had not yet begun.

Most foreigners neglect all these paintings and run to the third pillar to the left in the great nave. There is found the *Prophet Isaiah,* a fresco by Raphael; it resembles Michelangelo more than anything this great man has done, and in my opinion it surpasses Michelangelo. Compared to his other works, the *Prophet Isaiah* is like Racine's *Athalie* compared to *Phèdre* or to *Iphigénie*. Raphael has done nothing more grandiose than this isolated figure; its date is 1511, says Vasari.

The church of St. Augustine is on the way from the Via Condotti to St. Peter's; I urge you to enter it often, and to look at this fresco of Raphael's in different moods. It is the only way to keep a distinct idea of the style of a famous painting.

One thing always shocks persons who have not seen Italy and who read travel books, and that is the extreme importance that the author attaches to the descriptions of churches.

Deign to consider, o my reader! that had it not been for the enormous sums spent by piety and subsequently by vanity, we should not have one quarter of the masterpieces of the great artists. Those who had a cold soul, Titian for example, and Guercino, would perhaps have applied themselves to another trade. "So you have become devout!" strangers have said to me on several occasions when I have given them a list of churches to see.

JULY 15, 1828 / This evening, in the presence of a friend of mine who is a Dominican monk, I rather thoughtlessly criticized the Roman newspaper. He reproved me with severe good sense, and effectively convinced me that nothing in the world is more difficult than to turn out the official paper of Rome. It appears five times a week, under two titles, *Diario di Roma* and *Notizie del Giorno.*

Think for a moment of the enormous quantity of inanities, always the same, that this journal must take seriously. It manages very well; it says what it has to say clearly, neatly, in terms that are official yet not too emphatic. The journal, which is called the "Cracas," from the name of the proprietor, speaks with a rare good sense and a great deal of respect for itself of the small number of subjects about which it can speak freely; the articles of antiquity are excellent. In Rome the worst dauber or the most insignificant sculptor makes a gift of some work to the church that gives a cardinal his title; he is then allowed to make the portrait of the cardinal's valet, mistress or confessor; and finally, when the dauber exposes some painting, the cardinal's secretary sends to the wretched journal an article that Signor Cracas does not dare to cut too drastically. When the journal can escape this accident, the articles on painting are full of ideas; one feels that the author lacks space. It is the contrary of the wretched articles on the fine arts that we read in Paris; we have full freedom, but at the same time a complete dryness of heart.. Is not that what will follow a too advanced civilization everywhere? It fatigues life.

Political discussions will eliminate revery and sweet leisure without which Cimarosa or Casanova have no true judges to look forward to.

The Roman paper rightly made fun, recently, of the enormous blunders regarding the excavations of Tusculum contained in the April, 1826, number of the *Journal de la littérature étrangère,* which is printed in Paris and is read, I am told, in Germany.

JULY 16 / I have just performed the role of a cicerone. Quite in spite of myself and on orders from above, I explained Michelangelo's *Moses* to M. R . . .; he is a Frenchman of brilliant mind, who dares to say what he feels, were it even that Raphael is a bad painter. He said to me: "Have you read through one of those voluminous collections printed in 1792, under the title of *Selected Political Speeches and Pamphlets*? Open a selection of political opinions and pamphlets relative to the session of 1829, and you will be struck by the difference; something vague and cottony makes you shut the 1792 collection with a yawn. On the contrary, you will find in the pamphlets of 1829 a firm tone and clear ideas. Will you conclude from this that our makers of political articles are more intelligent than Barnave, Cazalès, Mounier or Mirabeau?"

"This comparison," I replied, "will make you feel the immense difference there was for a young painter of the sixteenth century between being admitted to Raphael's school and to Titian's. The idea of the *importance of the school* comes up constantly in the articles that Italians write about the arts. It is like the point of departure whence a young eaglet, vigorous of wing, takes flight. Given the same talent, how interesting it would be to see how a young painter turns out, depending on whether he follows the school of Titian in Venice, or that of Raphael in Rome; depending on whether, in a young woman playing with her child, he sees only the *color* or else the *expression* and the nobility of the contours. If Giotto, who in 1300 did those barbarous paintings that you see in Florence, had entered Correggio's school in 1520 he would have astonished the world."

"I see," said M. R . . . interrupting me, "why the ordinary dilettante in 1829 does not know what is wrong with the leading painters or poets of their time. If he has a modicum of intelligence, he is bored; if he has a little more, he sees that these so-called artists *have nothing of their own.* They are excellent students of rhetoric. I yawn less when I read a satire by Régnier than when I read a modern poem; but Régnier's satire is unintelligible to women."

This evening, in the midst of the packed crowd at Madame D...'s concert, a young man was heading toward the piano, pushing people aside rather roughly. An old abbé said to me, "That's so-and-so, the singer; never will he be able to overcome the coarseness that impairs his voice; you perceive that this coarseness is also in his character. The other day he was going to Tivoli with several young painters; ten steps from the inn, he broke into a run in order to get there first and reserve the best bed for himself... With such souls one can make a fortune, but one will never be able to sing well."

OCTOBER 1, 1828 / We have just spent seventy-five days away from Rome. Perched on mule-back, we have seen that part of Africa that is called Sicily. We were struck by its temples, and by the deep good sense of some of its noblemen. I do not dare to name two of these gentlemen who have become our friends.

A fairly clean steamboat brought us from Naples to Palermo in twenty-five hours. The captain offered to take us from Naples to Marseille in four days. One of us took him at his word, and by mailcoach arrived in Paris nine days after having left the rest of us in Naples.

The most agreeable moments of our trip were two weeks of rest spent in a small house one mile from Furia (on the isle of Ischia). The most curious thing that we have seen in Italy is Pompeii; but without the memories of Rome, the still living remains of Pompeii would hardly have touched us.

We were shown a manuscript that gives an account of the suppression of the convent of Bajano. Nothing surpasses, in heartrending interest, the execution and the sight of those two beautiful nuns, forced to drink the large glasses of hemlock handed to them by the priests delegated by the archbishop of Naples. The convulsive movements of the young girls, and the words that spring to their lips as they embrace those of their companions who had preferred to put an end to their lives with a dagger, are unequaled in any tragedy. One of the priests was unable to bear the sight of the last convulsions of these exceptionally beautiful women, and was obliged to withdraw to an adjoining room.

The story of Gianone, who died in the prisons of the king of Sardinia for having dared to proffer a glimpse of the truth regarding the Middle Ages in Naples, is very estimable, but a little boring for travelers like ourselves, who wished only to see Naples: *"Vedi Napoli e poi mori,"* say the Neapolitans. Nothing, indeed, can be compared to its delightful and sublime setting; it is the only beautiful thing in the world that invites these two epithets.

But the architecture of Naples is bad: the big ugly fort Castel Nuovo should be razed to the ground, and a garden laid out on the edge of the sea. In Naples we found French society; Naples is somewhat African, if one will, in the lower classes, but less Italian than Rome, Bologna or Venice. One would think the two hundred richest persons in Naples were born at the Chaussée d'Antin. The only Neapolitan features that this high society has kept are the magnificent eyes and the large nose. But these magnificent eyes somewhat lack expression and recall Homer's words, constantly referring to Juno as the goddess with the big bovine eyes.

High society forms a kind of moral *oasis* in the middle of Naples; nothing resembles it, and it lives with the twenty families of Englishmen who come every year to establish themselves in Naples, where they import the meticulous little vanities of the North.

Most Neapolitans, as a matter of fact, have no deep passions, but blindly obey the sensation of the moment. Metastasio, with a wholly Neapolitan colorfulness, has painted the moments of delirium of several extreme passions. Only one thing fixes the Neapolitan, and makes him reasonable and induces in him a mood of revery: that is an air of Cimarosa *well sung*. Their life is usually so gay that all passion, even when it is happy, makes them sad.

Zadig, Candide and *la Pucelle* depict France in 1760; the operas of Cimarosa depict with the same truth the character of the happy inhabitant of Torre del Greco.

As for the material aspect of the Neapolitan population, picture for yourself everyone living in the street, and the streets populated by battalion chiefs, wearing a blue uniform with red collar and bullion-fringe epaulets: this is the costume of second lieutenants. All the nobility are forced by poverty to serve in the army; the people spend their lives longing for a charter. In 1821, the French ministry offered it to them. If Naples had the two chambers, Herr von Metternich would not be causing worry to France in 1829.

During this absence of seventy-five days we often missed Rome; it was with a kind of rapture that we once again saw the Colosseum, the Villa Ludovisi, St. Peter's, etc. These monuments speak to our souls, and we cannot conceive that there was ever a time when we did not love them.

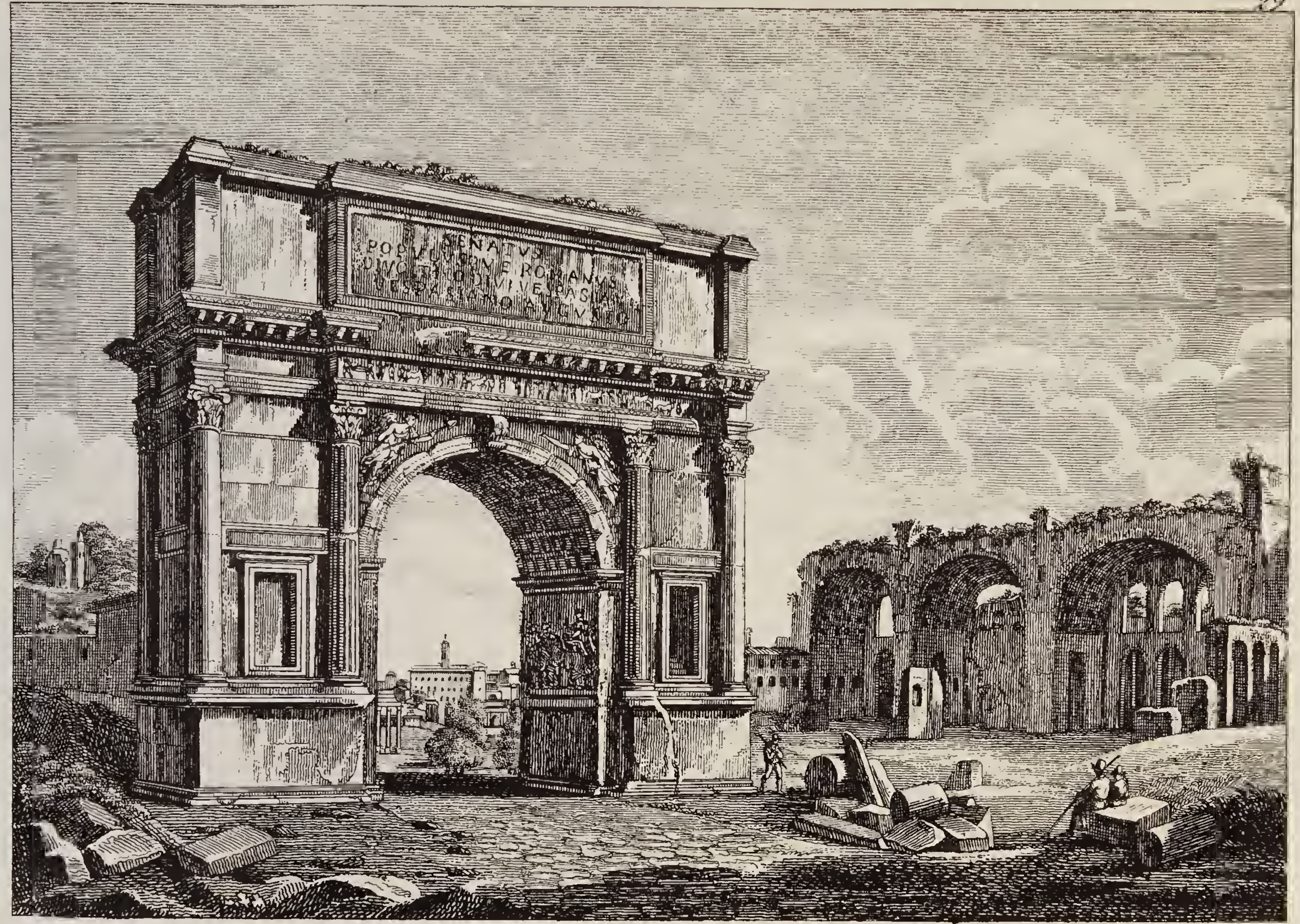
OCTOBER 2, 1828 / This morning, early, before the heat, we came to the convent of Sant'Onofrio (on Mount Janiculus, near St. Peter's). When he felt that he was about to die, Tasso had himself brought here; he was right; it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful spots in the world in which to die. The vast and beautiful view that one has over Rome, city of tombs and memories, must make this last step in detaching oneself from the things of the earth less painful, if it be so that it is painful.

The view that one has from this convent is surely one of the most beautiful in the world; we have just returned from Naples and Syracuse, and it does not seem to us at this moment that any other can be preferred to it. In the garden we sat down beneath an ancient oak; it is here, we are told, that Tasso, feeling himself to be altogether at life's edge, came to see the sky again for the last time (1595); his writing desk and a framed sonnet written by him are brought to us here. We examine with deep emotion these lines full of true sensibility and of obscure Platonism; this was then the philosophy of tender souls.

We wish to see the bust made from the wax mask taken of the head of the great poet at the moment of his death; it is in the library of the convent. The friar who accompanies us replies that, as the superior is absent, he cannot satisfy us; he adds, speaking of Tasso, *"Era uomo buono, ma non è santo."* (He was a good man, but he is not holy.) This mask was shown to all comers for two centuries; but, with the forward strides made by convention, Pope Leo XII has issued an order to forbid in places dedicated to religion the showing of images of personages not sanctified by the Church. We went inside the church to have another look at Tasso's little tomb, near the door to the left as one enters. That is where one may read this touching inscription, perhaps the most beautiful in modern times:

TORQUATI TASSI
OSSA HIC JACENT:
NE NESCIUS ESSES HOSPES
FRATRES HUJUS ECCLESIAE POSUERE
MDXCV

This epitaph strikes noble souls, because it is the daughter of


SENATVS
POPVLVSQVE ROMANVS
DIVO TITO DIVI VESPASIANI F
VESPASIANO AVGVSTO

Arco di Tito ristaurato nell'anno 1823. *Arc de Titus restauré en 1823.*

42. ARCH OF TITUS (RESTORED BY VALADIER)
Engraving by Pietro Ruga and Achille Parboni

necessity and not of the mind. The monks of this convent were disturbed by the questions of strangers who came to them from all parts of Italy; they themselves were fond of Tasso; they had this inscription put up.

The rich people of Rome, at the present time, are raising a fund to erect a tomb to this great man. The undertaking, and especially the manner of execution, are regarded as almost revolutionary.

The chief of the deplorable ministry of this country, Cardinal della Somaglia, was in decency unable to abstain from subscribing. I do not know where a sculptor a little above the commonplace will be found to make this monument; Herr Rausch, of Berlin, might be asked for a model. The portrait that is on Tasso's present tomb is not of him. Greatly annoyed by the refusal that we have suffered, we were unable really to examine a *Madonna* by Leonardo da Vinci, which we were shown to the right of the door that opens on the gallery. Domenichino's frescoes, admirable in simplicity, which are outside the convent under the portico, found us too angry to be appreciative; the ladies in our company especially were outraged. It was in vain that we pointed out to them that tomorrow we shall have twenty letters of recommendation, and that these shavelings will be groveling at their feet: they have become the sworn enemies of Leo XII.

Last night I reread some parts of the *Gerusalemme*. In passing through Ferrara last year, I went into the kind of cave where a great prince, *protector of the arts,* according to the priest Eustachio, confined Tasso for seven years and some months; apparently *for his own good.* Another priest forbids his bust to be shown; well and good! the memory of Tasso is all the more dear to me.

What a divine poet, when he forgets to imitate! The man was far superior to his work. What tenderness! what warlike melancholy! In him we find chivalry at its most sublime; how close he is to our hearts, and how antiquated, by comparison, are Homer's unfeeling and immoral heroes! I have arranged a copy of the *Gerusalemme* for my own uses, striking out all the plays on words that shock me and that won the poem its phenomenal success in 1581.

We shall see such men no more. Lord Byron had, perhaps, the heart of a poet, but the vanity of the nobleman and the dandy came to usurp the major part of it.

OCTOBER 3, 1828 / Paul arrived yesterday; he had left us to attend to some matter not far from Venice. One morning six months ago the police found a corpse in the street of a town that I shall call Ravenna, for the people in this place have heart and intelligence, all of which is needed for the story that Paul has just told us.

It remained completely unintelligible for the inhabitants of the locality. The dead man's name was Cercara: although he was still young, he was regarded as old because of the calling he had chosen; he was a money-lender. Always poorly dressed when he was alive, he was found cold in the street, attired as if for a ball, and with valuable jewels that had not been stolen from him. He had a young brother, Fabio Cercara, suspected of Carbonarism, who, being a man of intelligence, had taken refuge in Turin, where he was studying surgery. When Fabio learned of the death of his elder brother, who left him nearly three million, he immediately became a monk.

Lastly, while Paul was in Venice, a young woman called upon a monk who is very highly considered and who has something of the character of Fénelon. This very young woman wept a great deal and handed over to him some jewels that may be worth two thousand sequins.

"It is all I have in the world," she told the monk. "I am afraid of myself. Please do not ever put this trust in my possession except for a worthy purpose that you approve. I want to become a nun, please advise me as to a convent whose rule is not too hard. Kindly deign to answer for me and to present me under the name of Francesca Polo, which is not my own."

"Have you committed any crime in the territory of Austria?" the monk asked.

Reassured as to this, he consented to take the young woman under his protection.

Here is the story of Francesca as she told it to the confessor of the convent that she chose. She is only twenty-two; she was married at seventeen to a conceited and supremely tedious old man. This fool, though rich, borrowed money from the elder Cercara, who presently began paying court to Francesca; she developed an aversion for him. One year later, when it was seen that she did not love Cercara, five or six young men of Ravenna tried to win her favors; one of them she might have loved, but he left. With nothing to complain of except boredom, she says that during the whole summer of 1827 life was a burden to her. Her husband was more tedious than ever, and Cercara assiduously came to see her morning and evening.

One day she thought she recognized in the street the young man who had struck her fancy, but to whom she had never spoken; she was mistaken, for the man she was looking at and who had almost stopped as though overcome by a sudden emotion at the sight of her was Fabio Cercara, the younger brother of her tormentor, who had just arrived from Turin. He was a very handsome man, but quite dark. He appeared timid, and yet in church, during her walk every evening, she was sure to find him looking at her and their eyes would meet. One day he came to her house bringing, he said, a package from his brother. He was admitted to Francesca's presence. "What I have just told your maid," he said, "is quite untrue. There is nothing in the world that my brother fears so much as to have me talk to you. I have not been clever enough to conceal from him the passion that I feel for you. I am unfortunate, I have never been successful in anything that I have done. You are going to tell me that you don't care for me, and in that case I shall leave for Turin tomorrow—if I have the courage, for in Ravenna at least I see you."

Francesca, very disturbed, nevertheless had enough courage to be sincere with him. "I should be very sorry to see you leave, for I am bored to death here and it gives me pleasure to see you passing; but I do not love you; I enjoy seeing you because you look like a man whom I perhaps love."

This reply filled Fabio with despair; yet he could not bring himself to leave Ravenna, and by the end of two months succeeded in making himself loved. He got on the good side of a craftsman whose house had a small window overlooking the garden of Francesca's house. Once a week and then almost every day, Fabio would slide down a knotted rope from this little window. Through the garden he would enter a low room, and, unbelievable as it may seem, would come and stay in the very bedroom where the bore was sleeping with his wife. The very keen man who told this story to Paul presumes that Francesca gave her tyrant a little opium, but this she emphatically denies.

After some time Fabio was obliged to return to Turin; the Ravenna police was becoming concerned over the fact that he was prolonging without apparent reason a stay that he had stated he expected not to exceed three weeks, and was beginning to have him followed. As he was thoroughly honorable, he feared to compromise Francesca, for whom his passion was growing day by day.

Wholly given over to his love, Fabio had incurred no expense during his sojourn in Ravenna. Without intending it, he made a most favorable impression on his brother, who just a few days before the departure said to him, "We are here today and gone tomorrow—come with me to my notary, I am going to will all my wordly goods to you, on condition that you give me your word of honor never to sell or mortgage them." The act was made out; Fabio, who was twenty-two like his mistress, was very grateful. But soon the unhappiness caused by his departure made him forget his new fortune. There was even no way of writing to Francesca; the inhabitants die of boredom and keep such a close watch on one another that nothing can be kept secret. Fabio was young, his grief extreme, and he committed the imprudence of confiding in his brother, who was fifteen or twenty years older than himself. He has said since that this confidence struck the rich Cercara like a thunderbolt. "What!" he kept repeating, "you see her almost every night? What!" he added a moment later, "that imbecile of a husband has never heard you?"

"We never talk in that room," Fabio replied.

Plunged in the depth of his grief, his brother had him repeat five or six times all the details of the meetings. Fabio saw him pale at each word that by chance depicted the love that Francesca felt for him. At last, as the day of his departure was at hand, the rich Cercara went with his brother to visit the house of the craftsman, and he agreed to throw from the little window, when he heard a certain signal, the letters that Fabio would address to him from Turin for Francesca.

It appears that during the first month the rich Cercara carried out his mission faithfully. He would come and bore Francesca twice a day, as usual. She has recalled since that she found him greatly changed and very pale on the days when he was to throw a letter from Fabio into the garden. Finally the rich Cercara had the idea of counterfeiting his brother's writing. The latter had just announced to Francesca that he had broken his wrist in a fall from a horse. Two weeks later a letter supposedly from Fabio informed Francesca that Fabio was coming to Ravenna unbeknownst to his family, solely in order to see her.

Having reached this part of the long story, which we are shortening, Francesca blushed deeply and needed the encouragements of the father confessor in order to be able to continue. "At last the day of my misfortune arrived," Francesca went on, having turned pale as death. "The infamous Cercara had the audacity to come into my room; I remember that I had the strangest suspicion; I finally decided that Fabio had become a little drunk and was afraid of compromising himself by speaking; meanwhile my husband was fast asleep, and because of the extreme heat had gone to rest on the couch. The man whom I took to be Fabio, but whom, it seemed to me that night, I almost did not love any more, left me much earlier than usual. As soon as he was gone, I reproached myself for my lack of love and for the folly of my ideas. The following night the monster returned; all my suspicions were confirmed; I was certain that the man who had abused me was not my lover; but who was he? I lost my way in conjecture, in vain I would pass my hand over his face. I found nothing remarkable about his features, except that I was quite sure they were not Fabio's. I was able to control myself sufficiently to conceal my agitation.

"I asked the unknown man to come the following Friday; on that day my husband was to go to the country, but I was careful not to tell this to the man who was deceiving me. On the Friday I had a very strong serving-maid, whom people call la Scalva, lie in the bed with me. Because of a great service that I have rendered her she is altogether devoted to me. The unknown man entered, and I was on the point of stabbing him without speaking to him. Great God! what danger I was courting! It was Fabio, who by some strange combination of circumstance had just arrived from Turin to see me. He was so happy that I did not have the courage to confess what had befallen us.

"The following night I was more or less expecting Fabio, who had made a half-promise that he would return. Instead of him, who should come that night? The monster who had made me unworthy of my lover. I was again deceived, I flung myself into his arms, believing that it was Fabio; but the unknown man embraced me, and I then became certain of my error. Immediately, without a word, I stabbed him twice in the chest with my dagger, and my serving-maid finished him. It might have been about two o'clock in the morning; it was the season of the long summer days, and there was no time to lose. I told la Scalva to go and wake up Fabio, and beg him to come; I realized I was preparing my own undoing, but I had to see him. "God knows," said la Scalva, "if they will even let me in at this hour; all the neighbors will be awakened; we may be hanged for this." But I told her that I insisted on her going. She made no further objection, and left.

"By an unbelievable stroke of luck, she found the door to Fabio's house open. She knew where his room was. They came back in no time at all. I had spent these last happy moments of my life sitting on my bed, with the monster's corpse at my feet; I did not see him, but the room smelled of blood. Finally I heard a noise, I rushed out to tell Fabio everything that had happened; on my instructions, la Scalva had told him nothing. When Fabio was brought into the house, she dared to light the lamp. He saw me all stained with blood. At this moment my misfortune began: he looked upon me with horror, he listened coldly to my story and without giving me a single kiss—he who ordinarily would overwhelm me with mad caresses.

"His indifference must have been most marked, for la Scalva said to me in dialect, 'He won't help us.'

" 'On the contrary,' said Fabio, 'I will take care of everything, and you won't be in any way compromised by this; with la Scalva's help I will carry the body to an out-of-the-way street, and if tomorrow and the following days you change absolutely nothing in your usual conduct, I defy the devil himself to guess what has happened.'

" 'But do you approve of me, my love?' I asked fervently.

" 'At the present moment I feel as if I have been turned to ice,' he replied, 'and to tell the truth I do not know if I love you.'

" 'Well! Let's get done with it,' I said, 'take this body away with la Scalva.' We then entered the room; he let out a cry and fell to the floor against a chair. He had recognized his brother before I did. The latter was turned over on his back, eyes open—I can still see him—and swimming in blood . . . Fabio threw his arms around him.

"What shall I tell you? I understood only too well that Fabio no longer loved me. I would have done better to kill myself as I was tempted to, but I was hoping that he would come to love me again. La Scalva and he carried off the corpse in a big wool blanket, and placed it in the middle of a deserted street, at the other end of the town, near the citadel. Would you believe that I have never seen Fabio again?" Francesca continued, bursting into tears. "He went and shut himself up in a monastery in Turin; this I learned from a letter written at his orders. I did all that was required not to be discovered, since so just an action displeases Fabio. I gave half of what I had to la Scalva; she is in Spain, and will never harm me. A long time afterward, alone, I succeeded in getting away from Ravenna and in boarding a ship. I spent several months in Corfu, vainly hoping for letters from Fabio; at last, dodging a thousand dangers, I bought a passport from a Greek, and here I am; you may betray me if you have the heart. I am waiting every day for a letter announcing that Fabio has taken his vows. He apparently wants me to follow his example, since I have informed him of my intention, and he has never written to tell me that he disapproves of this."

This story is frighteningly long; last night, when Paul told it, it seemed short to us. He did not want to leave Venice without seeing Francesca; this was most difficult, but he is not a man to let himself be stopped by obstacles. He appears fascinated by her beauty, and especially by her sweet, innocent, tender air. She is a Lombardian figure, one of those women painted with so many charms by Leonardo in his *Herodiases*. Francesca has a slightly aquiline nose, a perfect oval, thin, delicate lips, large brown eyes, timid and melancholy, and the most beautiful forehead, in the middle of which the loveliest dark brown hair was parted. Paul was unable to speak to her, but he knows through the convent's confessor that she never had the slightest idea that she did any wrong in killing the unknown man. She has not yet got over the surprise that Fabio's behavior causes her; the discovery that the dead man was his brother seems to her in no way to justify his coldness. She sometimes thinks that in Turin, before his return to Ravenna, he had ceased to love her.

OCTOBER 5, 1828 / Catholicism has just shown in Lisbon and in Spain that it execrates representative government, which happens to be the sole passion of the nineteenth century. It is therefore possible that before the end of this century many sensible men will adopt a new form for the worship of the ALL-POWERFUL, REWARDING AND VENGEFUL GOD.

So long as man has imagination, so long as he needs to be consoled, he will love to speak to God, and, according to his particular character, he will speak to God with more pleasure beneath the magnificent vaults of St. Peter's of Rome or in the little half-ruined Gothic church of his own village. When religious feeling is deep, magnificence disturbs him, and he prefers the abandoned chapel in the middle of the woods, especially when it is solitary, beaten by storm and rain, and the sound of the little bell of another church can barely be heard in the distance.

We people of the North cannot find these sensations of neglect and affliction in the churches of Rome: they are too beautiful. For us the architecture imitated from the Greek by Bramante is always a feast. But the Romans find this sensation of desolation and of sadness in several of their small churches, of which over a hundred have something to commend them to the traveler.[1]

---

[1] The following, twenty-two in number, are in my opinion the most remarkable

Most of these monuments were built by men who were half persecuted, as is today the traveler in Italy who is considered to be liberal. These churches were not erected out of the state budget, or against the wishes of the immense majority who, in France, instead of churches, would like schools for the peasants.

The churches of Rome, built by private individuals or by subscriptions, were until about the year 1700 the monuments that were the most *agreeable* to the great majority. Thus we see in them the moral expression of their century.

The popes have extended the love of the beautiful a hundredfold by giving it the fear of hell as an auxiliary; from 1200 to 1700 this fear was the decisive argument for rich old men. Among tender souls the fear of God's judgments manifested itself by the love of the Madonna; they cherish this unhappy mother who underwent such great suffering, and was consoled by such surprising events: the resurrection of her son, the discovery that he is God, etc., etc . . . Twenty-six churches in Rome are dedicated to Mary.

The decrees of the courts embarrass me for the following statement. Despite the support that they mean to lend to the belief in God, I need to declare that this sublime sentiment has in my eyes remained far above the artistic and wholly mundane criticisms that I permit myself on the churches of Rome. The existence of the Inquisition itself will never prevent tender souls from feeling the sublimity of the doctrine of Jesus, nor will the existence of the sanctimonious hypocrites whom they provide with carriages, nor the existence of the grave and moral men who ask them for consideration and power.

OCTOBER 7, 1828 / A new arrival asked Frederick to write down in his album the way to see Rome. Frederick wrote:

"Attach importance only to what you see, pay little attention to names, believe only the inscriptions."

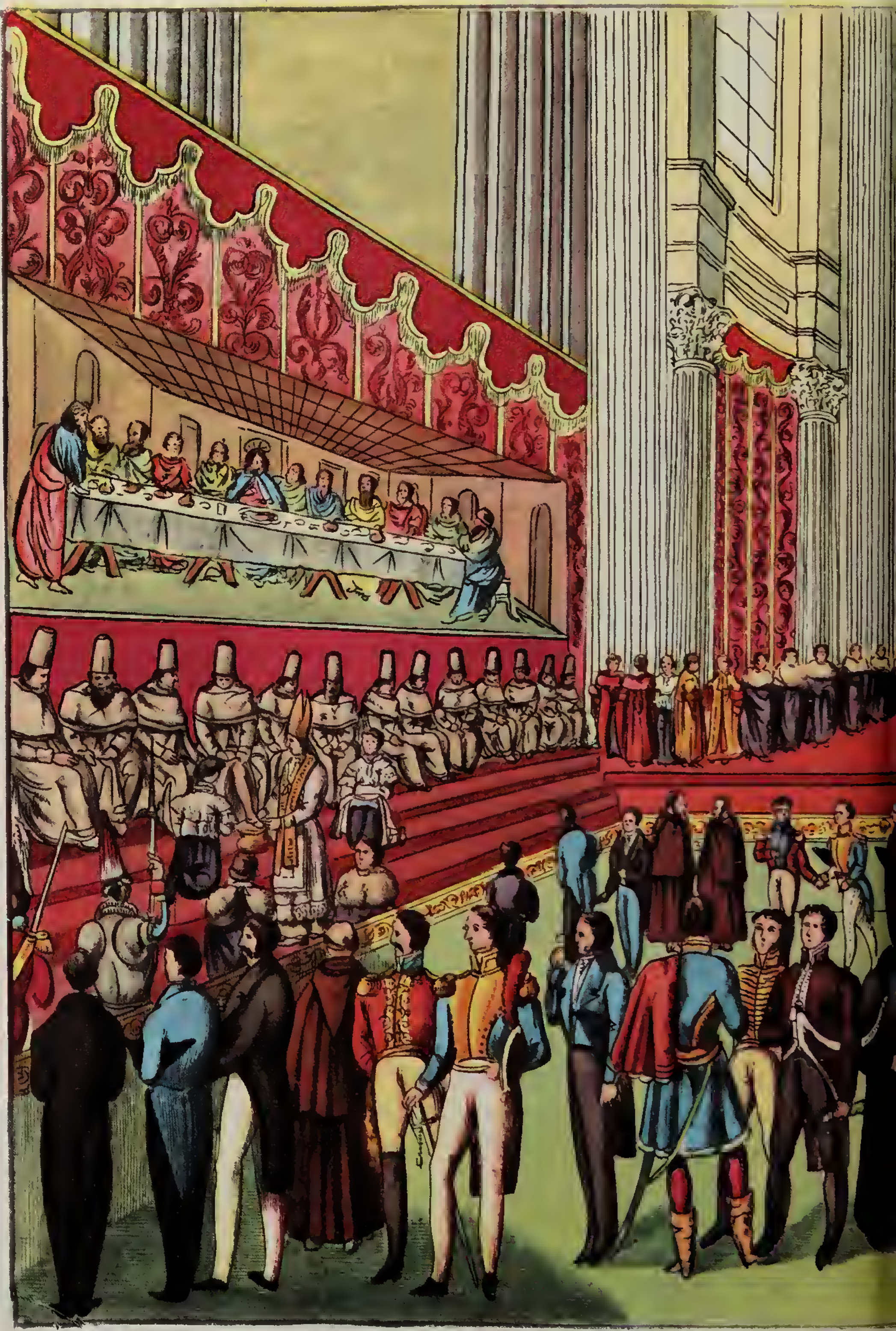
A few days ago, one of the ladies in our company was taking a picture with her dark chamber on the banks of the lake of Albano, near Grottaferrata. Her brother, who had just been for a walk and who was

---

churches in Rome: St. Peter's, the Pantheon, Santa Maria Maggiore, San Giovanni in Laterano, Sant'Andrea della Valle, Santa Maria degli Angeli, Ara Coeli, St. Paul's beyond the Walls, SS. Apostoli, St. Augustine, Madonna della Pace, Cappuccini, San Clemente, Santo Stefano Rotondo, San Gregorio al Celio, Il Gesù, Sant'Ignazio, Santa Maria del Popolo, Sant'Onofrio, San Pietro in Vincoli, Santa Prassede, San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura.

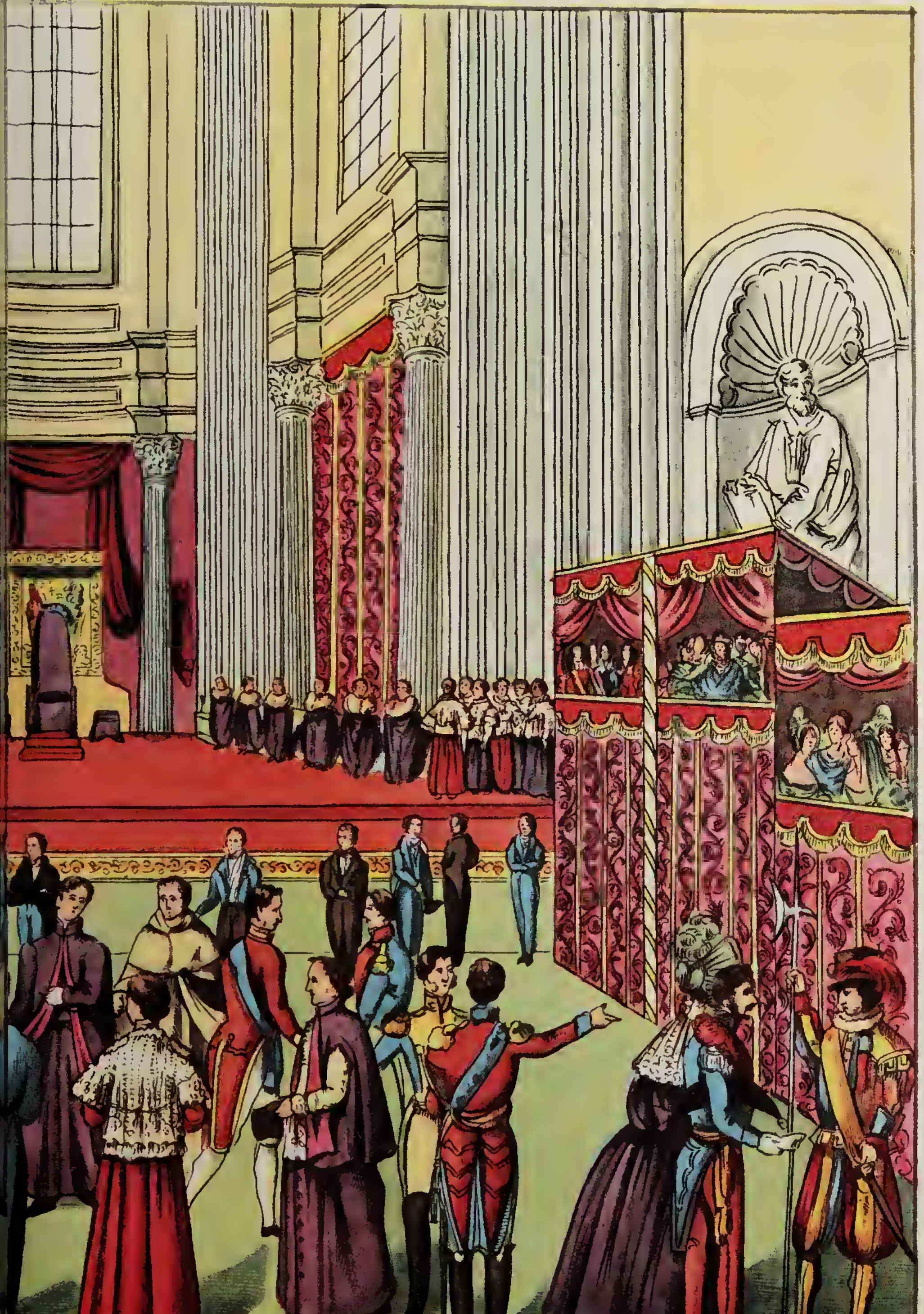
43. HOLY WEEK CEREMONY (WASHING OF THE FEET)
Lithograph by C. Motte

Ceremon



La Lavanda in S. Pietro al

gre)



cano nel Giovedì S^{to}

perhaps perspiring a little, sat down beside her for a few moments to correct her drawing. He felt an agreeable coolness. This imprudence was followed by a fever that lasted thirty hours. If it had returned we should all have left for Siena, a town renowned for the politeness of its manners and the beauty of its language. Signor Metaxa, I believe, a famous doctor and an intelligent man, made a map of the places attacked by fever; nothing is so baroque as the contours of contagion on this map. A fine subject to go into, but reasonably and not with vague and elegant pretty phrases, in the French manner. I have forgotten to say that the scholars suppose that Grottaferrata is precisely in the site formerly occupied by Cicero's country house, in Tusculum.

"There is little triviality in this country," commented a Frenchman.

"I do believe it," Frederick replied, "for there is little nobility of manners."

Since Leo X no one in Rome has taught the *courtly* graces with which the court of Louis XV has poisoned our literature and our manners. Are not the tragedies of Voltaire more *noble* than those of Racine?

OCTOBER 11, 1828 / The poor young Frenchmen here, who are very well-bred, very gentle, very pleasant, etc., but too mystical or too shy to mingle with Roman society, meet among themselves in the evening, in the main room of an inn, to play *écarté* and curse Italy. It must be admitted that the young men from Dijon who were in Rome with President de Brosses (1740) [1] led a somewhat different life. It is the century of Voltaire contrasted with that of M. Cousin.

A young Parisian of 1829 is responsive to the meticulous prints of English almanacs, then to the canvases of living painters which are explained to him for six months on end in newspaper articles. These paintings have the essential merit of presenting colors that are good and fresh. The young Frenchman leaves the Bois de Boulogne and the society of Paris to come to Rome, where he imagines he will find every pleasure, and where in fact he finds the most *impolite* boredom. A few weeks after his arrival, if heaven has bestowed on him a feeling for the arts, he feels a small admiration for certain paintings by the great painters which have preserved the freshness of their colors, and which happen to be pretty; the gallery of the Doria Palace offers several of this kind. He glimpses the merit of Canova, and the *clean* architecture of St. Peter's, so close to magnificence, rather moves him. A few young Parisians manage to understand the charm of ruins, thanks to the phrases of our great prose writers who explain them. To be polite, I shall not absolutely deny that one out of a hundred succeeds in enjoying the antique statues, and one out of a thousand the frescoes of Michelangelo.

---

[1] Charles de Brosses, French man of letters, author of the spicy *Lettres sur l'Italie.* (Editor's note.)

Everyone feigns to be enthralled by all these things, and repeats phrases; the essential is to choose phrases that are sufficiently modern not to have become commonplaces. Nothing is more amusing than the bored faces that one comes upon everywhere in Rome, which counterfeit rapt admiration.

The young Englishmen are more candid than the French, they admit their intolerable boredom; but their fathers force them to spend a year in Italy.

Do you want to avoid boredom on arriving in Rome?

Before leaving Paris, have the courage to read the excellent dictionary of painting by Lanzy, entitled *Historia pittorica della Italia.*

One might take a master of fine arts who, on the basis of the paintings remaining to us in the Louvre, would learn to distinguish the *manner* of the five schools of Italy: the Florentine and the Venetian schools, the Roman and the Lombard schools, and finally the school of Bologna, which came into being in 1590, seventy years after the death of Raphael, and which imitates all the others.

The painting of noble and tragic passions, the resignation of a martyr, the tender respect of the Madonna for her son, who is at the same time her God, constitute the glory of Raphael and of the Roman school. The Florentine school is outstanding in its very careful draftsmanship, and the Venetian in its richness of *palette;* in this respect no one has equalled Giorgione, Titian and Morone, the famous portraitist. The suave and melancholy expression of Leonardo da Vinci's *Herodiases* and the divine look of Correggio's *Madonnas* constitute the moral character of the Lombard school; its material character is the science of chiaroscuro. The school of Bologna has sought to appropriate what was best in all the others. It studied in particular Raphael, Correggio and Titian. Guido studied the heads of the Niobe group, and for the first time painting imitated the beauty of the ancients. After the death of the Carracci, of Domenichino and of Guercino, one finds in the history of Italian painting only a few widely scattered individuals: Poussin, Michelangelo di Caravaggio, etc. . . .

Before leaving Paris one should be able to distinguish at first sight whether a mediocre painting is done in the style of Raphael or by an imitator of Correggio. One must be sensitive to the enormous difference that separates the style of Pontormo from that of Tintoretto. If one neglects to acquire this small talent, which would cost three months of visits to the museum, one will find in Rome nothing but the most aggravating boredom, for one has the impression that the next man is having a good time. What would you say of a young foreigner who came to Paris in the month of January to enjoy himself in society, and who did not know how to dance?

If one is willing to sacrifice the initial surprise and, in order to understand Rome better, to accustom oneself while still in Paris to the sensations that one will find there, one can go and examine the Luxemburg court, a fountain at the northeastern end of its garden, and the interior of the Val de Grâce. The façade of St. Sulpice will give one an idea of something that is rarely seen in Italy—an enormous mass without any *style* whatever, nor any meaning for the soul.

OCTOBER 12 / A few years ago, in the streets of Rome, a beggar was to be seen who was known to the police for a special inclination that he showed for poisoning people. Two or three persons had perished; once or twice he had been put in prison and had managed to get out through the protection of some *fratone*. The vagabond attached to himself a poor Spanish woman who, I believe, also begged, and after some months he went so far as to poison even her, by giving her a dose of arsenic. The poor woman raised loud cries; but hardly had she recovered, through the ministrations of some doctor, when she protested that she had poisoned herself, and that her husband had no responsibility in this accident.

She was again seen in the streets of Rome, crippled from the effects of the arsenic; but she loved her companion more than ever. The latter, after a few months, again took it into his head to poison her; and this time the poor Spanish woman died. The beggar went and held out his palm in a different district of Rome; but the Spanish ambassador to the Holy See at this time, Señor de Vargas, was an intractable man who was bent on seeing the murderer punished.

The governor of Rome gave him the finest answer that one could wish, full of sentiments of humanity, adding that—unfortunately—the man who might in a certain sense be suspected of the crime had disappeared. Señor de Vargas gave a few louis to the *gendarmi* of the locality, who did the government the poor service of arresting the murderer. After this incident, the ambassador's representations become more pressing and the government's replies more embarrassing to make. A great number of notes was exchanged. Señor de Vargas realized that the beggar's protectors were seeking to gain time and to make the affair drag out, so as to be able to let the murderer go free once he, Vargas, had left Rome.

At the end of his patience, he called upon the cardinal secretary of state, and in order to produce an effect lost his temper to the point of banging the venerable dignitary's desk. Such excess caused the entire palace to buzz. "Those foreigners are worse than devils," it was said in the pope's palace. And finally, when Señor de Vargas's anger failed to abate, despite the most learned insinuations and all the postponements that could be contrived, an unheard-of thing happened in Rome: a murderer was publicly executed. But Señor de Vargas acquired, in good society, the reputation of a cruel and abominable man.

The poisoner's protectors were merely humane people who had no reason to protect the tramp. If the poor poisoned woman had been a Roman, the murderer would never have been punished by death. It took an impolite ambassador, a half-savage man, who nursed his anger for a period of months.

The people of Rome are not precisely ill-natured, but passionate and furious in their anger. The absence of criminal justice causes them to yield to their first impulses, whatever these may be. If you go walking alone with a pretty woman, it is very possible that she will be insulted, or at least looked at in an extremely painful way.

Solitary confinement, in the dark, would be a sufficient punishment for Romans, because of their imagination. Frightful tales about it should be told them by monks. I should not want too severe penalties, but no insolence or half-murder should go unpunished. Here every powerful priest has a family or two that he protects; the judges are other priests, and in Rome nothing is forgotten. In the conclave of 1823, which designated Leo XII, a vote cast in the Lepri [1] affair prevented a cardinal from being borne to the throne.

---

[1] This is how I have heard the story: a very rich man, named Lepri, was involved in a lawsuit on which his whole fortune depended; he obtained the prelacy, and Pius VI promised him the cardinal's hat. In gratitude for the honors conferred on him, he

I am not prepared to blacken this book with five or six anecdotes like the one concerning the poor Spanish woman; besides, I lack the Puritan bombast needed in order to be believed by grave people. What is called the "galleys" here is a very harsh prison in Spoletto or elsewhere. But the choleric man who permits himself to wield a knife has always three hopes (and among this imaginative people a reason for hope, however futile, is sufficient to veil the strongest objections and bring about the triumph of the passions).

The choleric man hopes:

1. Not to be caught;
2. Through the favor of some *fratone* not to be convicted;
3. Once convicted, to be released, again through the favor of some monk; which did not happen during the administration of General Miollis. But as everything has its compensation, having a pretty woman in one's family was a lesser advantage in 1811; hence French rule is inimical to beauty.

What will German sensitivity have to say to this? I have spent ten years in Italy, I have commanded small detachments here, and I venture to say that it would be better for this country if some innocents were convicted, and no guilty person had the hope of escaping. By means of a thousand tortures, in about 1801, Napoleon had abolished murder in Piedmont; and from 1801 to 1814, five thousand persons lived who would otherwise have perished by the knife.

But does man have the right to inflict death on his fellow man? Does the man suffering from fever have the right to take quinine? Is this not manifestly going against the will of God? One can acquire the reputation of being a great moral man by discoursing vaguely on this subject. The example of Piedmont, in 1801, proves that without the death penalty, pitilessly applied, murder will never be abolished in Italy.

OCTOBER 15, 1828 / We began our visits this morning with the church of San Clemente, behind the Colosseum, which already existed in 417. The material features of this church may give an idea of what Christianity was 1411 years ago.

made a gift of his whole fortune, including his lawsuit, to Duke Braschi, the pope's nephew. The tribunal had the noble independence to decide the case against the pope's nephew. Pius VI, greatly vexed, broke the tribunal and its decree and, it is said, appropriated the greater part of Lepri's fortune. The role played by the cardinal in question in this affair, and the perfidious memory of his friend, turned chance in another direction.

You will need to remember this church if ever curiosity leads you to study seriously the great machine of civilization and eternal happiness called Christianity. The church of San Clemente is, from this point of view, the most curious in Rome.

The vestibule at the entrance to the churches, where sinners unworthy of mingling with the other faithful would stop in 417, is in San Clemente today a small portico of four columns (a work of the ninth century). Next comes a court surrounded by porticoes, where the Christians whose moral status was somewhat less deplorable took their places.

The church properly speaking is divided into three naves by two rows of columns filched at random from various pagan edifices. In the center one perceives an enclosing wall of white marble that bears the monogram of Pope John VIII, who reigned in 872.

This wall served as a choir; the faithful surrounded the priests and could hear them. On both sides of this choir one notices the *ambones,* or desks, on which were placed the volumes of Holy Scripture that were read to the people.

In San Clemente, the sanctuarium, arranged approximately as in churches of Greek ritual, is entirely separated from the rest of the church. Here is the seat of the bishop who presided and those of the priests who attended the ceremonies.

After having examined the architecture of San Clemente, we noticed several attractive art objects that relieve the fatigue caused by the study of the early days of Christianity.

Cardinal Rovarella's tomb is very good. The fifteenth century sculpture is not insignificant; good or bad, it always says something, like Boileau's verses.

Masaccio, who was a man of genius of the Florentine school, and who died in 1443, before painting had reached its material perfection, painted in fresco, in the chapel to the left as one enters, some scenes of the crucifixion of Jesus and of the martyrdom of St. Catherine. Stupidity has retouched these frescoes and only a few vestiges worthy of the great name of Masaccio remain (the masterpieces of this illustrious man are in the Chiesa del Carmine, in Florence). This painter's merit is visible only after one has spent two years in Italy. Masaccio died in Florence at forty-two, probably of poison (1443). It is one of the greatest losses that the arts have ever suffered. If he had been born one hundred years later in the midst of a school that already had great models, Masaccio would have been a rival for Raphael: he was equal to him in genius.

We have not the slightest idea of Christianity in the early centuries. From the time of St. Paul, a man of genius comparable to Moses, down to Leo XII, *felicemente regnante,* as they say in Rome, the Christian religion, like those great rivers that change their course according to the obstacles that they encounter, has changed its direction every two or three centuries.

The present religion, for example, which the vulgar believe to be ancient, was made by the popes who have reigned since the Council of Trent. But these things are kept from us by those to whom they give *fine carriages with soft springs,* or the delicious pleasure of power. (Consult the life of San Carlo Borromeo, who despised carriages.)

OCTOBER 20, 1828 / We have been enjoying Rome, since our return from Naples, only because we see in each monument of papal Rome the vestige of one of the events that I shall recall in few words.

One of the greatest misfortunes of Italy, and perhaps of the world, was the death of Lorenzo dei Medici, the model of usurpers and kings. He was a great prince, a happy and lovable man; he was able to bridle the restless spirit of the republicans of Florence by astuteness rather than by debasing the national character. As a man of wit he loathed the base courtiers whom he should have recompensed as a monarch. He worshipped antiquity: everything about it seemed charming to him, even its errors and its faults. Such was the disposition of all the superior men of this country, from Petrarch and Dante to the invasion of Spanish despotism in 1530. Lorenzo the Magnificent has been painted in pastel (with false colors that exaggerate the brilliancy and diminish the greatness) in the work of Mr. Roscoe. He was much less of a play-actor than the English author believes, making of him a modern prince who is anxious to be up-to-date. Lorenzo dei Medici spent his life with the superior men of his time, in his fine country houses in the vicinity of Florence. He loved the young Michelangelo, lodged him in his palace and admitted him to his table. He would often send for him to enjoy his enthusiasm and to see him admire the antique statues and the medals that he received from Greece or Calabria.

This first education explains the elevation of character that we note in the life and in the works of Michelangelo.

Leo X was the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent; but his other son, Peter, who succeeded him, was a fool and got himself expelled from Florence. From this moment the first concern of the Florentines was to keep their freedom, and Rome became the capital of the arts, as Paris is today the capital of the civilization of Europe.

The popes, who did not have to tremble for their authority, undertook the greatest works of painting, of sculpture and of architecture of modern times. We come to three men so remarkable that their lives would be curious even if they had reigned in the most unknown corner of Europe. I am referring to Alexander VI, to Julius II and to Leo X.

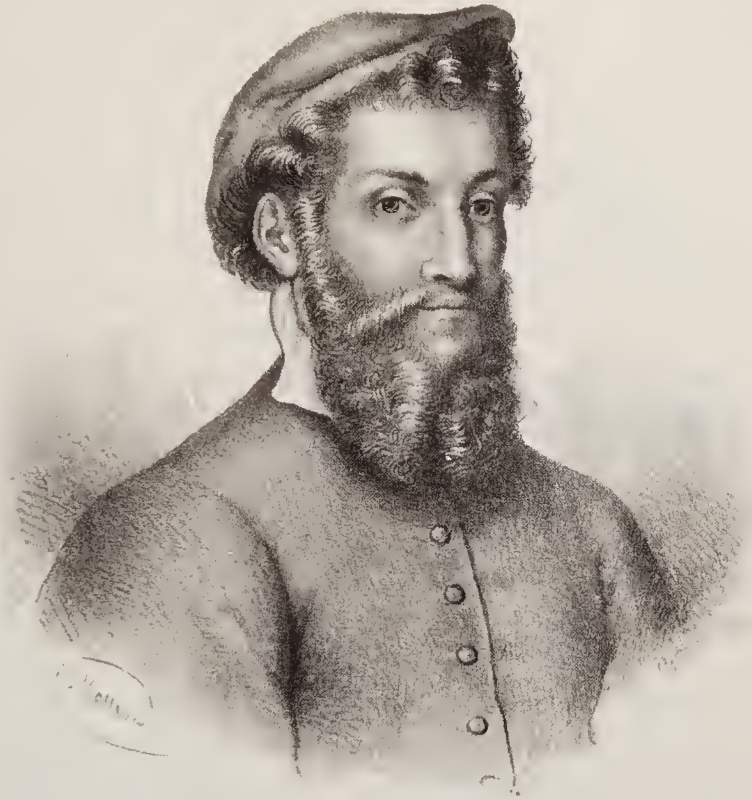
In the course of the fifteenth century, the chief concern of the popes was to annihilate the great Roman lords by fire and sword. This is what Richelieu did later in France. Rome had had a government of its own during the Middle Ages; after Alexander VI it had nothing more than a municipal administration. As the truth about Rome is nowhere to be found, I am given grounds for hoping that the reader will forgive me a few rapid, abrupt and graceless sentences intended to prevent him from lending credence to the lies with which all the histories of the sixteenth century abound.

Innocent VII, after a lifetime devoted solely to the gratification of his sensual appetites, had died in the same year as Lorenzo the Magnificent, July 24, 1492.

The following sixth of August, the cardinals entered the conclave; they were but twenty-three, and were so conscious of the advantages of their small number, that each one of them swore an oath not to make any new cardinals if he should become pope, without the consent of all the others. These twenty-three cardinals enjoyed immense riches and great power; almost all were distinguished men. Piety was rare in the sacred college, and atheism fairly rife.

Among the cardinals who entered the conclave of 1492, two were distinguished by rare talents, Giuliano della Rovere, who later became Julius II, and the immortal Roderigo Borgia, who was the least imperfect incarnation of the devil on earth. This great man was the son of a sister of Calixtus III (Borgia), a Spaniard, who had made him abandon his name of Lenzuoli in order to assume that of Borgia. Pope Calixtus had accumulated on the head of his young nephew all the dignities that he could dispose of. He resigned to him his archbishopric of Valencia in Spain, made him cardinal deacon in 1456, and at the same time conferred upon him the then highly lucrative ministry called the *vice-chancellery of the Church.* Callixtus's successors confided the most delicate missions to Cardinal Borgia; he almost always succeeded.

In 1492, on entering the conclave, he combined the revenues of



CORREGGIO

P. Comas, dib. lit.

44. CORREGGIO
Engraving by Locatelli from a self-portrait

three archbishoprics, of several bishoprics and of a great number of ecclesiastical benefits; it was a means of success, for a pope on mounting the throne would distribute to his former colleagues all the benefits that he enjoyed as cardinal. The morals of Cardinal Borgia were an obstacle to his elevation; his excessive addiction to the fair sex had earlier exposed him to public censure; he was now living openly with the famous Vanosia, whom he had made a rich Roman marry, and he had by her four sons and one daughter. This scandal would be much more intolerable in our day than it appeared in 1492; it was less distant from the time when priests had had concubines and even legitimate wives. Innocent VIII, the pope who now had to be replaced, had been famous for his extreme sexual indulgence; and love, in Italy, was what vanity is in France today—everybody's sin.

Borgia had two rivals, the cardinals Giuliano della Rovere and Sforza. The latter, an uncle of the Duke of Milan and brother of the famous scoundrel Ludovico il More (the Moor), enjoyed immense riches; after a few tests of the strength of his faction, he sold himself to Borgia, who promised, if he became pope, to give him the ministry of the vice-chancellery. The less wealthy cardinals were bought outright with cash (the patriarch cardinal of Venice, for example, received five thousand ducats), and finally, on August 11, Alexander VI mounted on the throne, after a five-day conclave. He immediately conferred upon Cardinal Sforza the post of vice-chancellor; he gave Cardinal Orsini his palace in Rome all furnished, as well as the two castles of Soriano and of Monticello; Cardinal Colonna was named to the abbey of Subbiaco. Cardinal Sant'Angelo, for his part, received the bishopric of Porto and the Borgia cellar, filled with the most exquisite wines.

Giuliano della Rovere and four other cardinals had not sold themselves. The moment he saw his rival on the throne, Giuliano locked himself up in the castle of Ostia, and soon removed himself even further from Rome. Anarchy was rife in the capital; two hundred and twenty citizens had been murdered during the slow agony of Innocent VIII. With a word, Alexander VI restored the streets of his capital to safety; he knew how to reign. There happened at the time to be a worthy German at the court who, like the Marquis de Dangeau for Louis XIV, gave a day-to-day account of everything that the sovereign pontif did. One must read in Burkhardt[1] the detailed account of the indecent feasts with which Alexander VI, in his own palace, celebrated the marriage of his daughter Lucrezia to Giovanni, the lord of Pesaro.

---

[1] Burkhardt's Latin diary is to be found in the *Corpus historicum medii aevi a G. Eccardo,* Lipsiae, 1723, Volume II, columns 2134 and 2149.

This scandal and ever so many others aroused the indignation of Girolamo Savonarola; he was a man of lofty character and great insight, who attempted the role of Luther, and was burned in 1498 by the good offices of Alexander VI.

Called to the bedside of the dying Lorenzo dei Medici, Savonarola had refused him absolution unless he gave his country back its liberty. When with two of his friends he was tied to a stake above the pile of faggots prepared to burn them, the bishop of Florence declared that he separated them from the Church. "From the militant," replied Savonarola softly, thereby giving to understand that in his quality of martyr he was that moment entering the *Church triumphant* (these are terms of theology). Savonarola said nothing more and perished thus at the age of somewhat less than forty-six. Michelangelo was his friend.

A great deal of time elaspsed before the popes experienced a real fear and gave serious thought to being less scandalous. But finally Luther succeeded Savonarola; there was no way of having him burned; it became neccessary to assemble the Council of Trent.

This slightly democratic council acted with anger and increased the breach that separates Protestantism, or the religion of *personal examination,* from the religion of the pope. The Council of Trent created the Catholic religion as we see it today. The popes began to fear the scandals caused by the cardinals, and in general called to the Sacred College only imbeciles of high birth. Now all is changed for the better.

Alexander VI himself made war on the Orsinis and the Vitellis, great prince devoid of intelligence, but full of spirit. Egged on by Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, he would gladly have deposed Alexander VI in passing, but the Castel Sant'Angelo saved the pope.

Alexander VI himself made war on the Orsinis and the Vitellis, great lords of his States; this war exposed him to personal dangers. He took a new mistress, Giulia Farnese, surnamed Giulia Bella, with whom he lived soberly, like Louis XIV with Madame de Montespan; she gave him a son in the month of April, 1497. Two months later, Francesco Borgia, the duke of Candia, the pope's eldest son, was assassinated in the streets of Rome as he was coming out after a meal. It was soon discovered that his own brother, Caesar Borgia, cardinal of Valencia, was the perpetrator of this crime. They were rivals, and both loved the beautiful Lucrezia, their sister.

This blow was too much for the heart of Alexander VI, which indeed proves that there is no perfect villain; before the assembled consistory he confessed, with sobs, the disorders of his past life; he recognized that it had drawn upon him this just chastisement of God. The good Louis XII was reigning in France, and had the weakness to wish to make conquests in Italy; he showered favors on Caesar Borgia, the son of the powerful Alexander VI; Caesar took Leonardo da Vinci into his service, appointing him his engineer-in-chief.

The countryside adjoining Rome belonged almost entirely to two powerful families, the Orsinis and the Colonnas. The Orsinis owned the lands west of the Tiber; the Colonnas those that lie east and south of the river. During this period of bravery and force, the Orsinis, the Colonnas, the Savellis, the Contis, the Santacroces, etc., were all *condottieri;* every one of them was at the head of what we would call today a small regiment; the more young men capable of bearing arms that a great Roman family comprised, the more respected it was. Every family dealt separately as an equal power with the pope, with the king of Naples, the king of France, or the Republic of Florence. The ideas known today under the names of legitimacy, rebellion, etc., were in nobody's head.

The relentless wars of the Colonnas against the Orsinis (1499) had driven the farmers from the Roman countryside, already depopulated by the barbarians at the time of the fall of the western empire. That is the origin of the solitude of Rome's environs, which so greatly contributes to its beauty and is a source of astonishment to travelers. Not only did the Orsinis' soldiers kill the men and beasts that they found on the Colonnas' lands, but they also uprooted the vines and burned the olive trees. The following year the Colonnas would exercise reprisals on the Orsinis' lands.

Alexander VI was not sufficiently powerful to repress these wars; circumstances led him to ally himself with the Orsinis, and often the fighting would be carried to the very streets of Rome; fortunately Caesar Borgia, his son, had great courage and some talent for war.

It would take too long to explain the skillful policy of Alexander VI; we have only wished to sketch the moral situation of the country in the midst of which young Raphael grew up. He was sixteen years old in 1499, and was working in Perugia—in Perugino's shop. Michelangelo was twenty-five, and the martyrdom of Savonarola, his friend, had so struck him with horror that he abandoned all work.

On September 4, 1501, Lucrezia Borgia, the daughter of the pope, even more remarkable for her intelligence than for her rare beauty, married Alfonso, the eldest son of the Duke of Ferrara. The lord of Pesaro, whose wedding Burkhardt describes, had been her second husband. A divorce had deparated her from the first.

Another divorce, pronounced by her father, next brought her into the arms of Alfonso of Aragon, the illegitimate son of Alfonso II, king of Naples; but the French conquered Naples, and Alfonso was now merely an unlucky prince. On July 15, 1501, an unknown hand pierced him with dagger wounds on the stairway of the basilica of St. Peter; and as he did not die quickly enough of his wounds, he was strangled in his bed the following August 18th. It was thus that Lucrezia became the hereditary princess of Ferrara.[1]

Her conduct became regular. She had had a few affairs that are difficult to relate; but her divorces must be attributed solely to the policy of her terrible father, and one must not forget that Caesar Borgia, her brother, is the hero of Machiavelli's *Prince*. Caesar would have made himself king of Italy if, when his father was suddenly taken from him on August 18, 1503, he himself had not been almost dying.

Paolo Giovio (Paul Jove), bishop of Como, is a lying historian, whenever he is well paid to lie, as he himself informs us; but he was a clever man, a contemporary of the events. Here, according to him, is the anecdote of the pope's death and Caesar's illness.

The pope had invited Cardinal Adriano da Corneto to supper in his vineyard of Belvedere, near the Vatican; it was his intention to poison him. This was the fate which he had meted out to the cardinals of Sant'Angelo, of Capua and of Modena, formerly his most zealous ministers, but who had become exteremely rich. The pope wanted to inherit their wealth.

Caesar Borgia had on that day sent poisoned wine to the pope's cup-bearer without taking him into his confidence; he had merely recommended to him to serve this wine only on his express order. During the supper, the cup-bearer left his post for a moment, and a servant who knew nothing served some of this wine to the pope, to Caesar Borgia and to Cardinal da Corneto.

The latter himself subsequently told Paolo Giovio that the moment he took this drink he felt a violent burning in his stomach; he lost his vision, and presently the use of all his senses; finally, after a long illness, his recovery was preceded by the sloughing of his whole skin. [1] Alexander VI died after a few hours of suffering; his son Caesar remained riveted to his bed, powerless to act.

---

[1] Lord Byron had a small lock of Lucrezia Borgia's beautiful blonde hair.

Alexander VI had created forty-three cardinals; most of these nominations brought ten thousand florins. Among other wise measures, which still serve today as laws of the Church, Alexander VI, who had grasped the whole significance of Savonarola's rebellion, ordered printers, on penalty of excommunication, to print no book without the approval of the archbishops. (Brief of June 1, 1501.) He instructed the archbishops to burn all books containing heretical, impious or ill-sounding doctrines.

Caesar Borgia later told Machiavelli that he believed he had thought of everything that could happen at the time of his father's death, and that he had found a remedy for everything; but that he had never dreamed that, at the time of this event, he himself would be confined to his bed in excruciating agony. Caesar believed he would be able to designate his father's successor; he was counting on the eighteen Spanish cardinals whom he had brought into the Sacred College.

Although shaken by the effect of the poison, he did not abandon himself. In Rome and in his territory, all strongholds were occupied by his soldiers. He made himself master of the Vatican and made peace with the Colonnas.

Hardly had the news of the death of the pope spread through the town than the people came running in hordes to St. Peter's. The Romans came to gaze upon the remains of the terrible man who for nine years had led them by terror.

Georges d'Amboise, the ambitious minister of the good Louis XII, hastened to Rome to be made pope. He was given the finest promises, and the cardinals elected a virtuous old man, because he was dying, who under the name of Pius III reigned only twenty-six days; it is claimed, moreover, that he was poisoned.

Georges d'Amboise, disabused of his personal pretentions, worked for Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere. This great man, exiled by Alexander VI, had spent almost the entire time of his enemy's pontificate at the court of France. Alexander said that he knew him to have no other virtue than sincerity.

---

[1] Paolo Giovio, *Vita de Leone X,* lib. II, p. 82. *Vita del cardinale Pompeo Colonna,* p. 358. This poison was a white powder of agreeable taste; death was certain and occurred, if one wished, only after several days. See the death of Zizim, brother of Sultan Bajazet.

Giuliano was very rich and enjoyed numerous benefits. All his friends placed their own benefits and their fortune at his disposal, in order that he might buy votes at the conclave. Herein we readily recognize Italian souls, in whom the habit of the subtlest policy cannot extinguish passionate sentiments.

Caesar Borgia, still dying, was reduced to selling his Spanish cardinals to Giuliano, his former enemy; and, on the very day of the entry of the conclave, October 31, 1503, Cardinal della Rovere was proclaimed pope and took the name of Julius II. You remember the fine portrait of him by Raphael, which is in Florence, and which we used to have at the museum of the Louvre.

Strength of will and military talent mounted the throne with Julius II. He studied his position for a few days and then ordered the arrest of Caesar Borgia, who went and died obscurely in Spain, in an out-of-the-way village.

You know that Julius II was one of the promoters of the famous League of Cambrai, which brought Venice to within two fingers of its ruin, and founded in Europe that republic of sovereigns whose usages are called the law of nations. During this pope's entire reign, the French made war in Italy.

Barely had Julius II ascended the throne when he sent for Michelangelo, then thirty-two years of age, and in the full fire of his genius and of his character. These two extraordinary men, equally proud, equally head-strong, loved each other and often quarreled.

In 1503, the date of the accession of Julius II, Raphael was on the point of going to see Florence for the first time. While he was studying in Perugia, he had lived in the midst of war preparations. The burghers, then very brave, were training themselves in the use of weapons and following with the liveliest interest the political enterprises of Gian Paolo Baglioni, the very clever petty tyrant who reigned in their town. Baglioni had secured sovereign power by massacring several of his cousins and nephews. His own sister was his mistress, and he had several children by her; he confiscated for her benefit the possessions of the rich citizens of Perugia who took flight. Some time before the battle of Garigliano, he found a way of filching a large sum of money from the French.

This rascally petty tyrant, with his army of a thousand men, his town of Perugia perched on top of a mountain, and the support of the inhabitants, defied everyone. But Julius II was more astute than he, and brought him without a battle to an arrangement, the effect of which was to deprive Baglioni of his power.

This negotiation occurred in 1515. Raphael was painting the frescoes of the chapel of Santa Severa in Perugia, in the midst of the preparations that Baglioni was making to resist the pope. In 1508, Julius called Raphael to Rome. Louis XIV honored with his haughty protection the least energetic of the great writers educated by Richelieu and the ways of la Fronde.[1] Julius II felt a need to live with the great artists of his time, raised them to the rank of his dearest confidants and enjoyed their works with passion. It is true that for painting to be seditious it must absolutely want to be so; whereas it is almost impossible to write well without at least indirectly recalling truths that are mortally shocking to the powers that be.

We shall not follow the conquests and the vast projects of Julius II. At last he felt life escaping him, and was perhaps greater at the approach of death than he had been under any other circumstance; up to the last moment he kept the firmness and the constancy that had marked all the phases of one of the finest reigns that history has to relate. On February 21, 1513, he ceased to live. His most ardent wish had always been to deliver Italy from the yoke of the barbarians; this was what he called all ultramontanes. He had a real respect for liberty. He loved the Swiss, because in their country he saw liberty united to courage. He died happy, because he had succeeded in his plans and had extended the frontiers of the State of the Church further than any of his prodecessors. Julius II had a daughter who lived in obscurity and enjoyed no favor.

Childishness is a characteristic of peoples considered as individuals, and everyone in Rome wanted the successor of Julius II not to resemble him. He had been elevated to the throne at the age of sixty-five; people wanted a young pope. He was turbulent, impatient, given to anger; they cast their eyes on a man whose love of letters, of pleasure, of an Epicurian life seemed to promise Rome and the court that he would be an easygoing sovereign.

The pope's obsequies concluded, twenty-four cardinals shut themselves up in the conclave. Giovanni de' Medici had left Florence at the first news of Julius's death; but a painful illness obliged him to travel slowly and in a litter, so that he arrived in Rome only on the sixth of March and was the last to enter the conclave. Giovanni de' Medici was then thirty-nine years old. On March 11, Cardinal Giovanni was himself instructed to read the ballots that elected him sovereign pontif; he took the name of Leo X.

---

[1] La Fonde: an insurrection of parliament and the nobility against royal absolutism, embodied in the policy of Mazarin, who was cardinal, papal nuncio and prime minister under Louis XIII and then under Louis XIV. It lasted, in several phases, from 1648 to 1653. (Editor's note.)

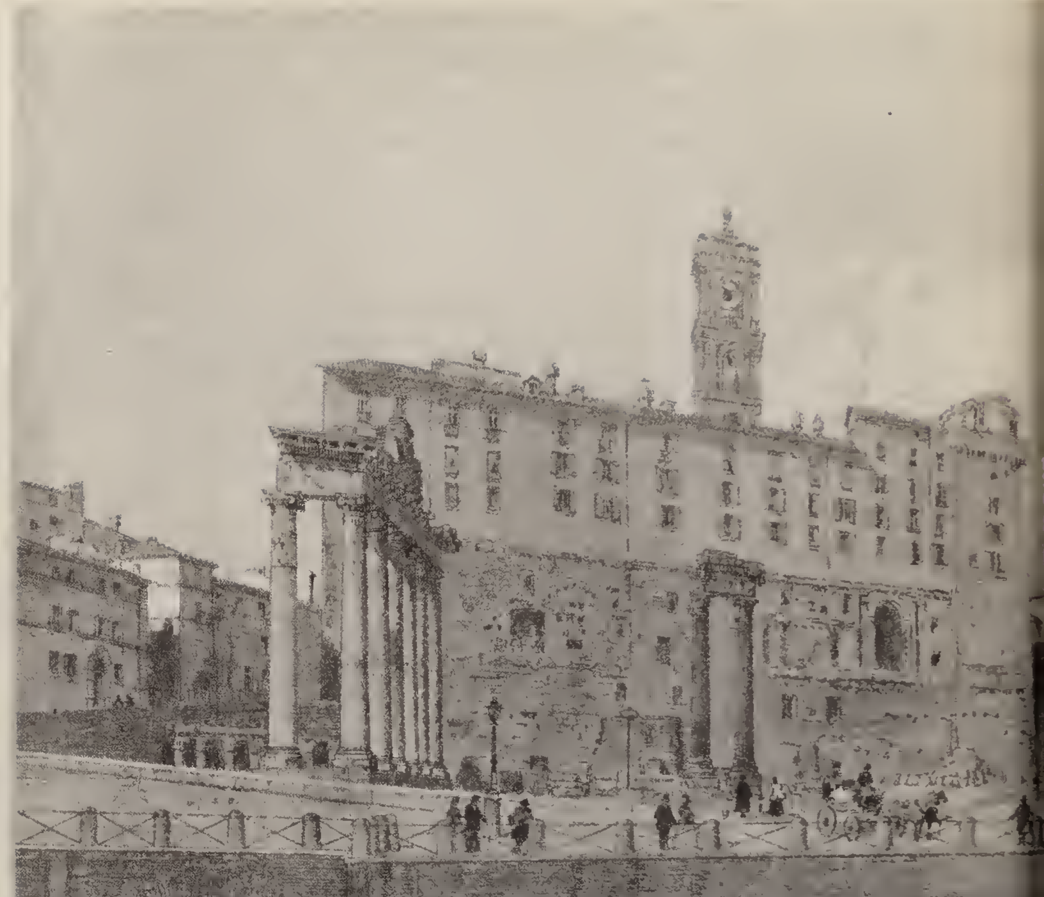
He was but a deacon; he was ordained a priest on the fifteenth of March and crowned in St. Peter's on the nineteenth. Leo X had himself crowned anew in San Giovanni in Laterano, which is the cathedral of the bishop in Rome. He chose April 11 for this ceremony, because it was on this date of the preceding year that he had been made prisoner by the French in the famous Battle of Ravenna. Leo X mounted the same horse that he had used on the day of the battle. The dazzle and the pomp of these ceremonies showed the Romans that the strict and severe economy of Julius II was abandoned for good. Leo X spent one hundred thousand florins for the feast of his coronation alone. He began by giving the archbishopric of Florence and the hat to his cousin Giulio de' Medici, then knight of Rhodes and very young; he was an illegitimate son of Giuliano, who had been assassinated by the Pazzi in the cathedral of Florence at the time of the famous conspiracy for freedom. This knight of Rhodes subsequently came to the throne under the name of Clement VII and committed nothing but blunders.

Under the reign of the pleasant son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the court of Rome was the most brilliant in the universe, and regained all the glamor that made it the jewel of the world. Leo X had the carefree nature of a man of pleasure; he was not able to make Michelangelo work, but Raphael continued to paint the rooms of the Vatican, and the pope appeared charmed by the gentleness of his character.

The French and the Spaniards continued to fight over Italy. In 1515, two years after the accession of Leo X, Francis I of France immortalized himself in the Battle of Marignano, where torrents of blood marked the defeat of the Swiss, so much respected in Europe since the misfortunes of Charles the Bold.

If Leo was infinitely more likeable than the great man whom he succeeded, his policy was less firm and more perfidious. During his reign, Italy was ravaged and ruined; but as an ecclesiastic, he won a great triumph. Everyone knows the story of the famous conference that he held in Bologna with Francis I. The pope obtained the sacrifice of the

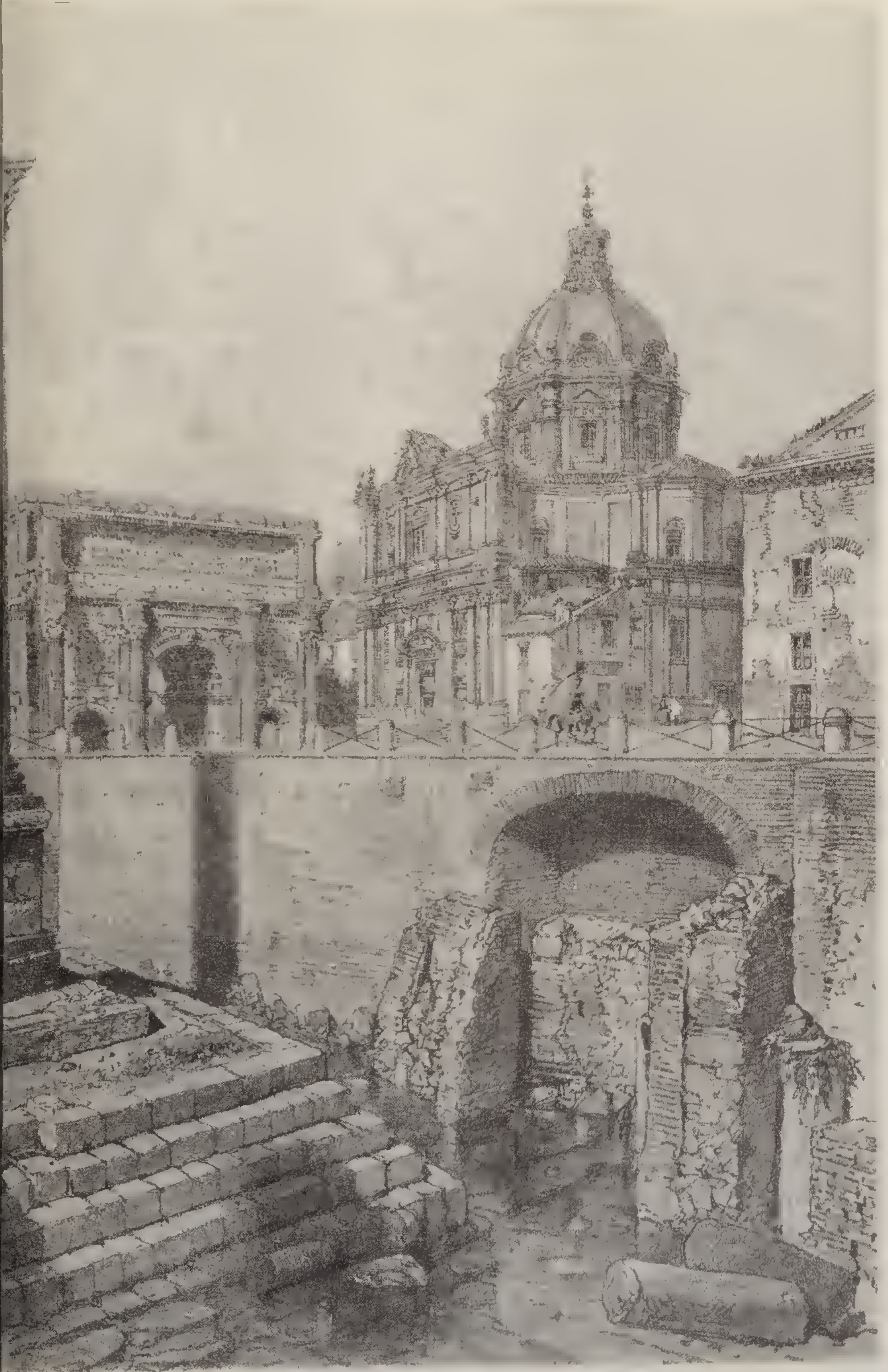
45. COLUMN OF PHOCAS
Lithograph by Charpentia from a drawing by Felix Benoist



Nantes, lith. Charpentier Edit. Paris, quai des Augustins, 55

FORUM ROMAIN

Colonne de Phocas, Arc de Septime Sevère et Capitole



Felix Benoist del Eug Ciceri lith Fig par Bayot

FORO ROMANO

Colonna di Foca Arco di Settimo Severo e Campidoglio

liberties of the Gallican church, which were to attempt a reawakening only under Louis XIV.

Alfonso Petrucci, a young cardinal, had shown great zeal for the nomination of Leo X, and had then announced it to the people with enthusiasm, exclaiming, "*Viva i giovani*!" (Long live youth). He was the son of Petrucci, the tyrant of Siena; but in the course of things it came to suit the policy of Leo X to drive the cardinal's brothers from Siena. The cardinal was outraged by this procedure, and said several times that he was tempted to fall upon the pope, right in the consistory, dagger in hand. He thought of hiring the pope's surgeon to poison an ulcer for which Leo X was being treated daily. Letters from Cardinal Petrucci to his secretary were intercepted; they contained plans of atrocious vengeance. Leo X resolved to initiate a criminal trial against this inconvenient enemy. But the latter was away from Rome. The pope not only wrote him an affectionate letter to which a safe-conduct was joined, but further gave his word to the ambassador of Spain that if the cardinal returned to Rome he would run no danger. Petrucci was foolish enough to believe his word; he returned to Rome and was immediately taken to the fort of Sant'Angelo.

Justice at that time was far more imperfect than ours. And even in our day, except in England, where do we find the accused absolved, when the government is aroused against them? Leo X, an absolute sovereign, loathed everything that distracted him from the pleasant pursuit of a voluptuous life. He saw himself threatened with poisoning by a young man full of verve and courage. This young man was strangled in prison on June 21, 1517 (Raphael was then finishing the last rooms of the Vatican). Several cardinals were convicted with Petrucci, and they bought their lives with enormous sums of money. The Sacred College now numbered only twelve cardinals. Leo X took advantage of their terror to give them all at once thirty-one new colleagues.

As sometimes happens in the case of our chamber of peers, Leo X, in order to conciliate the opinion of the city of Rome and win it over to this extraordinary measure, was obliged to include in his promotion many people of merit. He conferred the hat upon several members of the most powerful families of Rome. All the cardinals paid the pope for their hats, and it was observed that the price demanded was proportionately higher as the new cardinal's merit was less well established.

Leo X had reached the throne at a moment when all careers where being simultaneously dominated by men of genius. He found in the arts

Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo and Giulio Romano; the career of letters was upheld by Ariosto, Machiavelli, Guicciardini and a flock of poets whose work is tedious today and which then seemed charming. Aretino was taking it upon himself to say disagreeable truths to everyone; he was the opposition of that century, and for this reason is regarded as infamous.

All these great men, the brilliant products of a host of propitious circumstances, had announced themselves to the world, as we have seen in the case of Raphael and Michelangelo, before Leo X mounted the throne; but he took a lively pleasure in distributing to the superior men who inhabited Rome and constituted the ornament of his court the rich benefits of which he had the conferment in all Christendom, and the prodigious sums that the sale of indulgences brought to him.

In the year of the death of Cardinal Petrucci, Martin Luther began his role in Germany; but Leo X and Luther himself were far from foreseeing the immense consequences of this event; had it been otherwise, Luther would have been bribed or poisoned.

Leo X had the sensitivity of an artist toward the wonders of the arts. What sets this prince apart among the singular men whom chance has placed on the throne is the fact that he was able to enjoy life as a man of wit; a great cause of anger for gloomy pedants.

This pope went hunting; his meals were enlivened by the presence of buffoons, whom usage had not yet banished from the courts. Far from affecting a boring dignity, Leo X made fun of the vanity of the fools who were at his court, and did not deny himself the pleasure of mystifying them; which causes grave historians to raise loud cries. He sometimes yielded to the temptation of conferring chimerical dignities upon some fool who requested them of him and whose triumphant vanity amused the city and the court. Rome, ever mocking, was enchanted by the spirit of its sovereign; but it laughed so heartily at a few mystified pedants that they died of vexation.

The pope's morals were neither purer nor more scandalous than those of the other great lords of this period; it must always be remembered that since the time of the appearance of Luther, the *proprieties* have made an immense stride every fifty years. Everything was gay and good-humored in Rome; Leo X liked above all to be surrounded by jovial faces. If one of his hunts had been successful, he would shower benefactions on all those who happened to be around him on that day. If the original spirit and the talents of the Italians of the Renaissance are remembered, if it is recalled that military pedantry did not disfigure this court, it will probably be agreed that nothing so attractive has ever existed.

If there was Machiavellism in the policy of Leo X, it was not noticed in Rome. The pope is reproached for his conduct in regard to the famous Alfonso, duke of Ferrara. Gambara, the apostolic protonotary, who later became cardinal, was ordered to bribe Rudolph Hello, a German, Alfonso's captain of the guards. Rudolph did in fact receive two thousand ducats and promised to assassinate Alfonso and to deliver the gate of Castel Tealdo, the citadel of Ferrara, to the troops of the Church. The day was set for the execution, and Guicciardini the historian, who commanded in Modena, had already advanced the pontifical troops toward Ferrara; but it turned out that Rudolph Hello had told everything to his master, who was anxious to avoid an open break, and contented himself with having Gambara's original letters deposited in the archives of the house of Este.

There Muratori, the man who had the best knowledge of the history of Italy and who was a priest, learned their contents. Guicciardini is very careful in his history not to mention the planned assassination; this reticence sufficed to make a poor English panegyrist (Mr. Roscoe, *Life of Leo X*) deny it; you see that, when one wishes to find out something, one must read the originals.

It was in 1520, the time of this ugly attempt on Ferrara, that Raphael died. The pope shed sincere tears over the death of this great man. Leo said publicly that his court had lost its finest ornament. In a military court such signs of affection on the part of the sovereign are reserved for the merit of the saber, so superior to all others so long as he is living.

On November 24, 1521, Leo X had just learned of the capture of Milan by the Spaniards. He was beside himself with joy; he hoped to see Italy freed from the *yoke of the barbarians*. The Castel Sant'Angelo's cannon, which was fired for this victory, thundered throughout the day. The pope, who was in his garden of Maliana, indicated his intention of assembling a consistory to announce this great news officially to the cardinals and order thanksgiving ceremonies in all the churches. He returned to his room, and a few hours later complained of a slight indisposition; he had himself carried to Rome; the illness seemed to be of a minor nature, but suddenly it became acute, and on the first of December of the year 1521 Leo X died. He was only forty-seven years old;

his reign had lasted precisely eight years, eight months and nineteen days.

During his illness, Leo X received the news of the capture of Piacenza by the Spaniards, and on the very day of his death he was still able to grasp the news of the fall of Parma when it was announced to him. This was the event that he had most ardently desired. He had told his cousin, Cardinal de' Medici, that he would gladly purchase the fall of Parma with his life.

The day that preceded his illness, his cup-bearer Malaspina had presented to him a cup of wine; the pope, after having drunk it, turned to him with a look of irritation, and asked him where he had found such a bitter wine. Leo X having died during the night of December 1st, Malaspina tried to leave Rome at dawn the following day. He was leading some dogs on the leash, as if going hunting; the guards at St. Peter's' gate, surprised that a servant of the pope should want to indulge in the distraction of hunting on the very morning of the death of his master, arrested Malaspina the cup-bearer. But Cardinal Giulio de' Medici had him released—fearing, says Giovo, that if there were talk of poisoning, the name of some great prince might come to be mentioned, and that he would thus be made the implacable enemy of the Medici family.

The fine arts have suffered three misfortunes that would appear far more decisive if I had the time to go into their consequences in detail. These are the death of Raphael at the age of thirty-four, that of Lorenzo the Magnificent at forty-four, and finally the death of Leo X at forty-seven, whereas most popes reach the age of seventy. Without speaking of the political division of Italy, which would have been quite different, what point of prosperity would the fine arts not have reached if Leo X had reigned twenty years longer? Alfonso, the duke of Ferrara, reduced to his last resources, was threatened with a siege in his capital and was preparing to sell his life dearly when he received the news of the death of Leo X. Had he contributed to it? In his joy, he had silver coins struck, on which one sees a shepherd snatching a lamb from the claws of a lion with this exergue, taken from the Book of Kings: *De manu leonis.*

The conclaves of Alexander VI, of Julius II and of Leo X had been quite short; the history of the one that named this great man's successor is more complicated. It began on December 26th. Everyone was full of praises for Giulio de' Medici, who had been his cousin's chief and most skillful minister. (In the famous portrait of Leo X by Raphael, which we had in Paris and which has now been returned to Florence, Giulio is the cardinal with the large features whom we see facing the pope.)

The minister of Leo X found a dangerous rival in Cardinal Pompeo Colonna. The greatest resources of political skill were mustered by two courtiers intimately familiar with affairs of state and contending for the sovereign power. The cardinals who could not aspire to this high office were beginning to weary of the awkward confinement to which they were constrained. One of them one day jokingly proposed Cardinal Hadrian Florent, who had never been seen in Italy. This cardinal, the son of a beer manufacturer, had been the tutor of Charles V. It so happened that without premeditation all the cardinals, bored by the conclave, gave their votes to this unknown, who became pope by sheer chance and took the name of Hadrian VI. He did not know Italian, and when he came to Rome and was shown the antique statues, collected in such great numbers by Leo X, he exclaimed with horror, *"Sunt idola anticorum!"* (They are pagan idols). This pope, an honorable man, appeared a barbarian to the Romans; he, for his part, was revolted by the corruption of their morals; he died September 14, 1523.

No calamity, in the eyes of the Romans, could equal that of seeing the popular Leo X replaced by a barbarian who did not know their language and who loathed poetry and the fine arts. The news of Hadrian's death was the signal of the liveliest joy, and the following day the door of his doctor, Giovanni Antracino, was found adorned with garlands of flowers with the motto, *"Il senato e il popolo romano al liberatore della patria."* (The Senate and the Roman people, to their country's liberator). During Hadrian's pontificate the converted Jews and Moors were driven out of Spain and arrived in hordes in Rome with immense riches. Hadrian was preparing to persecute them; death prevented him. Leo XII forced the descendants of these rich Jews to take refuge in Livorno.

On October 1, 1523, thirty-six cardinals entered the conclave; Giulio de' Medici again came up against his rival Pompeo Colonna. Cardinal Wolsey, whose disgrace and death Shakespeare has so well depicted, aspired to the throne, as Georges d'Amboise had done before him; but the Romans did not want a barbarian at any price. For a long time Giulio de' Medici had only twenty-one votes; he needed twenty-four, that is to say two-thirds of the total number of cardinals present. Pompeo Colonna stood in the way of his election. Several cardinals entered the lists; candidates tried to buy votes, but without exposing themselves to the reproach of simony. The favorite expedient, in this conclave, was betting; thus the partisans of Giulio de' Medici offered to any cardinal of the opposite party to bet twelve thousand ducats against one hundred that Medici would not be elected.

The struggle between the two factions dragged out with so much bitterness and so little prospect of conciliation that the Romans feared that the two parties would seize a pretext to leave the conclave and name two popes simultaneously. Latin couplets, posted everywhere, accused the new Julius and the new Pompeius of trying, by their discords, to ruin Rome a second time. Wit, in the Rome of those days, found its expression in Latin, and as we see, historical allusions passed as wit.

But the means to which the Holy Ghost ordinarily resorts to put an end to conclaves that are too long also overtook this one. A frightful stench spread through the cells of the cardinals and made the continuation of the conclave intolerable. Several fell ill; the oldest felt themselves nearing the end. One of them proposed Cardinal Orsini, and Medici feigned to be willing to give him his twenty-one votes, which would have decided the election. Pompeo Colonna became afraid of seeing the sovereign pontificate pass into the hands of a family that for so many years had been the hereditary enemy of his own. He sought out Cardinal de' Medici and offered to make him pope, on the condition that he, Pompeo, would have the post of vice-chancellor of the Church, as well as the magnificent palace that Giulio occupied. That same night, Medici was worshipped by the great majority of the cardinals, and on the following day, November 18, the anniversary of the day when, two years before, he had entered Milan victorious, he was proclaimed pope. He took the name of Clement to confirm the pledge he had made to pardon all his enemies.

Few princes have come to the throne with a higher reputation; having been a soldier in his youth, then prime minister under Leo X, he had won the affection of his compatriots, the Florentines, whom he had governed for several years with almost absolute power. His application and his capacity for work were well known, as well as the fact that he did not have his cousin's extravagant tastes. Rome celebrated his accession with the liveliest joy. Five years later (in 1527) it was to be reduced to the last degree of wretchedness by pillaging that lasted seven months. Clement VII was a clever man, but he was wholly lacking in character. We have seen in our revolution that, as soon as political circumstances become difficult, cleverness is ridiculous, and strength of character all-decisive.

Under the reign of Clement VII, the war finally ended in Italy after having ravaged the country for thirty years. It was in its fertile fields that Spain and France had found it convenient to fight for the decision of their quarrel. Since then, it is the Netherlands that have served as a battlefield for Europe. Italy would have repaired the ravages of war with little difficulty, but in 1530 Charles V deprived her of all liberty. The monarchy—not the noble and fine monarchy that we enjoy, thanks to the charter of Louis XVIII, but the most jealous and degrading monarchy, the most narrow in its views—set itself up in Florence, in Milan and in Naples. The enemy most to be feared in the eyes of each of the little Italian princes who reigned from 1530 to 1796 was a man of merit. Music alone, which is not seditious, found favor in the eyes of these man.

Since 1530 and the taking of Florence by the troops of Clement VII, every man who signalized himself by a talent of some vigor was sooner or later punished by death or imprisonment: Giannone, Cimarosa, etc.

Clement VII, after having sowed the seeds of all misfortunes, died at last in 1534. He had survived his reputation, and deeply felt the contempt with which Rome, Florence and all Italy looked upon him. He was not able to meet contempt with contempt, and died of it.

Alexander Farnese, who took the name of Paul III, was elected October 12, 1534. You have noticed his magnificent tomb in St. Peter's. This prince wished to give a throne to his children; his family did not lack distinction.

Owning the castle of Farnetto, in the territory of Orvieto, this family had produced in the fifteenth century a number of distinguished *condottieri*. Paul III had an illegitimate son, Pierluigi, the most debauched of men, who became known in connection with the death of the young bishop of Fano. This infamous man was reigning in Piacenza when he was murdered in his armchair on September 10, 1547, by the nobles of the city whom his excesses had revolted.

Paul III died November 10, 1549, of a new grief caused him by his family. He had appointed more than seventy cardinals; this precaution served him well. Out of gratitude, his successor, who took the name of Julius III, had Parma restored to Ottavio Farnese, whose son, Alexander Farnese, is the great general who is the worthy rival of Henry IV.

Paul III was the last of the ambitious popes. Julius III thought only of pleasure. He was in love with a young man whom he made a cardinal at the age of seventeen, under the name of Innocenzio del Monte. (If the reader finds this chronicle tedious, he may skip a few pages and pass on to the article on *banditry,* p. 280. I have wanted to spare travelers tedious research.)

ON THE POPES AFTER THE COUNCIL OF TRENT

Julius III, who died in 1555, and Marcel II, who reigned only twenty-two days, were succeeded by Gian Piero Caraffa, a Neapolitan, eighty years of age, who took the name of Paul IV. This prince had understood the danger with which Luther threatened the Church. That great man had died in 1546, but not at the stake like Savonarola. From this point on we shall no longer find on St. Peter's throne pontifs who are voluptuous like Leo X, or ambitious in the temporal interest of the Church, like Julius II. Henceforth Rome will witness fanaticism and sometimes cruelty, but not scandal.

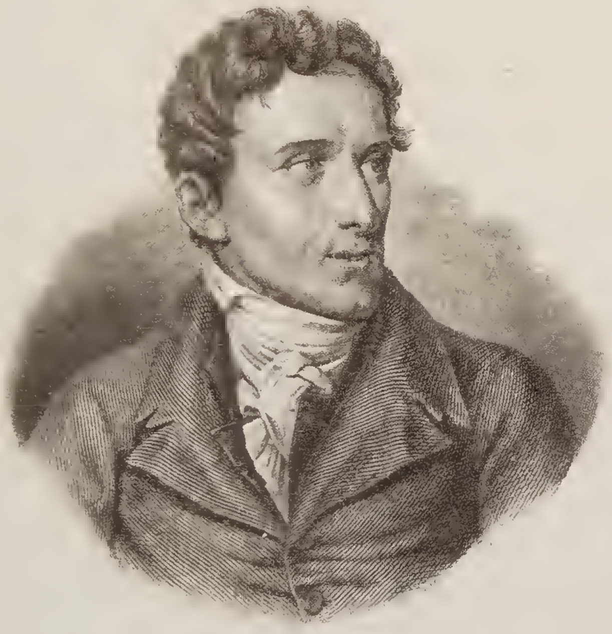
Paul IV is one of the most imperious and most singular fanatics to have appeared in the world. Since he had become pope, he believed himself to be infallible, and was constantly occupied in examining whether he did not have the will to have this or that heretic burned. He feared to damn himself by not obeying the infallible part of his conscience. Paul IV had been grand inquisitor. By an odd chance, which favors those fatalistic historians in whose eyes men are but *necessities,* Philip II and Paul IV began to reign at the same time.

This singular old man was succeeded, in 1550, by Pius IV, of the Medici family of Milan. Pius V and Gregory XIII, who came after, were concerned, like Pius IV, only with stamping out heresy. Gregory XIII had the pleasure of witnessing the St. Bartholomew and rendered up thanks to God.

The Protestant books of this period are full of curious research on the first centuries of Christianity and the origin of the power of the popes. Their books are remarkable by their good sense, and far superior in this respect to the papist works. Today's liberals are the Protestants of the nineteenth century; the general spirit of the writings of the two periods is the same: a more or less witty mockery of the abuses that one wishes to see abolished, appeal to individual good sense, etc.

Felix Peretti is the only superior man to have occupied the throne of St. Peter since Luther struck fear in the hearts of the popes. What this prince accomplished in five years of rule is incredible. He reigned from April 24, 1585, to August 20, 1590.

Sixtus Quintus began by repressing banditry; the truth of the



ANTONIO CANOVA

Dal dipinto del Cav.r Giuseppe Bossi

46. ANTONIO CANOVA
Engraving by Locatelli from a portrait by G. Bossi

matter is that immediately after his death, the bandits retook possession of the Roman Campagna. Like all princes who have acquitted themselves well of their prime duty, *justice,* he was execrated by his subjects. He had felt that in order to stay the hand of a passionate people it was necessary to strike their imagination by promptness of punishment. Six months after a crime, the people of Italy always look upon the man who is led to his death as a victim (but I shall be regarded in Geneva as a cruel and barbarous man).

You have been amazed, on going about Rome, by the splendor and the number of Sixtus Quintus's monuments. Do not forget that it was he who, in twenty-two months, got the cupola of St. Peter's built.

To him are owed the two or three statutes that have retarded the moral decadence of the Roman State. He decreed that in the future there should never be more than seventy cardinals, and that four should always be chosen among monks. This arrangement served as a counterweight, during the eighteenth century, to the anemia and progressive enfeeblement of the Italian nobility. It gave the Church Ganganelli and Pius VII, the only sovereign who was able to resist Napoleon.

Urban VII, Gregory XIV, Innocent IX, reigned only a few months and gave thought only to the suppression of heresy. They were right; the peril was imminent. All kinds of miseries, supplemented by an administration that was almost wantonly absurd, were rapidly destroying the population of the Roman State. The most burdensome taxes, the most ruinous monopolies, had caused work to be looked upon as the most stupid kind of deception.

There was no more industry: the strength of the government oppressed subjects without protecting them; the administration wanted to have a hand in the trade of wheat, and presently there was a famine—followed, as usual, by a murderous epidemic of typhus. The plague of 1590 and 1591 in Rome took a toll of sixty thousand inhabitants; several villages of the Pope's States have since remained absolutely deserted. Then bandits[1] triumphed, the pope's soldiers no longer dared resist them; the Rome of 1595 had already become that of 1795.

During the first century of this ridiculous government, from 1595 to 1695, the popes vied in absurdity; when the evil became known, from 1695 to 1795, they did not have the strength of will needed to remedy it.

---

[1] Today in Italy a traveler is much more alarmed and pestered by the police than by thieves.

OF BANDITRY

This is the origin of banditry. About 1550, the inhabitants of the Pope's States still remembered the Italian republics, the customs that they had established, and finally the tradition that each had to defend his rights by every means. (It was only twenty years before that Charles V had destroyed every liberty: 1530.) The malcontents took refuge in the woods; in order to live it was necessary to steal; they occupied the entire line of mountains that extends from Ancona to Terracina. They gloried in fighting the despised government that oppressed the citizens. They regarded their calling as the most honorable of all, and what is singular and quite characteristic is that this people, full of shrewdness and spirit, whom they were fleecing, applauded their valor. The young peasant who became a bandit was much more esteemed by the young girls of the village than the man who sold himself to the pope to become a soldier.

This public opinion with regard to the bandits, which so greatly scandalizes poor Englishmen—sick to begin with and Methodists to boot—was created by the absurd administration of the popes who have reigned since the Council of Trent.

In 1600, the bandits formed the only *opposition.*

Their adventurous life pleased the Italian imagination. The debt-ridden son of a good family, the gentleman who had suffered business reverses, felt honored in taking sides with the bandits who overran the countrysides. In the absence of any virtue, when scoundrels without merit shared all the advantages of society among themselves, they at least gave proof of courage.

The bandits' line of operations ordinarily extended from Ravenna to Naples, and passed by the high mountains of Aquila and Aquino, to the east of Rome. Then as now, these were covered by impenetrable forests and abounded in goats traveling in flocks, which formed the basis of the bandits' subsistence. Since 1826 the bandits have disappeared, thanks to the activities of Cardinal Benvenuti. But before this time, if a peasant in the region around Rome had suffered some irritating injustice at the hands of a great nobleman or a powerful priest, he would take to the forest and become a bandit.

Under the bigoted popes whose government we have been sketching, far more absurd than that of their royal contemporaries, it sometimes happened that great lords placed themselves at the head of the bandits, and sustained a regular warfare against the pope's troops. The people were on their side. Alfonso Piccolomini and Marco Sciarra were the most skillful and the most feared among these chiefs of the opposition, rather similar to our Chouans.[1] Piccolomini ravaged Romagna; Sciarra overran the Abruzzi and the Roman Campagna. Both commanded several thousand men who fought because they wanted to, and because the life of a bandit seemed more tolerable to them than that of a peasant. Sciarra and Piccolomini furnished assassins to rich people for private vengeances. A lord outwardly faithful to the pope's government often had a secret understanding with them.

The sensation of the moment means everything to a Neapolitan. Religion among these people consists only in external practices; it is even more separate from morality than in Rome. Thus it would be found that in Naples, about 1495, there was a numerous body of professional assassins, whom the government would enlist in great extremities, and whom it always handled very gently. Since the daily bread of the bandits of the Roman Campagna was taken from the peasants, it soon became impossible to live on isolated farms. The bandits would descend, in surprise attacks, on villages and small towns. They would even approach large ones, and would extort large sums from them, usually demanded through the intermediary of some monk. If the burghers did not pay, they would see from their windows fires being set to their harvests and their country houses.

Thus the depopulation of the Roman Campagna was begun by the pillagings of the barbarians, was continued by the civil wars of the Colonnas and the Orsinis under Alexander VI, and finally completed by the reign of the bandits from 1550 to 1826.

The deep hatred felt by all classes for Spanish despotism, imported by Charles V to the land of freedom, is the origin of that respect for the bandit's calling, so deeply impressed in the hearts of the Italian peasants.

Through the effect of climate and of suspicion, love is all-powerful among these people; in the eyes of a young girl in the Roman area, especially in the mountainous parts toward Aquila, the highest claim that a young man can make to her admiration is to have been for some time with the bandits. According to this manner of thinking, if a peasant should find his affairs going badly, or be sought after by the *carabinieri* as a consequence of some brawl, it seems to him in no way dishonoring to become a highway robber and murderer. The ideas of *order* and of *justice,* which have been rooted in the heart of the Champagne or the Burgundy peasant since the parceling out of national property, would seem the height of absurdity to the Sabine peasant. If you were to try, here, to be just and humane you would be oppressed by everyone.

---

[1] Chouans—Members of a royalist, insurrectional peasant movement in some of the western provinces of France, 1793 to 1799, opposing the French Revolution. Named for its leader, Jean Cottereau, popularly known as Jean Chouan. (Editor's note.)

It was the Spaniards, also, who imported into Italy the usage which, after the bandits, most shocks the morose travelers that England pours on the continent. I mean the lady's attendants or *cicisbei.*

In about 1540, immediately after the times described by Bandello, bishop of Agen, it became the custom for every rich woman to have a *bracciere* to offer her his arm in public when her husband was busy with his civil and military functions. The more noble and distinguished the family of the *bracciere,* the more the lady and the husband were honored.

Soon, in middle-class families, a woman found it more noble to be accompanied by a man other than her husband when she would go to mass or to a theatrical performance. Influential men would pay the *bracciere* by advancing him in society; but how could the petty burgher pay? Two friends would agree on marrying to be the *braccieri* of each other's wives.

By 1650 Spanish jealousy had succeeded in giving to Italian husbands all its chimerical ideas on honor. The travelers of this period observe that *one never sees women in the street.* Spain has been harmful to Italy in every way, and Charles V is one of the men whose existence has been most fatal to the human race. His despotism subdued the bold genius engendered by the Middle Ages.

Love soon took over the usage of the lady's attendants, which lasted until Napoleon's time. He set up, in Milan and in Verona, large educational establishments for girls, on the model of Signora Campan's. His sister, Caroline, the queen of Naples, founded a similar house in Aversa. Many young women, in Naples and in Lombardy, were raised in French ideas, and are concerned first and foremost with what may be said of them in society; love affairs are infinitely less scandalous than before 1805. Bad examples are mostly provided by older women.

The usage of the lady's attendant no longer exists except in localities far removed from the highways, where Napoleon's influence has not penetrated, and perhaps it will completely disappear. In Naples the young women who combine the advantages of birth with those of fortune are almost as bored as are the young women in Paris. The Jesuits, detested by the other monks, have no influence over them.

Thus it is the Spaniards who have given these two most salient features to the Italian character, as it was in 1796: indulgence toward bandits and the husband's respect for the rights and prerogatives of the lady's attendant.

The cannon of the bridge of Lodi (May, 1796) began the awakening of Italy. Generous souls were able to forget love and the fine arts; something newer was offered to young imaginations.

I repeat: in 1829 there are no more organized bandits between Rome and Naples; they have entirely disappeared.

IV. NOVEMBER, 1828 - APRIL, 1829

NOVEMBER 15, 1828 / This evening, on returning home, we began to philosophize on our social position in Rome.

We have the good fortune to be received in several Roman families on a footing of intimate friendship. This is a mark of confidence that we have seen given to no foreigner during the fifteen months that we have been here. Roman shrewdness, I believe, has recognized that we are really good people.

There is a character in the charming opera buffa, *I Pretendenti Delusi,* who comes to Vicenza, a town famed for the curiosity of its habitants. Everyone surrounds him to ask him where he comes from, to which he replies: *Vengo adesso di Cosmopoli.* (I come from Cosmopolis —i.e., I am a cosmopolitan).

That, it seems to me, is the true reason for the kindness that has been shown us. We are very far from the exclusive patriotism of the English; the world, as we see it, is divided into two halves that are, to tell the truth, quite unequal: fools and scoundrels on the one hand, and on the other the privileged beings to whom chance has given a noble soul and a modicum of intelligence. We feel ourselves the compatriots of these people, whether they be born in Velletri or in St. Omer.

The Italians, unfortunately for them and for the world, are beginning to lose their national character. They have a great deal of respect for a certain something that is to be found in the *Lettres Persanes,* in *Candide,* in Courier's pamphlets, and hardly ever in the works of someone not born in France.

These people are shrewd and see through all appearances; they need time, to be sure, but no advantage can be taken of this fact, for they will give their confidence only after having shed full light on what meets with their disapproval. What constitutes the spice of French friendships would be torture for them.

So it is in love; the mind of a pretty Frenchwoman fastens on what seems to elude her; a Roman woman will attach her reveries to a man only to the extent to which she is sure that he is entirely devoted to her. She would look upon any kind of dissimulation in this regard as the height of dishonesty. We have seen on several occasions very attractive men, likeable and well mannered, completely discredited in Roman society, because they could be reproached with having feigned passion for someone who only inspired in them a passing fancy. These men pay court to beautiful foreign women and sacrifice them, as we have seen in the case of Lady M . . ., to the first Roman woman, even of minor merit, who is willing to bring them into society. Love affairs here last several years. Before the French education given to women in the Campan-style colleges established in Aversa, Verona and Milan, Italy was the land of constancy.

Frederick observes that with Roman ladies there are none of those little problems of breaking the ice among intimate friends, at the beginning of each visit, which often exist among us. This is an effect of Italian simplicity and good nature, surprising though this may sound in Paris. Italians exercise shrewdness only in important affairs. Cardinal Consalvi, that famous diplomat, pushed frankness to the point of the kindliest naïveté. He would lie only when it was necessary. The shrewdness of a French diplomat never relaxes.

The bit of ice to be broken occurs in France at the moment when one decides on the degree of intimacy that there will be *that day.*

It seems to us that you never hear in Rome: "Madame So-and-so was so sweet to me today." Aside from storms of passion, people are always the same, unless or until they are separated by a quarrel.

"And that is precisely why," exclaims Paul, who was listening to us, "Roman society would soon bore me. These little everyday shades, to be modified or overcome, constitute the occupation of intimacy."

"The Romans," Frederick went on, "bring too much passion and unconstraint into their relations, even with their ordinary friends, to enjoy concerning themselves with these gradations. They do not even see them; whence their inability to achieve the kind of wit that takes advantage of the appropriate."

The abbé del Greco has arrived from Majorca; he was telling us this evening that on Holy Thursday of each year an effigy made of parchment filled with straw is hung at the street corner near the main church of every town or hamlet. This lifesize effigy represents Judas.

On Holy Thursday the priests in the churches are sure to preach against the traitor who sold our Savior, and on leaving church after the sermon every member of the congregation, man or child, strikes the infamous Judas with a dagger, while berating him with curses. Their anger is so intense that tears come to their eyes. The following day, Friday, Judas is taken down and dragged in the mud to the front of the church; the priest explains to the faithful that Judas was a traitor, a freemason, a liberal; the sermon ends amid the sobs of those gathered round, and there, on that face smeared with mire, the people swear eternal hatred to traitors, to freemasons and to liberals; after which Judas is thrown into a blazing fire.

NOVEMBER 20, 1828 / I shall dishonor myself and acquire the reputation of being ill-natured. What matter? Courage belongs to all conditions, and it takes more of it to flaunt the newspapers that control opinion than to expose oneself to convictions by the courts.

Montaigne, the clever man, the curious Montaigne, traveled through Italy in order to be cured of an illness and to seek distraction, about 1580. Sometimes he would write down in the evening what had struck him as singular. He used French or Italian indifferently, like a man whose laziness is barely dominated by the desire to write, and who needs, in order to drive himself to it, the little pleasure provided by the difficulty to be overcome when one uses a foreign language.

In 1580, when Montaigne passed through Florence, Michelangelo had been dead only seventeen years; the stir created by his works and by his genius was everywhere in evidence. The divine frescoes of Andrea del Sarto, of Raphael and of Correggio were in all their freshness. Well, Montaigne, that man of exceptional intelligence, so curious, says not a word of them. The passion of a whole people for the masterpieces of the arts undoubtedly led him to look at them; for his genius consists in divining and studying attentively the dispositions of peoples; but the frescoes of Correggio, of Michelangelo, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Raphael, gave him no pleasure.

Add to this example that of Voltaire speaking of the fine arts; and, better still, if you have the talent of reasoning from living nature, look at the eyes of your fellow-men, keep an ear open in society, and you will see that French wit, *wit* in the highest sense of the word, the divine fire that sparkles in La Bruyére's *Characters,* in *Candide* and Courier's pamphlets and Collé's songs, is a sure preservative against a feeling for the arts.

This is a disagreeable truth that began to enter our minds, through observations made of the French travelers that we met in Rome in the Doria and Borghese galleries. The more shrewdness, lightness and spice we had found a man's mind to have when we had met him in a salon the evening before, the less he understood paintings.

Travelers who in addition to a brilliant mind have the kind of courage that characterizes distinguished men frankly admit that nothing in the world seems to them so tedious as paintings and statues. One of them, on hearing a sublime duet by Cimarosa sung by Tamburini and Signora Boccabadati, said to us, "I would just as soon hear a key struck against a pair of pincers."

The sentence that you have just read will cause the author to lose his reputation as a *good Frenchman.* But I mean to flatter no one, not even the people. Those who are after glory and who live only by flatteries will say that the man who is such a bad citizen that he denies a *feeling for the arts* to Montaigne, Voltaire, Courier, Collé and La Bruyère, has a spiteful character.

This spitefulness, which creates a painful feeling that repels good and tender souls, like Madame Rolland and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, etc., who are the only ones for whom one writes, is given new proof by the following very simple explanation. French wit cannot exist without the habit of attention to the impressions of others. The feeling for the fine arts cannot develop without the habit of a somewhat melancholy revery. The arrival of a stranger who comes and disturbs it is always a disagreeable event for a melancholy and dreamy character. Although such people are neither egoistic nor even egotistic, the great events for them are the deep impressions that overwhelm their souls. They study these impressions attentively, because from the slightest circumstances of these impressions they gradually draw a shade of happiness or of unhappiness. It does not occur to a being absorbed in this examination to adorn an idea with a piquant turn of phrase; he thinks not at all of others.

Even when he was carried away by his passions, Voltaire was concerned with the effect produced by his manner of presenting his ideas. A hunter of the region of Ferney had given him a young eagle. Voltaire took it into his head to have it fed, and became greatly attached to it. But the bird, cared for by mercenary hands, was daily wasting away. He became frightfully emaciated. One morning Voltaire went to inspect the poor eagle, when a servant girl ran up to him. "Alas, sir, he died last night. He was so scrawny, so scrawny!" "How now, wench!" said Voltaire in despair, "he died because he was scrawny! So you want me to die too, seeing that I am so scrawny?"

The man who is dominated by a deep feeling seizes at random the clearest, the most simple expression, and often it gives a double meaning. With utter seriousness, and without being aware of it, he may say the most ridiculous things.

And since they are clear and plainly expressed, they provide a solid basis for whatever jokes people may care to think up on this occasion.

A being who has been dishonored by one or two misfortunes of this kind can no longer count, in the salon in which they have happened to him, on the degree of favor necessary for wit to be appreciated and to produce its effects. As this dishonored being has the misfortune to be encumbered by a certain delicacy of soul, he needs to be encouraged for witty words to spring to his mind. Alas, the fools of this salon will never be willing to listen to him, after the misfortunes that he owes to the double meaning of the words that he innocently used.

I abruptly conclude that the French north of the Loire can *learn* the theory of the fine arts; as they are superior in intelligence to all peoples at present existing, *understanding* is their strength. They will amaze the German and the Italian by the subtle and profound things they will say about Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper;* but ask them to judge the least miniature, where an opinion is called for: for this it is necessary to have a soul, and to read in this soul.

Impossible. This eloquent man will spout to you a memorized phrase that is wholly beside the point. For all his subtlety he is reduced to the level of M. Beaufils speaking of Racine.

Fifteen million Frenchmen live between the Loire, the Meuse and the sea; among so great a multitude there may be exceptions; Poussin was born in les Andelys, and I shall not deny, either, that there may be some German scientist possessed of wit.

NOVEMBER 23 / We know a young Russian of high society, immensely rich; and tomorrow, if he were to become poor and bore an unknown name, he would have absolutely nothing to change in his manners, so unaffected is he. This will appear an exaggeration on my part. Incredulity would know no bounds if I were to add that he is a very handsome man.

He treated us to a delightful concert; we were offered the choice of pieces, and we decided on a new duet by Paccini. Tamburini, who is at the present time one of the world's leading singers, gave us, at our request, several pieces of ancient music. Pergolesi, Buranello and the divine Cimarosa shone by turns. In order to give its due to the music with studied dissonances, we had chosen a symphony by Beethoven; but it was execrably performed. A lady in the company sang sublimely that air of the *Sacrifice of Abraham* by Metastasio, set to music by Cimarosa: *"Ah! parlate che forse tacendo."* Sarah asks for news of her son from the pastors who have seen him leave for the spot where his father is to kill him. Nothing in the world can be compared to the transition that introduces the repetition of the theme.

This evening our Italian friends went mad over the genius of Cimarosa. In the same way, in another field, the Carracci are more studied than Correggio. Their works give much pleasure; but after having admired them, the soul always comes back to the divine Correggio. He is a god, the others are but more or less distinguished men.

Signora Boccabadati, at the end of the concert, sang for us the song composed by Cimarosa to French words given to him by M. Alquier, then French minister to Rome.

The ball began, but Italians are not too responsive to this type of pleasure. They were mad with music and were speaking all at once.

The audience that best judges an opera (in 1829) is without question that of Naples, on days when the young people of the *mezzo ceto* (the middle class) attend the performance.

After Naples come Rome and Bologna. There is perhaps more breadth in the taste of the Romans, more science and more tolerance for the petty affectations of fashion in the Bolognese taste. An aria expressing the despair of a young woman whose lover is to be shot, sung by Signora Boccabadati in the noble and simple manner, will be more enjoyed in Rome. In Bologna the deluge of ornaments of Madame Malibran's singing, at times somewhat exaggerated, would be listened to with more indulgence.

All Italy is jealous of Milan. The enlightened audience for which the *Gazza Ladra* and the *Turco in Italia* were written was credited this evening with hardly any competence to judge music. Buffa music is greatly appreciated in Venice, traditionally so gay, and Turin has shown a great deal of tact in appreciating the merit of a serious opera. In the Turin theatre a burgher cannot rent a box under his own name, but must get a patrician friend to lend him his.

After having argued about Cimarosa and Mozart until one o'clock in the morning we entered into a discussion on the passion that opens souls to the impressions of song.

I know that love is not much in vogue in France, especially in the upper classes. Young people of twenty are already concerned with becoming deputies, and would fear to harm their reputation for gravity by speaking several times in succession to the same woman.

The principle of French love is to attach oneself to that which makes a show of indifference, to follow that which eludes one. On the other hand, the appearance of coldness, uncertainty as to the effect produced, renders an Italian wholly incapable of that act of folly by which love begins, and which consists in clothing the being whom one is about to love with every perfection. (A modern author has given to this act of madness the name of *crystallization.*) [1]

There is a good deal less of love in France than in Germany, England or Italy. In the midst of the hundred little affectations that present themselves to us each morning and that must be satisfied, on pain of being disavowed by the civilization of the nineteenth century, it seems to me that a passion shows itself as real only to the extent to which it braves ridicule. The annals of the aristocracy afford far fewer odd marriages in France than in England or in Germany.

Whatever in Europe is dominated more by vanity and wit than by the fire of the soul takes on French ways of thinking. So we found this evening; most of our companions are completely at a loss to understand the lovely Roman ladies and their ways in love. Here there is no embarrassment, no constraint, none of those conventional ways, the knowledge of which is elsewhere called *social usage,* or even decency and virtue.

A Roman woman who likes a young stranger looks at him with pleasure, and for this reason looks only at him every time she meets him in society. She will not hesitate to say to a friend of the man she is beginning to love, *"Dite a W . . . che mi piace."* (Tell W . . . I like him.) If the man who has been singled out shares the sentiment that he inspires, and comes and asks the Roman beauty, *"Mi volete bene?"* (Do you love me?), she will answer sincerely, *"Sì, caro."* Relations that last several years begin in as simple a way as this, and when they break off it is always the man who is in despair. The Marquis Gatti has just blown out his brains on returning from Paris, because he found his mistress unfaithful.

---

[1] The author himself, in the essay, *On Love*. (Note by Stendhal, disguised as "Editor's note".)

The slightest flirtation, the least appearance of indiscretion or of preference for another woman instantly wilts the budding love that brings the blood rushing to the heart of an Italian woman. That is what Paul could not understand a year ago. "The human heart is the same everywhere," he would tell me. Nothing is more untrue, where love is concerned . . .

Several anecdotes are told, and I in turn am asked to speak of France. Will the reader forgive me if I relate an episode running to several pages, which has nothing to do with Rome?

ASSIZES OF THE UPPER PYRENEES

(Tarbes)

MURDER COMMITTED BY A LOVER UPON HIS MISTRESS—ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

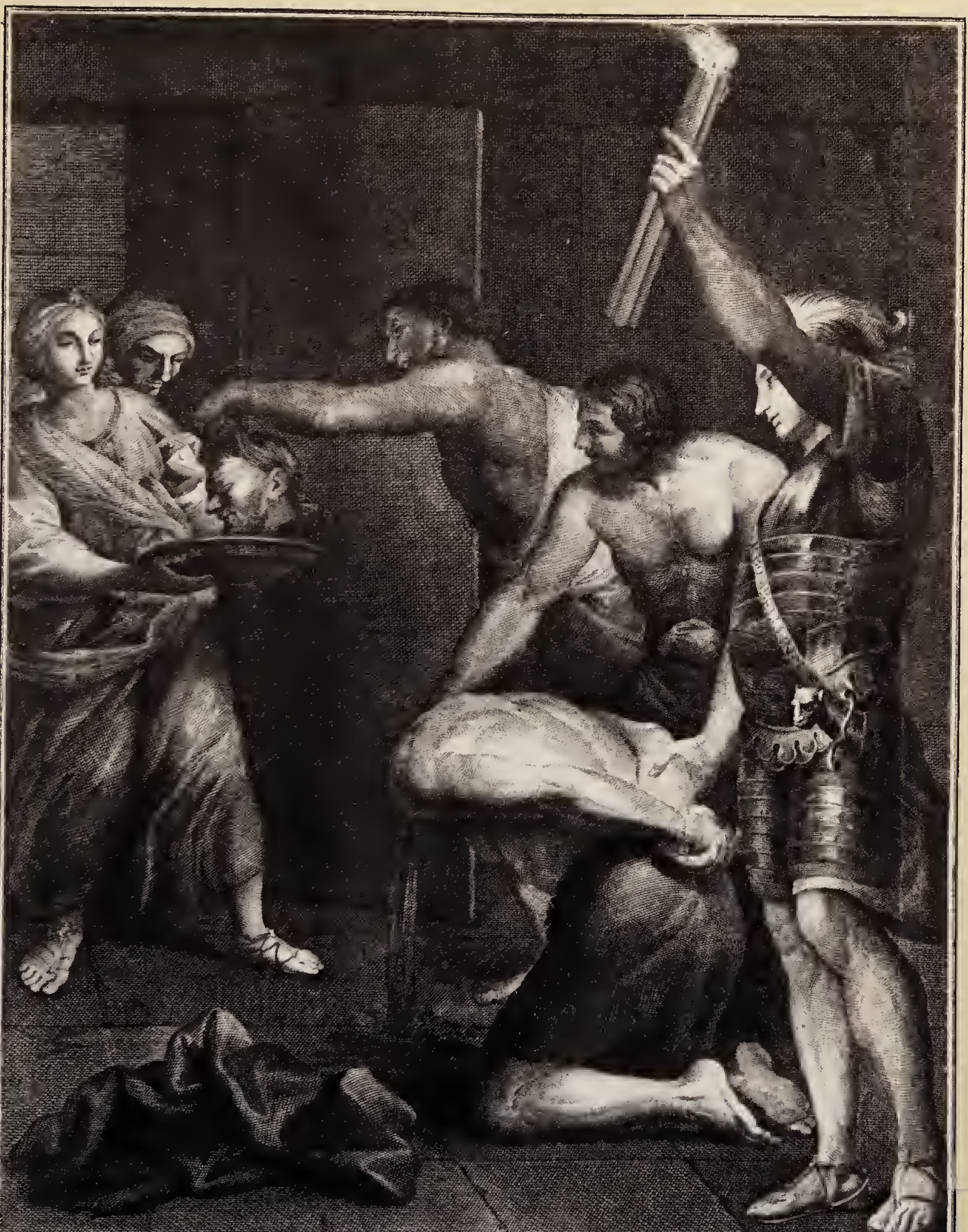
(Private correspondence)

M. Borie Presiding. Hearing of March 19.

Toward the end of last January, a frightful event shook the town of Bagnères. A young woman of somewhat irregular conduct was murdered in broad daylight in her room, by Laffargue, her young lover, who thereupon attempted to put an end to his own life. The details that had leaked out had contributed to stir public curiosity concerning the case to the highest degree. A considerable part of the population of the town of Bagnères had gone to attend the trial. The hallways, the courtyard and all the avenues of the palace of justice were cluttered by early morning with a crowd avid of emotions. At half past ten the doors were at last opened and the people were allowed to enter.

The defendant was led in and all eyes were riveted on him.

Laffargue was twenty-five years old. He was wearing a blue frock



Andreas Sacchi pinx. in Baptist. Later.

Desiderius de Angelis del. ex autographo

Da mihi hic in disco caput Iohannis Baptistae S. Matth. Cap. XIV. V. 8

47. BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
Engraving by D. de Angeli from a painting by Andrea Sacchi

coat, a yellow vest and a neatly tied white cravat; he was fair, and nature had endowed him with an interesting physiognomy. All his features were regular, delicate, and his hair was arranged with grace. One would take him to belong to a higher class than that indicated by his trade of cabinetmaker. It was whispered in the audience that he belonged to a respectable family, that one of his brothers held a public office, that another in Paris exercised a liberal profession. He spoke with ease and with a kind of elegance. His speech was slow, thoughtful, his gestures measured, his manner calm, and yet one noticed an exaltation that grew concentrated. The glance from his handsome eyes, which was normally gentle, assumed a sinister cast when it focused, and his eyebrows contracted.

The presiding judge asked him a series of questions pertaining to specific matters previous to the crime. He replied without hesitating and would go into lengthy details. But in the midst of this he broke off and said, "Is it my full statement that you want? In that case, allow me to tell you about my life in an ordered way, as I have felt it; what you are asking me will come in its proper place."

The president invited him to make his statement. Then the defendant spoke as follows:

"If I am a criminal, it is not the fault of my family, particularly not that of a brother who watched over me with affection and solicitude in my early years, and has continued, in his correspondence, to counsel me in the path of honor and virtue. I was virtuous and pure up to the age of twenty-four, which was when I arrived in Bagnères. Here I first met a lady, an unmarried woman—pardon me, *a person,* for I must not say anything that might identify her. She would tell me her troubles; I am impressionable; I would take her problems to heart, and before long we yielded to weakness together. That did not last. I wanted to change lodgings: fate led me to the Post boulevard. I was looking for a modest habitation, and I stopped in front of a house that looked unimposing. I went in: several women were gathered in one room; I asked if they could lodge me. One of them got up and came over to me graciously: it was Thérèse. She told me that her mother was absent, but that she was sure she could take me in. She asked me to come back the following day, which I did not fail to do. Thérèse and her mother showed me to a room—alas, the room where the catastrophe was to occur. It suited me, and, again unfortunately, my proposals were accepted: I was to be lodged and fed.

"Thérèse was playful, ingratiating. On the first evening she lighted me to my room, at bedtime, and confined herself to wishing me a good night. The second evening she gave me the same attention; but on leaving me she pressed my hand on two occasions. I was surprised by this, and agreeably affected. The third evening she again accompanied me. I was no sooner inside than I removed my jacket, thinking that Thérèse was on her way out... What was my surprise when she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me! Then she hurried away. I passed my hands over my eyes, wondering if I was dreaming; it was indeed real; never had such a thing happened to me; I could not understand that a girl could act in this way. I promised myself to ask her the following day the *reason* for this kiss. As chance would have it, we were alone at the table.

" 'You must think very highly of me,' I said to her, 'to have kissed me last night.'

" 'Yes,' she replied, 'I esteem and I love you, and do you not deserve it?'

" 'What have I done to deserve it, and how do you love me?'

" 'I love you because you are worthy of it, and when I love I love all the way.'

"That same evening Thérèse asked me to accompany her to a neighbor's. I had always called her 'mademoiselle.'

" 'I must disillusion you,' she told me, 'I am not a "demoiselle," I am married. My husband made me very unhappy; he has left me.'

" 'Oh, do not fall in love with me,' I said, 'go back to your husband!'

"I entreated her to take my advice. She replied that it was impossible, that she could not bear to hear of that man, and she burst into tears; I was touched. The following evening, we went walking. Wanting to prevent her from becoming attached to me, I decided to confide to her that I was engaged to a virtuous young girl, the daughter of a friend of my father's. Thérèse responded only with tears. We returned home, both very upset.

"A few days passed. One morning I witnessed the tender care that she gave an abandoned child; I was touched. 'You are good, Thérèse,' I told her, 'you deserve to be esteemed.'

" 'No, no, you don't esteem me,' she cried, bursting into tears and fleeing into the upper part of the house. Those tears, her reaction, overwhelmed me; *I was defeated.* I realized later that it was only ruse and seduction.

"That same evening I said to her, 'Well, Thérèse—I am yours.' I told her about my first affair in Bagnères, the only one in my life. She confessed to a similar one, that had been broken off a year before. We swore an inviolable fidelity to each other up to my marriage with the daughter of my father's friend, and from that moment we were like man and wife. About one month later, I announced to her that I was going to leave for Bayonne and get married; but that I would use all my means to finish my days *and leave my bones* in Bagnères. Thérèse replied softly that she was making and would always make wishes for my happiness with my wife.

"The habit of workers is to get up with daylight. I would go to work early in the morning and come back only at mealtime. One day I had gone merely to fetch my tools; I came back loaded with them; it was only seven o'clock; I tried to open the door; it was locked. Thérèse was not expecting me back; she thought I was working. I shouted to her to open; she came. I noticed that her face did not show sleepiness, it was flushed; I was seized with suspicion. I noticed a work-apron smeared with different-colored paints.

" 'Where did that apron come from?' I asked Thérèse.

" 'It is my uncle's. As you know, he crushes indigo at M. Pécantet's.'

" 'If it was your uncle's, there would only be dye. This one has paint on it.'

"I looked in the direction of the bed, and I made out the form of a man who had wrapped himself around and was squeezing himself idiotically into one of the curtains. All my limbs were trembling: I had a mind to give both of them a sound thrashing, to make an example. Thérèse pleaded with me to go out; at that time I was capable of prudence; reason urged me to comply; for I have followed reason whenever I could recognize it; I went out.

"A few minutes later I met on the stairs the painter who had come to work in the house. I had the courage not to say anything to him. As soon as I was able to be alone with Thérèse I asked her for an explanation of her behavior. She did not try to deny anything, and in the midst of the most heartrending supplications and floods of tears she confessed to me that this man had formerly been her lover; that he had come into her room without her expecting it, that he had pressed her; that she had at first resisted, thinking of me, but that he had reminded her of their former relations and that then she had yielded; she pleaded with me to forgive her; she rolled on the floor, all disheveled.

" 'God always forgives a first fault,' I said, 'I forgive you too.'

"At these words Thérèse got up, and on her knees before me she bared her breast and cried:

" 'If ever I am unfaithful to you, you see my breast; take a dagger and sink it in all the way, I shall forgive you . . .' What I am telling is the truth: God was witness, that is enough for me.

"The union between Thérèse and myself was again restored. As a result of a discussion with her uncle, yielding to sage advice, I had left the Castagnère house. I continued to see Thérèse at set times. One evening she did not come; the following day I reproached her for this, and as she gave me no good reason, I admit that I jostled her and made her fall in the mud; but I picked her up and wiped her off as best I could with my handkerchief. She often came to see me in my shop; on one occasion she begged me to lend her three francs; I did not have the money, and she appeared annoyed by my refusal; gradually she began to neglect me. Her indifference hurt me and irritated me. I sent a message that I wanted to see her; her answer was that she no longer wanted to talk to me. Then I was beside myself, and feeling that I might do something desperate, I told the person who was conveying her message, 'Tell Thérèse to avoid standing in the doorway for a few days, because I might forget myself. It's the least she can do.' I wanted to find out whether she had obeyed me; I passed in front of her house; she was on the doorstep working with some other women, and she looked at me impudently. When I got back to my lodging I thought back over the past, I remembered her caresses, her promises, her tears; the memory made me indignant and her behavior struck me as utterly inexplicable. I prowled around her house to try to talk to her.

"One evening, about ten o'clock, I saw the shutter of her room half-open; someone was at the window; I thought it was she. I admit that I threatened her with the stick that I usually carried, and said, 'You'll pay for this.' I could deny this, since there was no one but myself, God and the person who saw me. Soon afterward I was called before the police superintendent, who sent me to the deputy prosecutor; this magistrate upbraided me for my conduct, forbade me to attempt to see Thérèse or enter her house; he warned me that the police would be keeping an eye on me. So I was under the humiliating surveillance of the police! I had been denounced by Thérèse! . . . I was overwhelmed; the thought pursued me wherever I went and left me no peace. The woman at the Bonsoir Inn, who was a witness to my anguish, advised me to have a mass said in order to calm me. 'Oh, no!' I told her, 'a mass would do no good, I am too tormented.'

"From this moment on I no longer knew what I was doing; during the day I was alone in my shop, unable to bear the company of anyone... Unfortunately, I was too much alone! My nights were sleepless and tortured. Is it possible, I would ask myself, that she should abandon you after all the oaths she has sworn? She is rotten; she will lay traps for others, and they will fall into them. She has to die; it's a matter of justice; at least she won't make other dupes; and as for yourself, you are too sincere to live in this world... And I resolved my own death along with hers, during one of those nights. After thinking about what means I might use, I decided on a firearm. The following morning I went to a gunsmith's. He rented me a pair of pistols that I promised to return to him the following day, and sent me to M. Graciette's shop for bullets and powder. I bought only two charges of powder and two bullets; I did not foresee that I, who do not miss a target at thirty paces, would miss Thérèse at point-blank range. If I could have imagined that, I should certainly have taken six bullets rather than two.

"I went back to the gunsmith to ask him to load my pistols, because I thought he would do it better than I; he complied. 'They must not miss,' I told him. I then went and put them under the head of my bed, and I tried to find a way to talk to Thérèse to see if I could not persuade her to come back to me; I was unable to see her. Then I took my pistols and I put them in my pockets; as they were too long, I cut the bottoms of the pockets so that they would go in better; also, I kept my hands in them so that the grips would not show; this was not ridiculous, because it was winter. I asked a friend of mine to invite Thérèse to his house; he was unsuccessful; night came, I went into the Bonsoir Inn. I could not sit down with the pistols in my pockets. I put them, unobserved, under a door that leads into a hallway. When I wanted to pick them up again, on leaving, they were no longer there; I imagined that they must have been picked up by the woman who serves in the inn, and I demanded them of her. She refused at first, saying, 'I know what you intend to do with them... Wretched man, give up the whole idea.' I replied that I would perhaps give it up if she gave me back the pistols, that nothing was decided yet, that all would be well if Thérèse came back to me; but that if she persisted in keeping my weapons from me I would immediately go and get others from a gunsmith and blow out

Thérèse's brains, as she was sitting by the fire, no matter who might be with her, that the bullet might perhaps strike someone else, and that this blood would be upon her head. I gave her the name of the wrong gunsmith, too, so that she would not be able to prevent me from getting firearms from the one I had not gone to. She finally decided to give me back my pistols.

"It was late; I went to bed. It is impossible, without having experienced it, to imagine the kind of night I spent; I had convulsive movements; the most horrible imaginings assailed me; I saw Thérèse drowning in her blood, and myself stretched out beside her. I waited impatiently for dawn to appear; I went out early to try to find her; I went into the Bonsoir Inn, where I invited two acquaintances to have a drink while watching for the moment when Thérèse would come out of her house. Then she appeared, and passed with a brazen air; she seemed to be cheeking me. I followed her; but at the same moment I caught sight of her mother, I pretended to take another direction, and I went back into the Bonsoir Inn.

"Thérèse came in shortly after, and asked me what, in heaven's name, I wanted of her; I told her that these were things that were only said in private between lovers; that she could come out and talk with me alone for a moment. She refused, saying that I could say what I had to say in front of everybody. Then I asked her if she would be willing to see me again.

" 'No.'

" 'Why not?"

" 'I have my reasons."

" 'You'll be the undoing of two people.'

" 'I care no more about you than *that*!' And she spat with contempt... 'Believe me, the king's prosecutor...' She had just left the room we were in when she said those last words. I followed her and beseeched her to consent to see me, even if it were only two minutes every week.

" 'So you're trying to make me love you by force?' she said.

" 'Why did you love me before?' I asked; 'I didn't force you... nor did I force you to swear what you did a thousand times.'

"She persisted in her refusal.

"I had reached her doorstep with her; I was going to go in when her mother appeared and ordered me to leave. I obeyed, saying, 'It's not yet night time...' I came back to the Bonsoir cabaret, and almost immediately after I saw the mother leave. She was walking with great strides; I imagined she was going to the king's prosecutor. The occasion was favorable, I dashed into Thérèse's house; halfway up the stairs I cocked one of my pistols and hid it behind my back so as not to frighten her. I burst into the room; I wanted to lock it from the inside; there was no key, and the catch was not working. I beseeched Thérèse again, I offered to throw myself at her feet; she refused and walked over to the window as if to call. Then I fired the pistol at her and missed her; I seized her by the arm and told her, 'Turn around.' At the same time I fired my second shot; she fell, and the kerchief on her head covered her eyes. I wanted to destroy myself, but I had nothing with which to load my pistols. It occurred to me that I might throw myself from the attic; I left the room with this intention; God brought me back, because he undoubtedly wanted to save my soul. A piece of iron, like a headless nail, twisted like a corkscrew, caught my eye; I picked it up and loaded it into one of my pistols. Meanwhile, before firing, I observed that there was no blood near Thérèse's body, and I said to myself, Could she only be stunned? I put down the pistol, from which the piece of iron I had put in it must then have fallen out. I raised the handkerchief that covered Thérèse's eyes; *they were open . . .* ! Oh! I am lost now, and you would survive me to laugh at my death! No, that is not fair. I confess, I took my knife, the coward's weapon—I had no other—and I cut off her head. I was horrified at myself; I covered her face so as not to see her; the witnesses will tell you that they found her face covered by her kerchief. Afterwards, *out of a natural sense of order and cleanliness,* I wiped my knife, closed it and put it back in my pocket; then I fired into my mouth the pistol shot which, as I did not know, was only loaded with powder. I fell unconscious.

"I don't know what happened for several hours. My name sounding in my ear brought me back to myself. When I am asleep, a cannon shot would not wake me up, whereas my name, even if only whispered, wakes me up immediately. I was in a hospital bed; I was despaired at not having succumbed, I noticed with satisfaction that I had a hole in my mouth into which my tongue entered; I also noticed that I had been bled from both arms, and I had the hope that I would be able to die by making my blood flow; I succeeded in undoing the ligatures. How happy I was on feeling my fingers get wet and my strength ebb away! I commended my soul to God, and I would have died if my condition had not been discovered in time. That is the whole truth; I have disguised nothing. God is my witness . . . ! I have deserved death, since I have given it. The day I receive it will be the sweetest, the most beautiful in my life. I await the inevitable scaffold; I hope I shall climb it fearlessly, and that I shall bow my head with courage . . ."

This story was told by the defendant in a calm tone up to the moment when, having missed the first shot, he said to Thérèse, "Turn around . . ." Then his voice had betrayed an intense emotion, tears welled into his eyes without flowing over the edge of his eyelids; but he almost immediately regained his apparent calm, and he continued with a coolness and a presence of mind that did not once abandon him during the hearing.

We shall not attempt to convey the various impressions of the listeners. We must say, however, that they appeared to be aroused less by the victim's fate and the horror of a frightful action than by the interest that the defendant inspired.

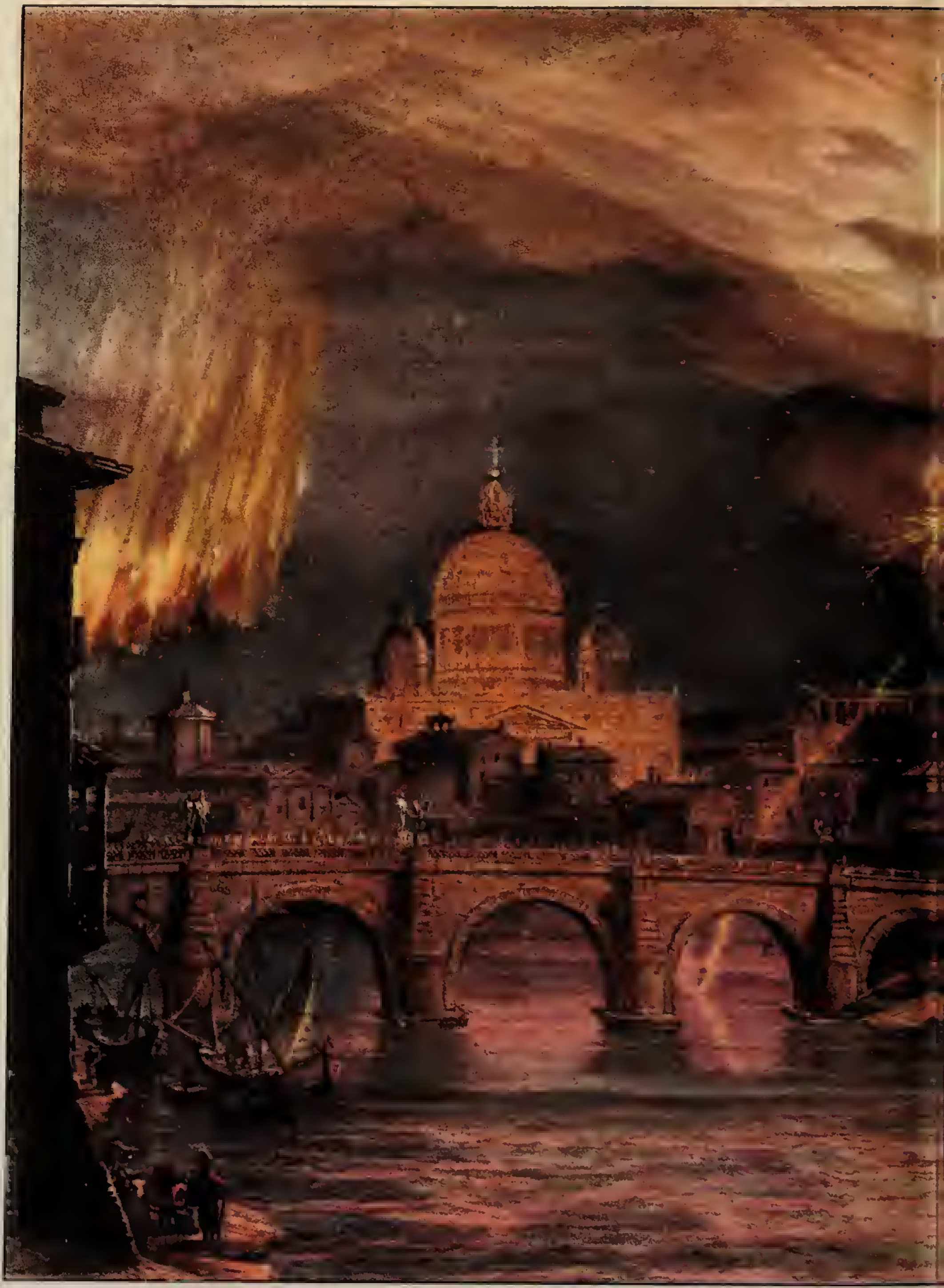
After allowing the audience a few minutes to compose its feelings, the judge ordered the witnesses to be called.

Thérèse's mother was introduced. She had been far from suspecting, she said, her daughter's relations with the defendant. The grave excesses that he committed against one of her brothers led her to refuse his continued presence in her house; then his obsessions in regard to her daughter, stones thrown during the night against the shutters, a broken sinkstone, the threat to use a stick at ten o'clock in the night, led her to register a complaint with the king's prosecutor. The moment the defendant was apprised of this, he tore his hair in anger . . . On the morning of the crime, she was concerned to see him pass back and forth in front of her house. He followed Thérèse, who had gone to get some wine in the Bonsoir cabaret, all the way to her door. He wanted to go in, but she ran up and forbade him; he tried to get her to back away a little into the hallway, undoubtedly intending to kill both of them . . . When he saw that he could not make her do this, he left, saying with a threatening gesture, "It's not yet night time! . . ." A few moments later she was foolish enough to go out, and when she came back everything was over.

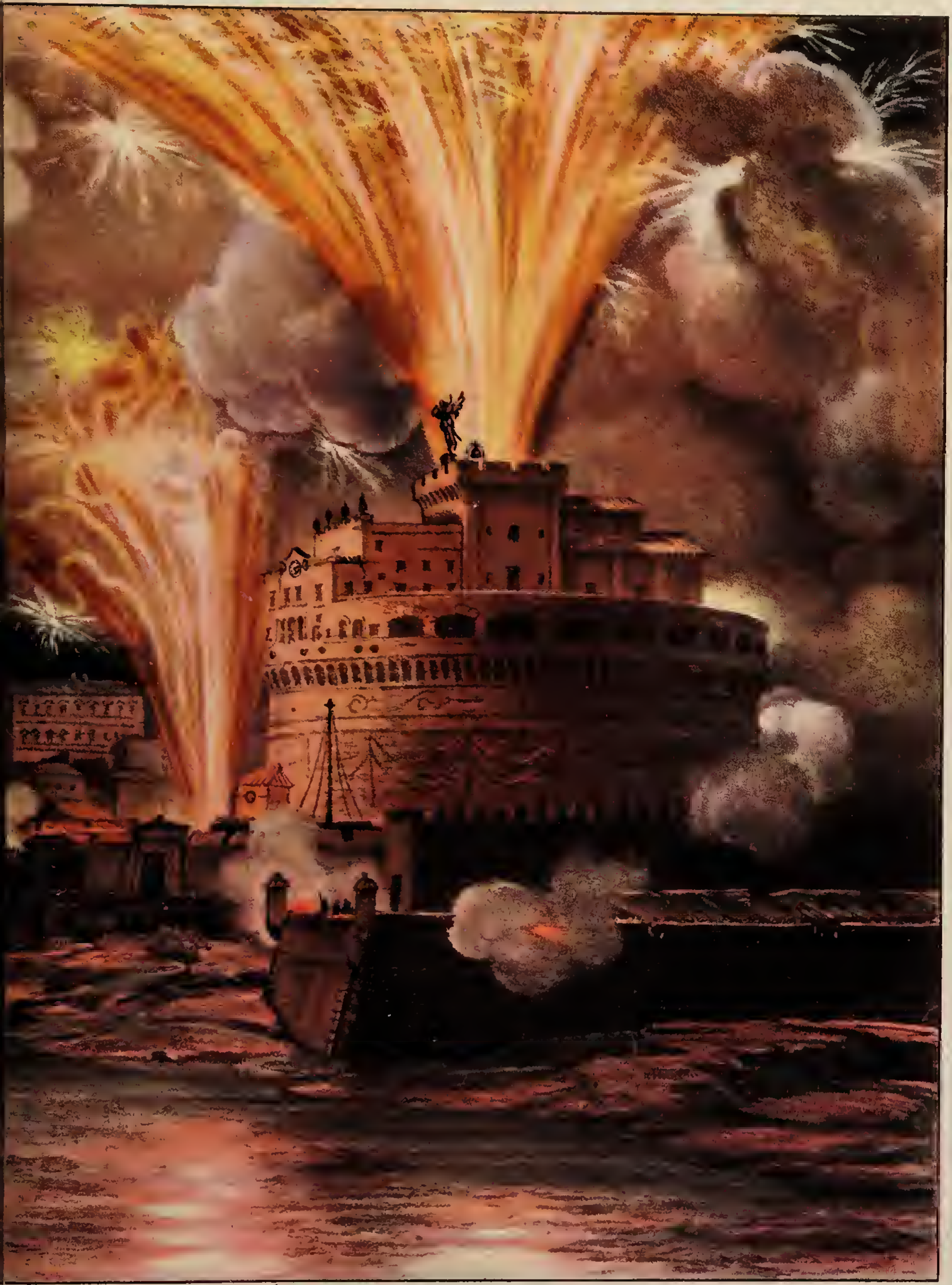
The defendant got up, and to the court's satisfaction explained his quarrel with Thérèse's uncle who, according to a reliable witness, often had too much wine to drink; he denied having thrown stones and having broken the sink, *not being a man given to such actions;* he also denied having tried to make Thérèse's mother back up into the hallway.

Marianne Lagrange, the serving-maid at the Bonsoir cabaret, testified

48. FIREWORKS AT CASTEL SANT'ANGELO
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



La



ola

to having found the pistols under a door leading to the cellar on January 20, the day before the event. She made some difficulty about returning them to the defendant; but she stated that she did not know what use he intended to make of them. The defendant had told her nothing of what he reported.

The defendant interrupted her: "She is mistaken, Mr. President; she has forgotten it . . . The poor woman is wholly innocent of my crime! . . ."

This witness, like all the others, gave the same account of what had transpired in the cabaret. One witness, an old man who dragged himself about with crutches, and who, in giving the oath, raised both hands toward the Christ, invoking his name, added that the defendant, before leaving the cabaret, half turned round, pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket, and appeared to load a pistol . . .

This circumstance, which had not been mentioned in the defendant's story, nor in the testimony of the other witnesses, was greeted with a murmur of incredulity. But the defendant, questioned by the judge, promptly replied, "This witness is telling the truth up to a certain point. I did not load one of my pistols; I had already loaded them the day before; but as the powder of the pan on one of the pistols had spilled into my pocket, I primed it again on the occasion this poor man mentions."

Sieur Galiey, a retired constable, a man in his sixties, mentioned in the proceeding as having been the friend of the defendant, created a special interest, both by the gravity of his manner and by the somewhat comical solemnity of his language.

"I met the defendant here present," he said, "in the shop of a joiner where I was in the habit of going. His passionate love for his trade and his philosophical ideas drew me to him. We saw each other often. One day he asked me where I was spending the evening. 'My word,' I replied, 'I have no plan.' 'Then,' he said, 'come to my place; I have a *new* book, we'll read it together. It's Marmontel's *Belisarius.* I like literature.' And I went. We read through several chapters. The treatment to which Belisarius was subjected aroused his indignation; he observed that it was always like that; that only virtue was persecuted on earth. I in turn remarked that what the author was telling should not be taken literally; that perhaps this was not all historical. As a matter of fact, Mr. President, I was curious to verify this point of history, and I found out that it is untrue that Justinian had Belisarius's eyes cut out . . . That's one . . . On another occasion, I was also in his room. He said that he had a question to submit to me on behalf of a friend of his. 'What is it about?' 'What would you do, if you were attached to a woman, and she no longer wanted to see you, she abandoned you?' 'My word, I should console myself.' "

The judge: "You were right, that's the way to look at it."

The witness: "The defendant replied to this, 'It's easy for you to say that. It's all very well in the realm of speculation, but more difficult in practice.' 'You're wrong,' I retorted, 'if your friend will take the trouble to examine the matter, he will realize that all his distress springs from wounded vanity.' The defendant considered for a moment, and said, 'That's true, it's largely a matter of vanity!' He became thoughtful and the conversation moved to other matters.

"Another time, I found him writing to his brother, a lawyer in Paris. His letter, which was merely begun, surprised me. It began with three apostrophes that we call figures of rhetoric. As well as I can remember, it ran something like this:

" 'My pen, what are you doing with your motionless beak? Come, walk, run, flow across the paper. You don't move! Ah, I understand! You can do nothing by yourself; you need to receive movement from the fingers that hold you. Come, fingers of mine, it is up to you to act! What—you too are motionless? I realize why; it is because the impulse must come to you from above, from thought, which is in the brain: it is to you, brain, that I address myself . . .'

"The defendant was habitually in a revery, absorbed," the former constable continued, "his imagination was exalted, he required distractions. We would often go for walks together; we would speak of literature, of the fine arts, of agriculture; I have never observed in him any sign of madness."

M. Laporte, a distinguished barrister, who had undertaken to defend Laffargue, attempted on the contrary to prove that he was in a state of dementia. As new evidence of madness he introduced the passage of a manuscript that the accused had written in jail to serve as information for his attorney. After having entered into numerous details, Laffargue addressed Thérèse in these terms:

"The veil is now lifted, but alas! a little late! What do I see? You, with nineteen faces. On the first, I perceive a smile that is forced, so as to make it agreeable to approach you; and on the second, I read that you pretend to listen with a lively interest to the person who is speaking to you; on the third, I read that you will approve him in everything, even against seemliness; on the fourth, I read that you are trying to discover to what extent fortune has favored your new friend; on the fifth, I read that you have discovered that in fact he was not altogether its enemy, as a result of which one catches a glimpse of your teeth which a smile of hope forces you to expose; on the sixth, I read that you are making eyes at him; on the seventh, I read that you are pretending to feel love for him; on the eighth, I read that you are looking at him with the eyes of the merciful God, and that you are trying to heave a sigh; on the ninth, etc., etc. . . . On the other hand, I see your heart, I examine it, and I see no scar on it, which proves to me that no shaft has been able to pierce it because of its hardness; if I had perceived a single scar, I might have believed that your husband made it; but you loved him, poor man, as you loved all the others."

Hearing of March 31

M. Borie, the presiding judge, reopened the session.

These issue of voluntary homicide with premeditation was read by the clerk.

M. Laporte, attorney for the defendant, asked that the issue of extreme provocation be raised.

The king's prosecutor, on the president's invitation, rose and stated that the terms of the law appeared so clear to him that he did not see his way clear to opposing the position in the issue, and that he left the matter to the discretion of the court.

After some minutes of deliberation, the court ordered the issue to be presented. (Varied reactions.)

The jury retired to deliberate.

After three-quarters of an hour, the foreman of the jury announced, in his soul and conscience, before God and before men, the affirmative and unanimous resolution of the two issues, namely: that the defendant was guilty of willful homicide, *without premeditation,* but that he acted under *extreme provocation.*

There was immediate applause. The presiding judge ordered that the demonstration of feeling cease immediately.

The presiding judge, in order to pronounce sentence, was obliged to read article 304 of the Penal Code pertaining to the death penalty. He was immediately interrupted by a prolonged murmur of protest, called forth by an unreflecting fear of the application of this article. At last the sentence was read, prescribing five years of imprisonment, ten years of supervision by the higher police, and court costs.

The defendant remained unmoved. The judge addressed him in a brief exhortation. The defendant bowed by way of acknowledgement and, turning impetuously to the court, exclaimed, "Good and worthy inhabitants of this town, I appreciate the tender interest you have shown me; you shall live in my heart!" Tears choked his voice. He was greeted with renewed applause, and the crowd pressed forward to follow him as he was led away.

The man whose passions showed this character of energy and delicacy did not have three francs to lend to his mistress.

In a country full of affectations and of pretention, one can only believe what is juridically proved. The court reports bring us every year stories of five or six Othellos.

Fortunately, these crimes are not met with in the upper classes.

It is like ordinary suicide. France has perhaps as high an incidence of suicides as England; but never have you seen a powerful minister, like Lord Castelreagh, a famous lawyer like Sir Samuel Romilly, take his own life.

In Paris life is tired, there is no longer any naturalness or free-and easiness. At every moment one must look at the model to be imitated, who, like the sword of Damocles, appears menacing above your head. At the end of the winter the lamp is short of oil.

Is Paris on the road to true civilization? Will Vienna, London, Milan, Rome, by perfecting their ways of living, achieve the same delicacy, the same elegance, the same absence of energy?

While the upper classes of Parisian society seem to lose the faculty of feeling with force and constancy, the passions display a frightening energy in the petty bourgeoisie, among the young people who, like M. Laffargue, have received a good education, but whom the absence of fortune forces to work and brings into conflict with real needs.

Relieved, by the necessity of working, from the thousand petty obligations imposed by good society, from ways of seeing and feeling that etiolate life, these young people preserve the power of willing, because they feel powerfully. All great men henceforth will probably come from the class to which M. Laffargue belongs. Napoleon combined the same elements: a good education, an ardent imagination and extreme poverty.

I see only one exception: because of the necessity for charlatanism in the fine arts, and as an effect of the fatal temptation of titles and crosses, in order to excel in statuary or painting it will henceforth be necessary to be born rich and noble. Then there will no longer be any need to bow before journalism, nor any need to kowtow to a director of fine arts in order to obtain the commission for a painting of *St. Anthony.*

But if one is born rich and noble, how can one escape elegance, delicacy, etc., and keep that superabundance of energy that makes artists and that renders them ridiculous?

I hope with all my heart that I am thoroughly mistaken.

NOVEMBER 26 / There have been few men so responsive to music as Cardinal Consalvi; he used to go quite often in the evening to the home of Madame . . . , the ambassador's wife; there he would meet a charming young man who knew by heart some twenty of the immortal Cimarosa's finest arias; Rossini—for he it was—would sing those that the cardinal requested, while His Excellency would settle himself comfortably in a big armchair, somewhat in the shade. After Rossini had sung for a few minutes, one would see a silent tear escape from the minister's eyes and flow slowly down his cheek.

The cardinal had loved Cimarosa tenderly, and in 1817 had his bust made by Canova. The ultra reaction has exiled this bust to a dark little room in the Capitol from its original place in the Pantheon. The cardinal often wrote to his friends in Naples to commend to them Cimarosa's son, of whom nothing could be made.

DECEMBER 2 / Prince Santapiro, who has arrived from Tuscany, claims that a religious convent in Pisa has just sustained a siege against the archbishop of Pisa and the constables called in by this prelate. Several of the ladies were in a condition most unhappy for nuns to be in. "Well!" they proudly replied when the archbishop questioned them, "we have been visited the Holy Ghost." The constables were finally able to force the convent doors, and the nuns whose amorous adventures had thus so unfortunately come to light were sent to the Baths of San Giuliano.

I cannot truly believe this tale, and should gladly see it disproved.

The prince says that nothing can quite equal the self-importance of the little sub-prefects or *delegati* in Tuscany. When these gentlemen arrive at the theatre in their small town, if the actors are performing the second act, they hasten to begin the play over again. It is almost impossible for a rich man to lose a lawsuit.—The Malaspina Case.

In many localities the virtues of the magistrates are lost on the public, so great is the number of execrable usages that have acquired the force of law. This truth is felt in Italy by august personages who are the first to groan over the good that they are unable to do. Where, for example, is a more honorable man than the Grand Duke of T . . . , or Archduke R . . . , to be found? I have not praised Cardinal Spina, who was the all-powerful legate in Bologna, as fully as he deserves. This prince of the Church had the intelligence needed to see the good and the strength of character required to operate it. I have known many magistrates of unimpeachable integrity; a traveler would compromise them by naming them. If I dare to write the name of Cardinal Spina, it is because the Roman Church has been widowed by that illustrious man.

Signor Benedetti, a young poet and a Carbonaro, so it is said, was in Florence in 1822. He received an imprudent letter by mail. The authority had taken the paternal care to write on the back of this letter: *Seen by the police.* Poor Benedetti did not understand this warning, he took a *calessino* and went forthwith and blew out his brains in Pistoia. Many of Signor Benedetti's verses have been published; this young man lacked only a greater severity toward himself.

Prince Santapiro is a great admirer of Signor Niccolini's talent. This young dramatic poet is not dramatic, but he writes admirable verses; see, for example, *Ino e Temisto, Foscarini* and *Nabucco,* tragedies. The last is an allegory against Napoleon.

Alfonso of Aragon, the first to bear this name, was called to the throne of Naples by Giovanna II; this prince had a favorite, Gabriel Coreale, a gentleman of his court. Coreale died, and in the church of Mount Oliveto one may read on his tomb this naïve epitaph, in which Marcus replaces Gabriel:

> Qui fecit Alphonsi quondam pars maxima regis
> Marcus hoc modico tumulator humo.

The prince explained to me this singular epitaph, which I had completely failed to understand.

DECEMBER 3, 1828 / I have forgotten to say that from the first months of our sojourn in Rome, we learned to recognize the coats-of-arms of the popes who have protected the arts; they are found on the smallest piece of wall that they have built or restored. The five balls or pills of the Medici family are known to everyone. An oak, *robur,* indicates Julius II, whose name was *della Rovere* (of the Oak). An eagle and a dragon form the coat-of-arms of Paul V (Borghese); Urban VIII (Barberini) featured bees—not without a sting, said the witty people of his time—on his coat-of-arms.

We are often surprised by the lack of *spice* to be found in the spirit of the sixteenth century. The writers of that time were far superior to their works. *Wit* requires a certain ingredient of surprise and consequently of the unknown. Voiture and Benserade charmed one of the world's most gracious courts; what is more insipid today? Perhaps *wit* can last only two centuries. Some day Beaumarchais will be boring; Erasmus and Lucian have become so.

(I have just been informed that this volume must come to an end; I very much regret this; I should have liked to have another hundred and fifty pages at my disposal. I shall do my best to condense some articles of our journal relative to the first months of 1829.)

DECEMBER 4, 1828 / Milady N., prodded to emulation by the young Russian's concert of which I have spoken, decided also to give a concert of ancient music. Tamburini surpassed himself; he is certainly the outstanding singer of the moment; Rubini's voice trembles a little, Lablache's tends to be *fat.* Signora Tamburini, one of the prettiest women of Rome, sang a delightful air by Paisiello, and sang it beautifully.

This evening's festival was magnificent, but a little prim, like all those given by English families. There was a good deal of talk about certain refused invitations.

I ran away from all those northern pin-pricks, and sought out Italians to talk to. According to them, there is more melody in Paisiello than in all composers taken together; which is all the more singular as his song is almost always contained within an octave. Paisiello's orchestra is hardly anything; for these two reasons, he never forced the voices of his singers. Rubini, who is perhaps not yet thirty, is already worn out; that is because he has been singing Rossini, whereas Crivelli, a sublime tenor, still sings divinely well at sixty-four. His song has always been *spianato.*

The true music-lovers who did me the honor to discuss music with me this evening have complete contempt for Guglielmi father and son, Zingarelli and Nazolini, who was but a *carver of airs* measured to the voice of this or that singer; Federici, Niccolini, Manfrocci, all people without *ideas.*

They have the highest regard, on the other hand, for Raphael Orgitani, who died very young in Florence; he wrote in the style of Cimarosa. His *Jefte* and his *Medico per forza* are masterpieces. In three days Rossini could strengthen the orchestration of these operas to make them playable.

Fioravanti is spirited, but nothing more than spirited.

Signor Mercadante is sometimes simple and touching, like a beautiful elegy. *Utinam fuisset vis*! If he only had more strength! A good deal is made of Signor Carafa, to whom we owe more than twenty successful operas.

Signor Bellini may accomplish something; his *Pirata* is good; but he has just produced a second opera, *La Straniera,* which is much too similar to the first—the same kind of ideas, the same cut. Many people of merit in the nineteenth century have produced only a first work that is good. The memory of Rossini can be dispelled only by a style absolutely different from his, and Signor Bellini is too reminiscent of him.

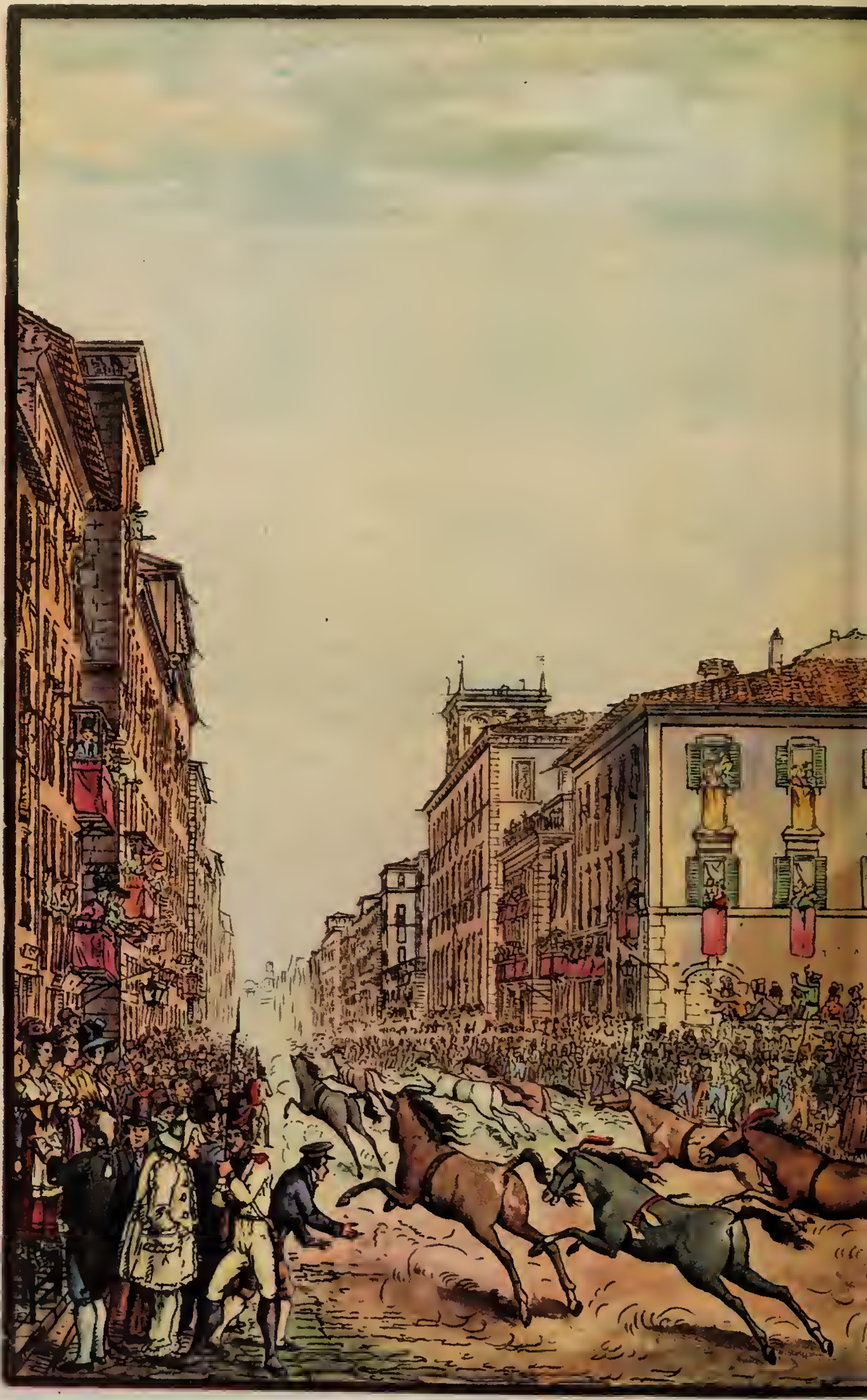
The famous composers of the eighteenth century *invented in melody;* such were Buranello, il Sassone (Hasse), Martini, Anfossi and Cimarosa, who rises so greatly above them all. With two operas by these great men one could make one; it would only be necessary to change the finest arias into finales and trios, and to add accompaniments and overtures as resounding as Beethoven's symphonies.

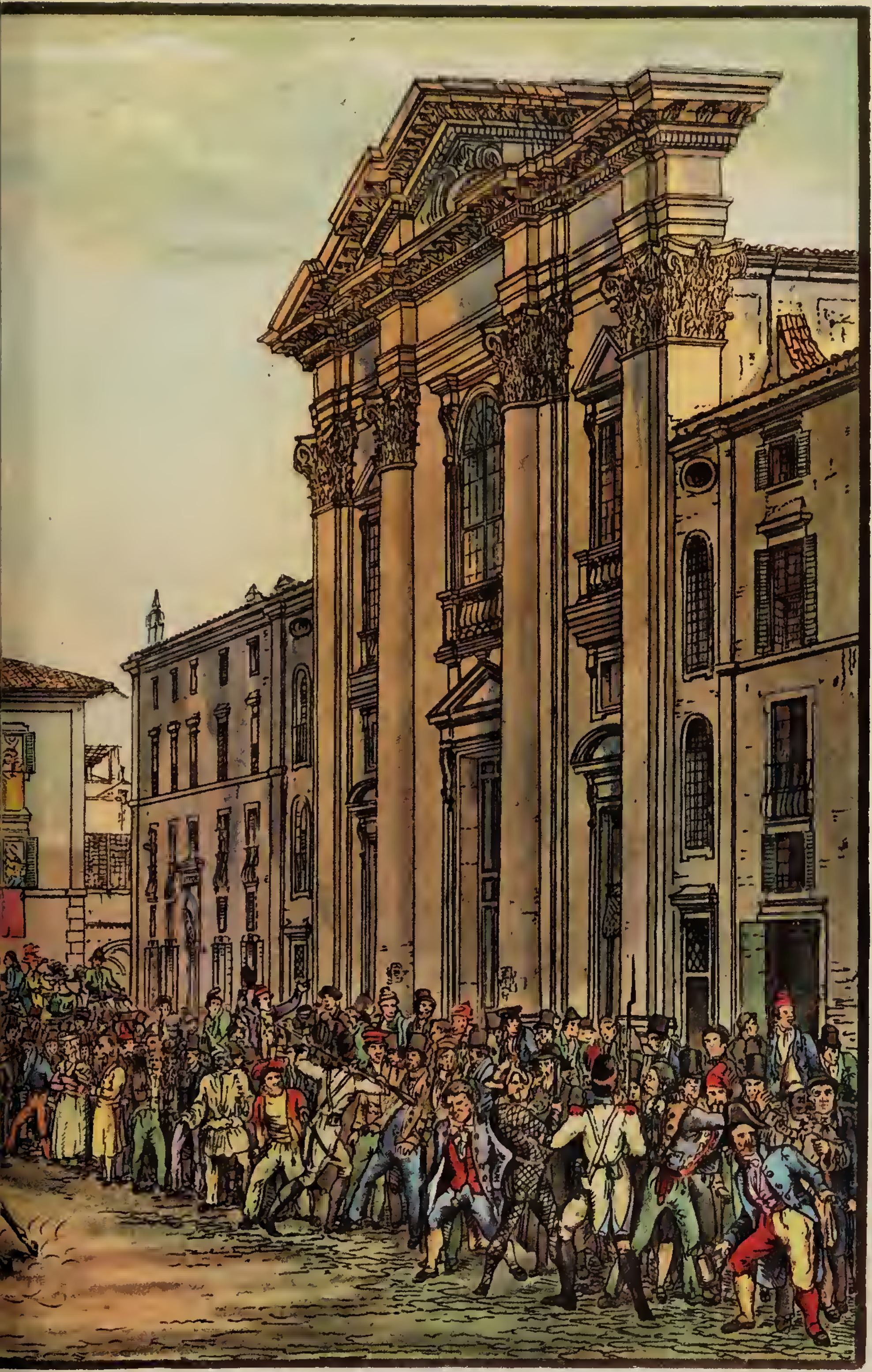
We heard this evening the tenor aria in *The Magic Flute,* by Mozart, where he is trying out the flute. That is perhaps the only good thing in this opera; but the Italians were amazed, and their eyes seemed to say, "Is there really another music than that of Italy?"

Signor Ghirlanda tells us about all Rossini's misadventures on the day of the first performance of the *Barbiere di Siviglia* in Rome (1816, at the Argentina Theatre).

First, Rossini had put on a vicuna frock-coat, and when he appeared in the orchestra this color caused a general hilarity. Garcia, who was playing Almaviva, arrived with his guitar to sing beneath Rosina's window. At the first chord, all the strings of his guitar broke at the same time. The hoots and the mirth of the audience broke out again; that day it was full of abbots.

49. CROWD AT THE RACE OF THE BARBARY HORSES
Watercolor of the period





Figaro, played by Zamboni, appeared in turn with his mandolin. Barely had he touched it when all the strings broke. Basilio came on the stage and fell on his nose. Blood streamed down over his white bands. The unfortunate understudy who was playing Basilio took it into his head to try to wipe away the blood with his robe. At this, the stamping, the screams, the cat-calls drowned out the orchestra and the voices; Rossini left the piano, fled to his house and locked himself up.

The following night the performance created a furor; Rossini had not dared to go near the theatre nor the café; he had not budged from his room. About midnight he heard a frightful hubbub in the street; the uproar drew nearer; finally he made out loud cries: Rossini! Rossini! "Ah, it's all too clear!" he said to himself, "my poor opera has been hooted even worse than it was last night, and now the abbots are after me to trounce me." They say that in the justified terror that he felt for those impetuous judges, the maestro hid under his bed, for the racket had not stopped in the street: he heard a thunder of footsteps mounting the stairs.

Soon there were knocks on his door, it threatened to cave in, the shouts for Rossini were such as to awaken the dead. He, shaking more and more, dared not even answer. Finally one of the mob, more cool-headed than the rest, decided that quite possibly the maestro might be frightened. He got down on his knees and called to Rossini through the keyhole. "Wake up," he said, bubbling over with enthusiasm, "your play is a wild success, we've come to fetch you to carry you in triumph . . ."

Rossini, not too reassured and still afraid that the Roman abbots might be up to some trick, nevertheless decided to pretend that he had just been awakened, and opened his door. He was lifted up and carried to the theatre, more dead than alive, and there he was at last able to convince himself that the *Barbiere* was an immense success. During this ovation, the street in front of the Argentina Theatre had filled with lighted torches, Rossini was carried to an *osteria,* where a great supper had hastily been prepared; the mad celebration lasted until the following morning. The Romans, outwardly so grave, so poised, lose their heads completely when they are given free rein; this we saw at last year's carnival. This year it promises to be even more extraordinary.

I was at Lady N's this evening, with some Italians from Venice, Florence and Naples. These gentlemen are philosophers, and the English punch predisposed us to frankness. Rome was represented by two men of the rarest merit: if only I could name them! The foreigners who read this journal would know in what houses one can be introduced with the hope of finding the most perfect conjunction of the rarest good sense, of the soul of fire required for the fine arts, and an amazing spirit. In 1828 I met these gentlemen at the home of a French lady who is responsive to the loftiest manifestations of genius. Although she lived in a remote district of Rome, we traveled a league through solitary streets every night; where should we not have gone in the hope of encountering the most alert and spontaneous mind, a perfect frankness, and the most appealing gayety?

This gayety is not precisely what we found this evening at Lady N's concert; but at any rate, in our wholly Italian little corner we were not melancholy, and we were beyond the range of *cant* (the hypocrisy of morals and of decency).

Don F. G., then, was telling us: A Roman prince, young, rich and addicted to amorous adventures, if he should be in love with the wife of a cabinetmaker or with the wife of the *secondo ceto,* with the wife of a drapery merchant, for example, *is afraid of the husband.*

This husband, if he should take it into his head to be disagreeable, is quite capable of stabbing the prince to death.

That is why Rome has it all over the rest of Italy. In the other towns, a prodigal, pleasure-loving young prince will pay the cabinetmaker whose wife takes his fancy, will grant the drapery merchant a very useful protection, and everything will be arranged in the most amicable manner in the world. If by chance the husband is of a testy disposition, his anger will limit itself to beating his wife, and he will consider himself heroic if he goes so far as to show the prince a sour face. In certain towns that are wholly without prejudices, or wholly without passions, the husband will be the prince's best friend, and will go and order the dinners at the *osteria.*

In Rome, I repeat, the husband will kill the prince without ado.

In 1824 an Englishman gave a hunting gun to be fixed to a gunsmith on the Piazza di Spagna; the following day, a worker returned the gun to him with a bill for two *scudi;* this price appeared exorbitant to the Englishman who accordingly gave him only one *scudo.* "I can't leave the gun," said the worker, "my master would upbraid me; allow me to take the ramrod, you can fetch it in the shop and talk to the master."

The young Englishman arrived in the shop, demanding his ramrod; presently there was an altercation; the Romans claim that the Englishman struck the master gunsmith with his riding crop. The fact is that the Englishman and the gunsmith were fighting when a young worker entered, attracted by the noise. Seeing his master being beaten, the young man seized an old swordblade that was lying on the ground and plunged it into the Englishman's thigh, fatally wounding him.

The Englishmen who happened to be in Rome raged and fumed. Cardinal Cavalchini commented coolly, "It appears that the English are accustomed to beating workers in England and in France. Why do they come to Rome? Do they not know the old proverb, *'Si vivis Romae, romano vivito more'*?"

I do not doubt that the lofty name of Roman has greatly contributed to giving the people this elevation of character. At the time of the Roman republic, in 1793, simple workers became soldiers, and from the first day that they saw the enemy gave proof of heroic bravery.

But the Roman fights only when he is angry. He despises his neighbor, and thinks about him only to hate him. The respect for others that vain people call *honor* is unknown to him. Try to beat a worker in Paris, in London and in Rome—you will see that the Roman will be *ill-natured* enough to avenge himself.

We left our philosophy in order to go and see the daughters of Duchess Lante dance; they are, in my opinion, the most beautiful persons in Rome. Mesdames Orsini and Dodwell were most attractive this evening.

Toward the end of the evening a friend of ours, Signor Savarelli appeared, having recently come from the north of Italy. He is enchanted with Milan. It is the city of pleasure, and in this respect nothing can be compared to it. Turin and Genoa are like prisons.

Herr von Metternich has just changed his method of dealing with the Milanese; he wants to seduce them through the senses. "I believe," says Signor Savarelli, "that all the handsome hussar officers of the Austrian army have an appointment to meet in Milan. The nobility had sulked and stinted ever since Marengo, twenty-nine years ago. Today you hear of nothing but balls and banquets. The amount spent on the upkeep of stables of English horses is unbelievable."

Signor Volpini, the secretary-general of the police, a most polite young man, told Signor Savarelli that in two years only three Frenchman had been driven out, M. H. B.[1] being one of the three. Signor Lorenzani-Langfeld, the director-general of the police, explained the number of patrols to Signor Savarelli by the quantity of *masnadieri* (thieves) that were prowling about Milan. Savarelli does not believe the story about the thieves for a moment; but he sees in it a polite attention on the part of Signor Langfeld, who does not want the patrols intended to keep the *colony* in bounds to inhibit its pleasures. Savarelli relates some charming anecdotes; in a word, sensual enjoyment is the queen of that pleasant spot, he concluded. Milan will forget 1810, and gradually become again what it was in 1760, when Beccaria wrote: "There are one hundred and twenty thousand of us inhabiting this city, and there are not twelve who think about anything else but pleasure."

---

[1] The author of this book, M. Henri Beyle. (Author's note.)

Herr von Walmoden, the general commanding the garrisons of Lombardy, and Signor de Strasoldo, the governor, vie among themselves as to who shall give the most enjoyable feasts. If these gentlemen ever betray bad taste, it is only when, from time to time, they make bitter jokes about the *Constitutionnel* and the *Figaro*. These inept words may remind the good Milanese that they are to a certain extent slaves.

Rubini sings three new arias every evening at la Scala; this theatre does everything in the world, but in vain, to compete with Signora Pasta, who sings in the small theatre of Carcano. The bright people meet in a café near la Scala and there, until three in the morning, they speak of music, of love and of Paris. [1]

Milan is undoubtedly, at this moment, one of the happiest cities in the world. The Austrian chiefs are clever; and after having failed by harshness, they want to try seduction. To regret the political existence that Milan had under Napoleon when it was the capital of Italy will soon, in the eyes of a pretty woman, be a sign of old age and of intolerable gloom.

DECEMBER 10, 1828 / We had just taken another look at that sketch by Michelangelo that is beneath a carriage gateway in the Corso, near San Carlo, when great cries drew our attention to a man who was running in full flight. We were told, "He is a miller boy who has just killed a rich wheat merchant who was his wife's lover."

We were on foot, and in spite of the terror of the ladies in our company, we followed the jealous husband at a distance. He fell exhausted on the steps of Santa Maria Maggiore, after having run for nearly half an hour. The police immediately set a guard to watch the murderer, while authorization was being sought to arrest him on the steps of the church. The populace of the dei Monti district surrounded the murderer and the guard, who looked at each other. Overlooking the scene from a nearby window rented on the spur of the moment, we were waiting for the end of this adventure, when suddenly we saw the people burst in between the guard and the miller's apprentice, who disappeared.

---

[1] The day of paq, 1829, nopr bylov; the 21 of june nop bywa and hap. Ever sanscrit. Drama forpr. The death of Crescentius.

In the Corso, at the moment when he came out of the house of the rich wheat merchant, the people cried, *"Poveretto!"* We thought this mark of interest was being shown to the man who was dying. Not at all: they were referring to the one who had just avenged himself.

DECEMBER 11 / The *tramontana* (the name given to the annoying north wind) undoubtedly incites to murder. This is what happened last night in the Via Giulia, behind the Farnese Palace. A young man, who had been brought up to be a watchmaker, had been courting Matilde Gallina for several years. He asked her parents for her hand, but they refused him because he had nothing; Matilde did not have enough character to run away with him. She was married off to a rich merchant, and the ceremony was held yesterday. During the wedding feast, Matilde's father and mother experienced violent pains; they were poisoned, and they died about midnight. Then the young man, who was prowling about the dining room disguised as a musician, went up to Matilde and said, "And now, it's our turn!" He stabbed her to death with a dagger, and then killed himself. Immediately upon the death of the father and the mother the future husband, realizing what was up, had made his escape.

DECEMBER 12, 1828 / What would I not give to be able to draw for the reader who has been good enough to follow me up to this point an exact picture of the *facial tranquility* of a beautiful Roman woman! I am convinced that a man who has never left France can have no idea of it. In Paris the usage of society and a certain disposition *to be pleased* are marked by an imperceptible movement of the eyes and of the corners of the mouth that little by little becomes a habit.

A Roman woman looks at the face of the man who is speaking to her as, in the morning, in the country, you look at a mountain. She would consider herself extremely foolish to show signs of smiling before anything worthy of laughter was told to her. It is this perfect immobility of their features that makes the least mark of interest so flattering. I have sometimes, in the country, followed for three days in succession the expression of the features of a young Roman woman: they were motionless, and nothing caused them to depart from this expression. They were not angry, not severe, haughty, nor anything of the kind, they were merely *motionless*. The most philosophical man says to himself, "What bliss it would be to make such a woman mad with love!"

DECEMBER 18 / Rome has nothing of the gayety and bustle of a big capital like Naples. The first days one has the impression of a provincial town. Yet one becomes singularly attached to the tranquil life that one finds here. It has a charm that softens the restless passions. A Frenchman, a man with a naïve, judicious and profound mind, said to me yesterday, "To tell the truth, I should like the pope to make me a monsignore. I should spend my life here contemplating monuments and trying to guess their origin."

In the time of Cardinal Consalvi I should have shared this wish. Rome would be a very sweet retreat against the world, its intrigues and its passions, its "sea of troubles."

That is the sentiment that peopled the cloisters in the thirteenth century.

DECEMBER 20, 1828 / In this country the government has a hand in everything; private individuals can do nothing without permission, everyone tries to obtain a privilege. In spite of himself, the foreigner feels a desire to form an idea of this governing action, the effects of which surround him on all sides; nothing is more difficult. Most of the acts of the papal government are a departure from a rule, obtained by the influence of a pretty woman or a fat monk.

DECEMBER 22 / Frederick was remarking this evening that nothing stultified a commonplace Frenchman like too long a stay in Italy. He becomes crude; his wit, which is no longer stimulated by the fear of an epigram, falls into a torpor, and no passionate movement comes to replace the silence of the mind.

I have a kind of lie to reproach myself for: the customs of Ferrara are not at all those of Bologna or of Padua. Everything changes in Italy every twenty leagues, and yet, in order to avoid indiscretions, it has been necessary to change the setting of the little anecdotes that I recall. I have not been able to let every town of Italy keep its original physiognomy.

In a great ball given in Brescia at the Casino of the Nobles, the young Vitaliani of Cremona was walking about at loose ends, not knowing what to do with himself—a state perhaps accounted for by the fact that he was only nineteen. He was accosted by a man of a certain age, whom he knew to be one of the *patiti* of the pretty and brilliant Countess Pescara.

"My dear child," said the *patito* to him, "I know that you wish to be presented to Countess Pescara; come, she is right here, I'll perform the *cerimonia*."

"Who? I? To Countess Pescara?" the young man responded, blushing furiously. "Oh! I have no such idea!"

"How childish! I'm sure you do, you're dying to meet her, come along with me!"

The young man, out of timidity, held back and walked away. The poor *patito* went and gave a report of his mission, and he was told that he was a fool and a blunderer.

A moment later, in a doorway where there was a congestion of people, Countess Pescara tapped Vitaliani on the shoulder with her fan and said to him,with a charming smile, "You are introduced."

"How, Signora!" said Vitaliani, blushing.

"I wish to see you in my society. Come to my house tomorrow at two o'clock."

The young man's cheeks flushed, he found nothing to say, bowed awkwardly and moved away. He did not sleep all night and arrived, more dead than alive, at the following day's rendezvous. The outcome is easy to imagine; never in his life had Vitaliani been so happy. That evening, drunk with bliss and joy, he met Countess Percara at the theatre; he tried to speak to her; she barely replied with one or two insignificant words. The following evening he found her again at a large gathering; she appeared not to recognize him. The day after that she absolutely did not know him, and asked aloud, "But who is that tall and fair young man who keeps looking at me? I've never seen him anywhere, he must be just out of college?"

Prince don C. P. claims that such scenes are rare in Rome, where they would harm a woman's reputation. This gracious young man is eager to know France and the effect of a representative government; he consults me on his intention of coming to live for a year in a small town in the Midi. "You will be bored to death, and you will not find a single salon open to receive you. There is no more social life; the Frenchman, who was so fond of talking and telling about his affairs, is becoming unsociable. If you find a man who is very polite and friendly, you will observe that he is over fifty.

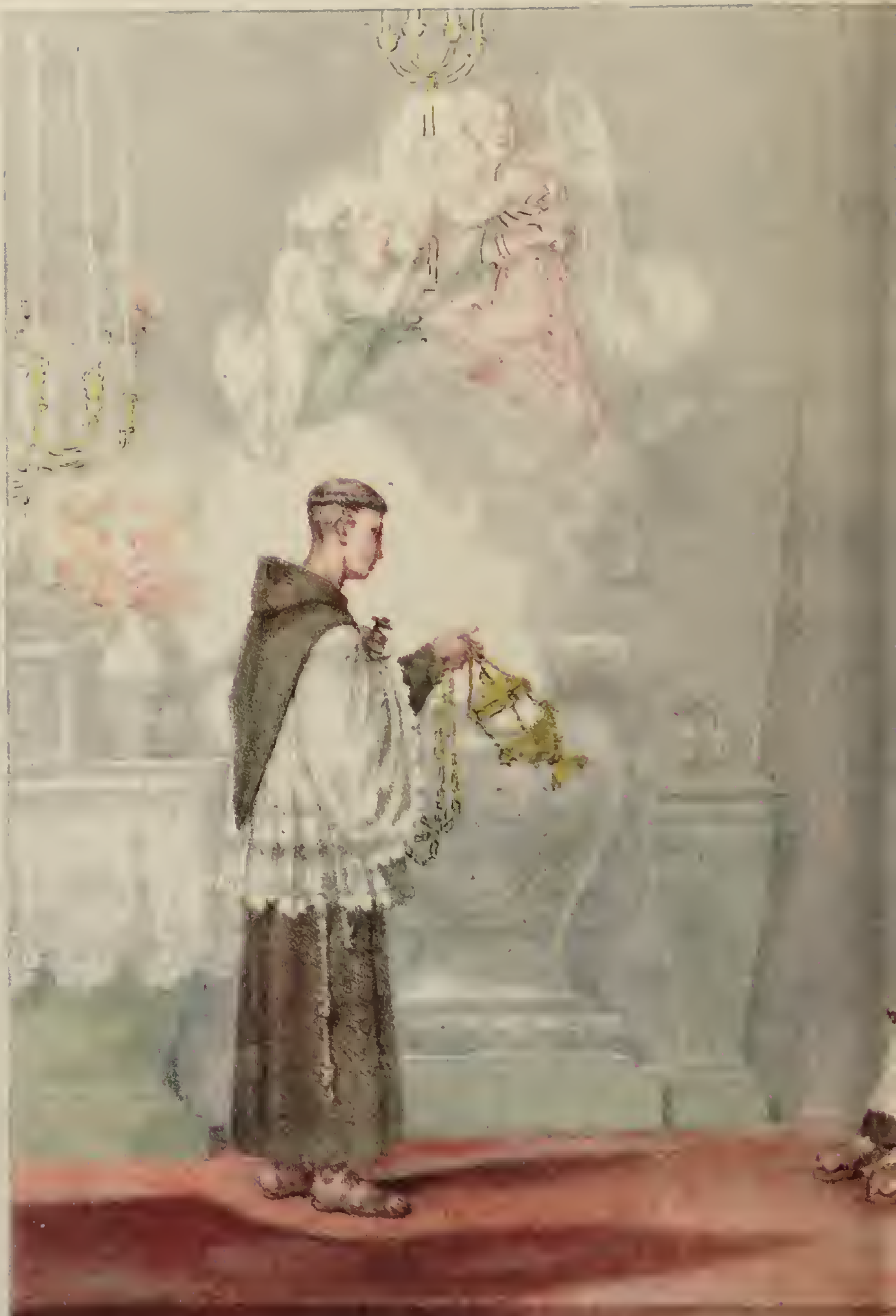
"The dismissals by the Villèle ministry have broken all society in Cahors, in Agen, Clermont, Rhodez, etc. Gradually the fear of losing one's little place has led the bourgeois to make his visits to his neighbors more and more scarce, he even goes less often to the café. The fear of compromising oneself has led the Frenchman of thirty to spend his evenings reading, in the company of his wife. You will be considered a spy; your stay will be the sensation of the locality, you may even be insulted. The French are no longer the people that laugh at and see the amusing side of everything.

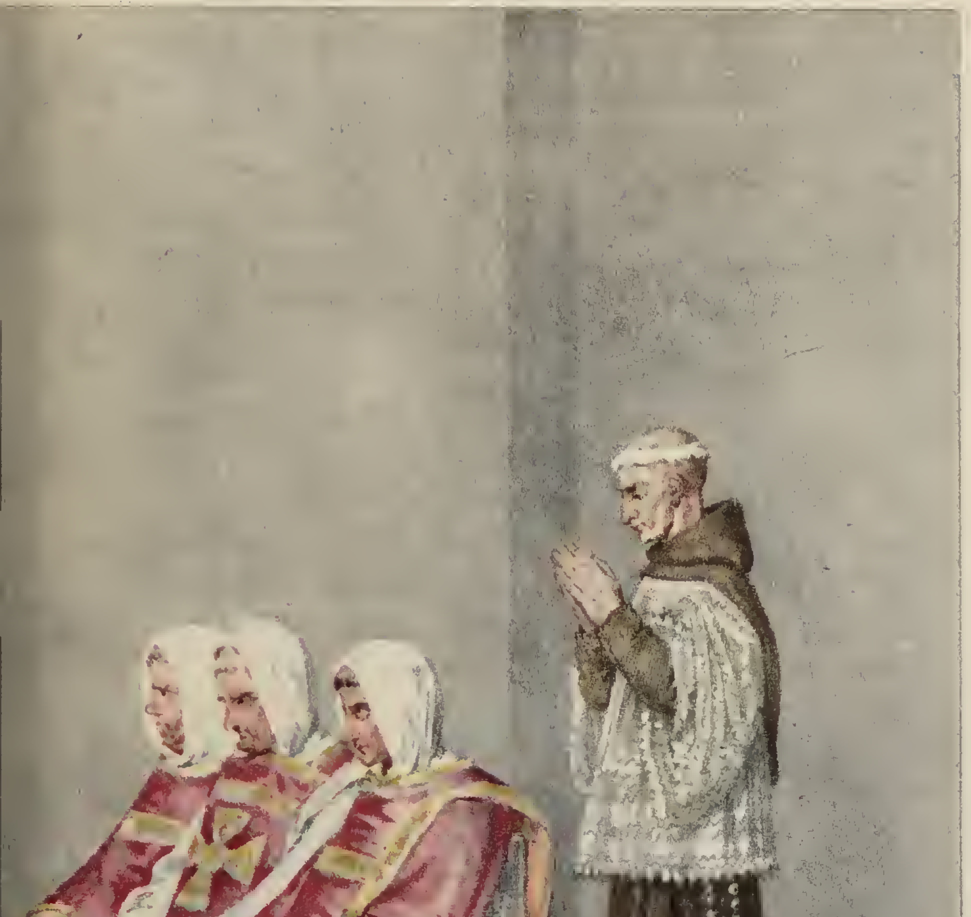
"The salons of Paris would be as cold and as boring as the provincial ones, except that: the doctor, the painter, the deputy frequent them in order to advance their fortune and practice charlatanism; they are places for gathering news; the men brought together in a large city numbering more than half a million are necessarily less stupid and less wicked. You will find too often in our small towns the hoarding instinct inspired by the fear of the future and the impossibility of spending one's revenue agreeably.

"In Dijon, a town of intelligent people, I have observed that the superiority of a famous man born in Dijon is recognized only when one is sure that he no longer has any grandsons or cousins who might draw vanity from his reputation. Instead of gayety and love of amusement, you will find in France envy, reason, beneficence, economy, a great love of reading. In 1829, the gayest and happiest small towns are those of Germany that have a small court and a young petty despot."

DECEMBER 23, 1828 / We have just come from the Academy of Archeology that meets near the Farnese Palace. These people are not wire-pullers; one can see that they are concerned with their work rather than with success. What they speak of they have studied seriously, each according to the resources of his mind. The scholars of Rome live alone; but also, protected from levity by their solitary life, whenever a fact suits them, *they consider it as proved*. I should think their flair for *style* in architecture must be extremely fine. The form of the letters of an inscription shows them immediately that it belongs to such and such a century.

50. THE MONKS OF ARA COELI
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas





Every day some new monument is being discovered here. Yesterday, near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the tombstone of a cavalry colonel, who died at the age of nineteen, under the first emperors, was discovered. Three members of the Academy went this morning to examine the excavations, and this evening gave a report—without taste nor grace, but quite substantial. One or two of the scholars behind whom we were sitting looked altogether like incrusted charlatans—a defect which, in the case of dentists, by no means excludes the greatest skill.—The terror of a scholar who was criticizing in our presence an opinion known to be protected by the reigning pope; but, on the other hand, the contemptuous and indecent tone with which the last dead pope is spoken of, being referred to only by his family name, Chiaramonti.

The sojourn in Rome awakens the love for art; but natural dispositions or the spirit of opposition often give it a singular direction. Thus, three among us who, before coming to Rome, never looked at a painting, fervently proclaim that Rubens is the greatest of all painters and that Sir Thomas Lawrence is a better portraitist than Morone, Giorgione, Paris Bordone, Titian, etc.

Sir Thomas Lawrence can give the eyes a sublime expression, but it is always the same; the flesh in his faces is *soft* and drooping. He also draws the shoulders of his portraits in too ridiculous a manner. In my opinion, nothing gives a better knowledge of a man than a portrait by Holbein; see the simple profile of Erasmus in the Louvre.

DECEMBER 25, 1828 / We went this morning, for the tenth time perhaps, to the papal mass; it is like the Sunday reception at the Tuileries. This mass is celebrated in the Sistine Chapel, when the pope occupies his Vatican Palace; and in the Pauline Chapel, when His Holiness resides in the Quirinal. This mass is held every Sunday and holiday, and when the pope is in good health he never misses it. Michelangelo's *Last Judgment* fills the back wall of the Sistine Chapel, which is big as a church. On the days of papal chapel, a piece of tapestry is nailed to this fresco, representing the *Annunciation of the Virgin* by Barroccio; it is before this piece of tapestry that the altar is erected. Surely nothing so barbarous occurs in France. The pope enters from the back of the chapel and seats himself to the left of the spectators, on an armchair with a very high back. This throne is surmounted by a canopy. M. Ingres in 1827 showed a small painting that gives a perfectly exact idea of this ceremony and of the Sistine Chapel.

Along the wall, to the left, are seated the cardinals, bishops and priests, wearing their red robes. The deacon cardinals, very few in number, occupy places to the right of the spectator and opposite the pope. The papal mass is the rendezvous of all the courtiers. A considerable number of monks are entitled to attend it. They are the order generals, the bursars, the provincials, etc. These last personages are separated from the public only by a five-foot barrier of walnut boards. It is not difficult for a foreigner of some resourcefulness to engage them in conversation. If the foreigner cares to amuse himself by professing a boundless admiration for the Jesuits, he will see most of these monks, and especially those dressed in white, like Cardinal Zurla, betray a marked antipathy for the disciples of Loyola.

These conversations take place before the beginning of divine service and while waiting for the pope. All the cardinals can be seen arriving in succession. Each of these gentlemen, on entering the chapel, goes and kneels on a *prie-Dieu* that faces the altar, and remains there three or four minutes, as if buried in the most fervent prayer; several cardinals acquit themselves of this ceremony with a great deal of dignity and unction. Among the most devout we noticed this morning Cardinal Castiglioni, Grand Penitentiary, and the handsome Cardinal Micara, General of the Capucins: he has kept the beard and the habit of his order; the same is true of all the monacal cardinals; they are cardinals only by virtue of the red *zucchetto*.

We noticed among the courtiers two monks clad in white, whose costume is quite elegant. These gentlemen were good enough to give us the names of the cardinals who entered. It is important to be dressed with great care; the good monks are very curious to examine crosses and decorations and gauge a man only by his garb.

DECEMBER 30, 1828 / We are paying farewell visits to a few monuments about which I have forgotten to speak. We went this morning, in the fine crisp weather, to the church of Sant'Agnese beyond the Walls; it is one of the prettiest objectives for an excursion.

About a mile beyond the Porta Pia, one perceives a small church into which one descends by a magnificent stairway of forty-five steps, on whose walls, to the right and to the left, are several sepulchral inscriptions. This way of entering the church strikingly recalls the end of the persecutions against the Christians and the century of Constantine that built it. We rediscovered here that respect for Christian antiquities that sometimes seizes our hearts, despite the memory of what the Christians did when they gained the upper hand.[1]

The church of Sant'Agnese has three naves, formed by sixteen ancient columns, ten of which are of granite, four of *porta santa,* and two of violet marble; the latter are covered with moldings. The upper portico, forming a gallery, is supported by sixteen columns of smaller size.

The high altar is charming; it is decorated by a canopy and four porphyry columns; beneath stands the statue of Sant'Agnese; the torso belongs to some ancient statue of oriental alabaster.

Everything is precious in this pretty church. The gallery is adorned with an ancient mosaic of the time of Honorius I; in it appears the name of St. Agnes. We noticed on the Madonna's altar a head of the Savior, which I should swear is by Michelangelo. In this same chapel there is a fine antique candelabrum. Sant'Agnese is very similar in form to those classic Roman basilicas.

Anastasius, the librarian, the indiscreet author who relates the anecdote about Popess Joan, says that Constantine the Great, after having built the church of Sant'Agnese, had erected next to it a baptistery of round form, in which the two Constances, his sister and his daughter, received baptism. In this baptistery, which today is called the church of Santa Constanza, a porphyry sarcophagus on which genii with clusters of grapes are sculptured in bas-relief was discovered. Pius VI had it transported to the Vatican museum.

Some scholars claim that this baptistery was a temple of Bacchus, because an enamel mosaic, representing genii with clusters of grapes, appears on the vault of the circular nave. But the Christians of the primitive church often adopted this ornament; the building belongs to a time of extreme decadence. Never, during the reign of paganism, had architecture fallen to such a low level.

In 1256, Pope Alexander IV recognized that the body placed in the sarcophagus of which we have spoken belonged to St. Constance; he had it placed beneath the high altar and converted this edifice into a church. It is round in form and has a diameter of sixty-nine feet; the altar is in the center, and the cupola is supported by twenty-four granite columns, of Corinthian order, coupled; a perhaps unique example in antiquity. The space which is between these columns and the circular wall of the edifice forms a gallery on whose vault one notices mosaics that represent genii, grapes and the labors of harvesting. All around this curious building there was a corridor that is today almost entirely destroyed.

---

[1] Read, in this connection, the very interesting history of the Auto-da-fé of 1680 in Madrid, by Dall'Olmo; in-folio in Spanish.

In the last century, an enclosing wall of oblong shape, which was built in the seventh century, perhaps for purposes of military defense, was taken for a hippodrome of Constantine.

On the trip back to Rome we went to have another look at the picturesque ruin that is called the temple of Minerva Medica. It looks as if it had been arranged expressly to serve as a subject for one of those beautiful English prints that would represent Italy and in which everything is wrong, except the lines of the monuments. It has been said that this bare vault suspended in space belonged to the basilica of Caius and Lucius, erected by Augustus, or to the temple of Hercules Callaicus, built by Brutus. Later the famous statue of Minerva with a snake at her feet was discovered there, the statue which Pius VII bought from M. Lucien Bonaparte (now in the Braccio nuovo at the Vatican) ; whence the present name, Minerva Medica.

It seems to me that this building was simply a pavillion erected by some rich Roman in the middle of his gardens. The style of the vault and of the supporting walls seems to indicate the century of Diocletian.

This ruin, which can be seen from a long distance, surrounded by gardens, to the east of the fine straight road that leads from Santa Maria Maggiore to the basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, is in the form of a decagon (it has ten angles), and, the distance from one angle to another being twenty-two and a half feet, the total circumference is two hundred twenty-five feet. There are ten windows and nine niches for statues. In addition to the statue of Minerva, statues of Aesculapius, Pomona, Adonis, Venus, a faun, Hercules and Antinous were discovered under Julius III. The brick vault that gave the ruin its picturesqueness has just been restored under Leo XII.

The baths of Titus, Domitian, Trajan and Hadrian are probably only so many separate parts of a vast edifice in which the Romans found gardens, baths, libraries and, above all, the pleasure of conversation. It extended from the Colosseum to the church of San Martino. It would take twenty pages of description to give a somewhat clear idea of these ruins; this is more than they are worth.

Foreigners come to the Baths of Titus to have a look at some delightful little fresco paintings. They are arabesques. They belonged to rooms of Nero's house that later served as substructures for the baths.

It is said that Raphael, after having profited by these graceful works in making his arabesques for the Vatican, had had the rooms and corridors in which they are found filled with earth; this is a calumny. These underground chambers, after having been forgotten about the beginning of the eighteenth century, were discovered in 1776 by Mirri. In 1811, Napoleon had extensive works undertaken here. A chapel was discovered at that time, built in these baths in the sixth century and dedicated to Santa Felicità.

Next to the Baths of Titus stood the emperor's palace. Here one saw a famous *Laocoon* group. The one that we know was discovered under Julius II, precisely in the spot occupied by this palace between Santa Maria Maggiore and the *seven halls.*

The *seven halls* were a water reservoir, *piscina,* probably built before Titus's baths. The building had two stories, the lower of which is below ground. The upper story is divided into nine corridors. The walls are very thick and covered with a double coating. The first is a waterproof mastic; the second has been formed by a lime deposit left by the water. M. Raphaël Sterni, the excellent architect, made us admire the studied construction of the doors, which do not diminish the strength of the walls. The middle corridor is twelve feet wide, thirty-seven feet long and eight feet tall.

The largest baths of Rome were built by Diocletian, that singular man who preferred growing lettuce to exercising supreme power, and by his colleague Maximian. The baths were dedicated by Galerius and Constanza. Three thousand two hundred persons could bathe at the same time in these thermae, which formed a square one thousand sixty-nine feet to a side. In this square today we find granaries built by Clement XI, the churches of San Bernardo and Santa Maria degli Angeli, two large squares, gardens, a portion of the Villa Massini, etc. We went to take another look at the Castrense amphitheatre, so named because it was meant for combats between soldiers and wild beasts. It can be seen that this edifice was surrounded by a double story of Corinthian semi-columns and pilasters. It was incorporated in Honorius's wall. In the course of the most recent excavations, cellars filled with the bones of large animals were found.

We came to the Porta Maggiore, remarkable for its long inscriptions. The ancients used to adorn their aqueducts with magnificence in the places where these monuments crossed the public ways. Nineteen highroads led out from Rome; a great number of aqueducts brought waters; you can imagine how many monuments of the type of the Porta Maggiore this earth bore when Propertius and Tibullus looked out on it.

Claudius brought two sources of water to Rome. One of the aqueducts was forty-five miles long, and the other sixty-two. So one of the inscriptions tells us. The other two belong to Vespasian and to Titus.

The old Roman mile is 5023 English feet, and the modern Roman mile 4883 English feet.

The monument erected by Claudius had two large arches and three smaller ones. It is built of large blocks of travertine placed without mortar one on top of another. This manner of building is faulty in that it makes the arrises of the blocks chip.

DECEMBER 31 / We went down into the valley formerly called *Murcia,* between the Palatine and the Aventine. Romulus chose this valley for the celebration of magnificent games in honor of Neptune Consus. The place where we are was the scene of the Rape of the Sabines. Here Tarquin built a circus called Circus Maximus. Dionytius of Halicarnassus saw this circus after Julius Caesar had restored and enlarged it, and has left us a description of it. When it had been again enlarged by Trajan and Constantine, it could contain 405,000 spectators.

This circus, like all the others, had the form of a playing-card. One of the small sides formed a semi-circle; the other described an almost imperceptible curve. The great entrance gate was in the semi-circle.

Opposite were placed the harnessed chariots that were to compete. The place where the horses and the chariots were held back until the signal was given was called *carceres.* In the Circus Maximus, the *carceres* were toward the Tiber, and the entrance gate faced the Appian Way.

The long, narrow platform that extended over the middle of the arena and around which the chariots had to make seven turns was called the *spina.* Small altars, statues, columns and two Egyptian obelisks were placed on the *spina* of the Circus Maximus. At the extremities of the *spina* were the turning posts, called *Metae.*

Except on the side of the *carceres,* the arena of the Circus Maximus was surrounded by porticos placed one atop the other. In front of these porticos were the tiers.

This is where the well-known adventure of Androcles occurred, which made such an impression on us in college. Aulus Gellius relates that Androcles, having been put among the wild beasts to be devoured, was suddenly recognized by a lion that had already begun to charge him, and from whose foot he had pulled a thorn in Africa. The lion came and caressed him.

Granaries, sheds and houses were built at the foot of Mount Palatine, on the remains of the Circus Maximus. Ruins that are too shapeless require prints, and I shall not attempt to speak of them. It would be too tedious for the reader; such things, when one is determined not to *exaggerate* them, are only good to be seen.

Near here, in the direction of the Via San Gregorio, was the famous Septizonium, built by the emperor Septimius Severus. What was the form of that magnificent portico? All that we know about it is that it had three stories, and that Sixtus Quintus had it demolished in order to use the columns for St. Peter's basilica. The Septizonium was probably one of the gates of the palace of the Caesars.

After having seen the Baths of Caracalla again, we visited Caracalla's circus, which from now on will be known as the circus of Romulus; for it is claimed that it was built in about the year 311, in honor of Romulus, the son of Maxentius. Near the main gate you will find the inscription from which this fact is deduced.

This circus was unearthed by the famous ribbon merchant, so widely known under the name of Duke of Bracciano. From Samuel Bernard to M. Bouret, no Frenchman who has climbed to fortune has done so much for the arts. I do not hold it against them; I note the differences in national characters.

The circus unearthed by Signor Torlonia gives a perfect idea of the ancient circuses, as I have just described them in connection with the Circus Maximus. The walls against which the tiers were braced have been uncovered, as well as the big gate. Fifteen feet of earth had to be removed. Here the *spina* can be seen; the bases of the turning posts (*metae*) are still evident, at either end of the *spina*.

We still had a bit of daylight. We took advantage of it to go down into the Mamertine and Tullian prison.

Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, was poor and built this prison in an old quarry. Servius Tullius added to it a prison which was dug below the first and which was to be used for major criminals. From him it received the name of Tullian.

This edifice is composed of large blocks of volcanic stone. Its façade toward the Forum is forty and a half feet long by eighteen in height. A kind of frieze built of travertine presents the names of the consuls C. Vibius Rufinus and M. Cocceius Nerva, the men who restored this prison in the year 22 A.D. and 775 according to the Roman calendar.

The prisoners were introduced into both prisons by means of a rope let down through a round hole in the ceiling.

On the Forum side were the *scalae gemoniae,* so called because of the wails of the unfortunates who were led to prison; it is like the Bridge of Sighs, in Venice. Near these steps the corpses of criminals were thrown to frighten the people.

It was in this prison that Jugurtha perished of hunger. It harbored Syphax, king of Numidia, and Perseus, king of Macedonia. It is claimed that under Nero St. Peter was shut up here for nine months; a pure invention, according to Protestant authorities. The inside stairs are modern. Above this prison is the little church of San Giuseppe.

At Signora de T . . .'s this evening, don F. C. made fun of two or three bad ultra-liberal poets. These gentlemen copy Alfieri in everything, even to his stupid anger against the French. Alfieri, who was narrow-headed, never forgave the revolution that was to give the two chambers to Europe and to America for having confiscated fifteen hundred calf-bound volumes at the Pantin gate. It seems to me that all these bad liberal poets of Italy have even narrower heads than English country squires. These rhymesters understand absolutely nothing except what they have read in Alfieri and Dante. They hate everyone, but the French even more than the Austrians, I believe.

We have had the partitions of Vigano's ballet sent from Milan. That great man had selected and arranged appropriate music to magnify the effect of the passions that his ballets represent. Signora Lampugnani plays these melodies admirably, and they seem to me to be very successful with the small number of true music-lovers admitted to our evenings. In order to have access to these one must admire Cimarosa in a ridiculous fashion. This evening Monsignor N. said to me with an air of triumph, waving a copy of the *Gazette de France* in one hand, "Your representative government is constantly talking about economies; you behave like ne'er-do-well sons of rich families, you will borrow everything you can possibly borrow and will stop indulging in mad extravagance only when no one will lend you any more money." Nothing could be more true.

JANUARY 1, 1829 / Since our return from Naples, we have seen several precious paintings which usually, and with reason, are not shown to any traveler. We owe this favor to a reputation for discretion, and especially to the charming engravings by M. Tony Johannot. We receive from Paris everything that this gifted artist publishes, and we have offered these picturesque and witty prints to those of our Roman friends who delight in the miracles of chiaroscuro. A surface no greater than a five-franc *écu* gives a clear and noble idea.

The present state of society in Paris does not tolerate works that require slowness and patience. I do not know whether this is the reason why the engravings of Messrs. Anderloni, Garavaglia, Longhi and Jesi are superior to ours.

Nothing in a voyage, perhaps, is more agreeable than the *surprise of the return*. Here are the ideas that Rome has given us in Paris.

Our lady companions cannot imagine why a portico of eight columns, on the order of the one on the Pantheon of Rome, is not built to conceal the ugly gateway of the Louvre and its *oeils de bœuf* on the Tuileries side.

They do not understand that our architects pay so little attention to the skyline of their buildings (the contour that stands out against the sky). In order to eliminate the hideous sight of the chimneys, all that would be necessary would be to multiply the façades by twenty-one twentieths, while leaving the inner elevation as it is.

All our palaces that are lower than the neighboring houses seem flat to them.

The magnificent columns of the Bourse, which lead to a hall formed of arcades and simple pillars, strike them as an amusing absurdity.

In Rome, shocked by some crime or offense, we could often say, "Why not establish our Civil Code, reasonable administrations on the pattern of the French?" etc. Back in Paris, we see the embellishments that will be made a hundred years from now; if budget economies and republican dreariness do not paralyze everything in the arts that ventures beyond the painted portrait or the statue for the tomb of an eloquent deputy.

JANUARY 6, 1829 / I have been showing Rome to a young English friend of mine, recently from Calcutta, where he has spent six years. His father left him an income of ten thousand francs, and he was looked upon as an outcast by his friends in London because he announced his intention of living as a philosopher with this small sum without doing anything to increase his fortune. He had to leave for the Indies or expose himself to the contempt of all his acquaintances.

He introduced me to Mr. Clinker; he is a very rich American who landed a week ago in Livorno with his wife and his son. He lives in Savannah and has come to visit Europe for a year. He is a man of forty-five, very astute, and not lacking in a certain grasp of serious things.

During the three days that I have known him, Mr. Clinker has not asked me a single question that did not concern money. How does one increase one's fortune here? When one has capital that is not needed for the industry that one has built, what is the safest way of investing it? How much does it cost to run a household properly? How does one avoid being imposed upon?

He spoke to me about France. "Is it true, sir, what I have heard? Is it really so that a father is not absolutely master of his own money, and that your law forces him to leave a certain part to each of his children?"

I showed Mr. Clinker the articles of the Code pertaining to wills. His astonishment knew no bounds; he kept repeating, "What, sir! You deprive a man of the right to dispose of his own money, of the money *he has earned*!"

All this conversation took place in the presence of the finest monuments of Rome. The American examined everything with the kind of attention that he would have given to a letter of exchange that might have been offered him in payment; for that matter, he felt absolutely nothing of the beauty of what he was seeing. In St. Peter's, while his young wife, pale, ailing and submissive, looked at the angels on the tomb of the Stuarts, he explained to me the speed with which canals are built in America; every property owner along its course underwrites the section that passes through his property. "The final cost," he added triumphantly, "is often lower than the estimate!"

Finally, from that rich American's conversation only these two expressions of feeling ever emerged: *"How cheap! How dear!"* Mr. Clinker really has a very subtle mind, only he talks sententiously, as a man does who is accustomed to being listened to. This republican owns many slaves.

In my opinion, liberty destroys in less than a hundred years the *feeling for the arts*. This feeling is immoral, for it inclines a man to the seductions of love, it plunges him into laziness and disposes him to exaggeration. Put a man who has a *feeling for the arts* in charge of building a canal; instead of proceeding reasonably and coldly about the execution of his canal, he will fall in love with it and commit follies.

I accomplished a duty in spending three days with the rich American; the company of this man deeply depressed me. In order to enjoy the contrast, I introduced him to Monsignor N... These two men loathe each other.

Mr. Clinker came from New York to Livorno and from Livorno to Rome with a young Peruvian fresh from Smyrna. A rich Frenchman, a year ago, gave a magnificent ball in Smyrna; a great Turkish lord, a friend of the Frenchman, attended it; when the Frenchman asked him, at the end of the ball, how he had enjoyed it, the Turk appeared surprised by three things.

"How does it happen, my friend, that you dance yourself, when you are rich enough to pay people to dance for you? I did not think you were so rich as you are. Among the women here, at least eighty perhaps are very pretty and must have cost you a great deal of money."

The Turk thought that all the women he had seen belonged to his host; he was so convinced of this that he told him, in a tone of confidence, "However much my women might wheedle and coax me, I would never allow them to appear with such *décolletée* dresses."

This morning, in the Villa Ludovisi, before Guercino's sublime fresco, we met M. Constantin, the famous painter in porcelain. He is the man who in our time has known Raphael best and who has reproduced him best.

On our return trip to France, we have just seen, in Turin, at the home of the Prince of Carignano, twelve admirable copies on porcelain of the most beautiful things in Florence. The portrait of Leo X by Raphael, Carlo Dolci's *Poetry,* Titian's *Venus,* the *St. John in the Desert* (probably drawn with a young Negro as a model), seemed to us beyond all praise. M. Constantin indulges in none of the modern pettinesses: *he dares to be simple.*

JANUARY 12, 1829 / A German friend of ours is compiling a work that makes me tremble for the reputation of all the so-called scholars who speak of Rome. Herr von S... has made a list of all the ruins existing in Rome and in the countryside for ten leagues in all directions.

He will transcribe *in toto,* after the name of each ruin, all the passages of the ancient authors that obviously refer to them. He places into a second division, which he prints in a different type, the passages of the ancient authors in which the reference to the given ruin is open to doubt.

In a third division he summarizes in a few words the opinions of Nardini, Venuti, Piranesi, Uggeri, Vasi, Fea, etc.

Finally he puts forth his own conjectures, based almost solely on the texts of ancient authors, medals, copies of monuments (for example, the arch of triumph of Benevento, a copy of Titus's arch in the Forum, destroyed by M. Valadier).

The book I am speaking of, conscientiously done, will require several years of work. It will be seen how limited is the number of plausible arguments that can be made concerning the ancient things of Rome. This work will change the outlook of the science in about the year 1835.

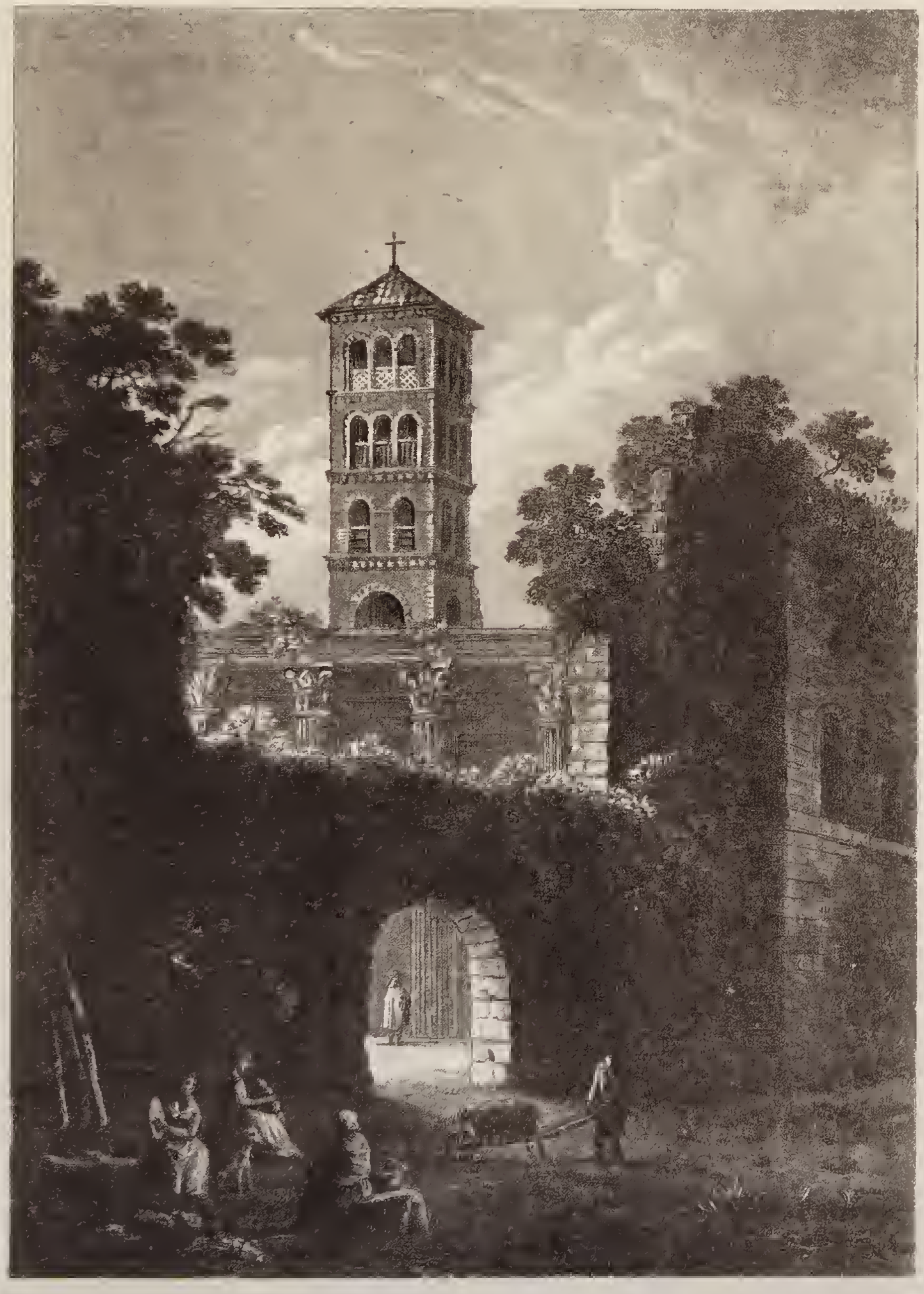
I have endeavored, in speaking of the monuments of Rome, to set forth the opinion that is *most probable in 1829,* which will perhaps be upset in 1839.

I shall present to the reader, with reference to the Temple of Mars beyond the walls, an example of the work that has been done on many monuments, but unfortunately with a good faith that is often dubious. Too often scholars steal from one another, and in order to get ahead of a rival, publish or challenge a conjecture before having surrounded themselves with all the evidence that the ancient authors might furnish. I abstain from quoting living examples.

What was the situation of the Temple of Mars beyond the walls?

This temple was not only outside the walls, but close to the Porta Capena. *"Extra urbem, prope portam,"* says Servius. This gate was about one mile closer to the Capitol than is the present gate. This is demonstrated by the military column bearing the number 1, which was found in the Nari vineyard.

The Temple of Mars was not situated precisely on the Appian Way, but on the small elevation near by, reached after a few rising steps (*clivus*), and called the *Clivus* of Mars. This *clivus* was made accessible to carriages and adjoined the tomb of the Scipios (discovered in 1780). An ancient inscription here reads: *"Clivvm Martis Pec. Pvblica . . . in planiciem redigervnt S.P.Q.R."* In the acts of St. Sixtus we find: *"Et ante templum in clivo Martis."* Ovid tells us that it was on a small elevation outside and opposite the Porta Capena: *"Quem prospicit extra Adpositum rectae porta Capena viae."* The Appian Way followed a straight line, whereas close to Rome and near the same Porta Capena one found the Via Latina which, starting from the Appian Way, turned off to the left. Strabo says, *"Latina . . . sinistrorum est prope Romam deflectens,"* as it is still to be seen today near the church of San Cesareo.



ARCH OF PANTANI.

London, Pub.d Jan.y 17. 1797. by J. Merigot, 28 Haymarket, & R. Edwards 142, New Bond St.

51. ARCH OF PANTANI
Engraving by Merigot

Thus we can regard as proved today what Nardini presented as a probability. "Perhaps," he said, "it was on the top of the rise that has been taken for the Celiolo that the Temple of Mars *extra muros* stood, on the spot where great remains of ancient foundations can now be seen. Perhaps Aurelian extended his walls as far as this, with the double object of confining this hill within its enclosure and of preventing enemies from pillaging this magnificent Temple of Mars."

JANUARY 22 / Madame D. observes: "Nineteenth century civilization ventures into gradations that are too fine, which the arts will perhaps no longer be able to follow. Then the element of the ideal will fall into discredit. One begins to hear murmurs about the dullness of Greek beauty; can sculpture make one prefer the head of Socrates to the head of Apollo?"

JANUARY 23, 1829. 46. / This morning, as I was in the studio of M. N., a very distinguished painter, a woman came in—very beautiful, to be sure, but even more remarkable for the ferocity of her truly Roman physiognomy. She is the model he is using for a figure of Sophonisba tied to a stake (*Gerusalemme Liberata,* Canto II). This girl bore several scars from dagger wounds. She told us the story of each one of them. *"Per la Madonna santissima!"* she would exclaim with rage, after each account, "I shall get my revenge!" By the time she had finished, she was good and angry. M. Court, the author of *Caesar's Funeral* (at the Luxembourg), has made a superb portrait of the girl, whom he has represented with a dagger in her hand.

Ghita is twenty-two years old. When the Carbonari drew lots to decide who should stab to death a cohort who had betrayed them, it was Ghita's duty to pull two names from the antique urn into which all the names had been thrown. The Piazza del Popolo saw the end of those two men.

Ghita has lost her lover, and, in spite of her rare beauty, she has never been willing to take a second one. Falling on hard times, she became an actress. She plays tragedy in a small theatre, not at all badly, after which she dances in ballets as *prima ballerina;* she receives five francs a day. The theatre is open only six months a year. Ghita sometimes poses as a model when she finds a painter she can trust; for that matter, she always carries a dagger.

While my friend was working at his *Sophonisba,* the abbé del Greco arrived and told us of an outrageous calumny that is about to be made against a man of talent. He is accused of being a spy, and the people who are envious of him, without believing the calumny, are delighted that it is circulating and deny it only half-heartedly. We were indignant. The abbé's sole response was to recite, with a great deal of expression, the following sonnet.

LA GLORIA UMANA

Gloria, che se' tu mai? per te l'audace
Espone a dubbi rischi il petto forte;
Sui fogli accorcia altri l'età fugace,
E per te bella par la stessa morte.

Gloria, che se' tu mai? con ugual sorte
Chi ti brama, e chi t'ha perde la pace;
L'acquistarti è gran pena, e all'alme accorte
Il timor di smarrirti è più mordace.

Gloria, che se' tu mai? sei dolce frode,
Figlia de lungo affanno, un'aura vana
Che fra i sudor si cerca, e non si gode.

Tra i vivi, corte sei d'invidia insana;
Tra i morti, dolce suono a chi non t'ode,
Gloria, flagel della superbia umana!

Giulio Bussi

FEBRUARY 1, 1829 / One of us has had the good fortune of seeing those robbers whom we have heard mentioned perhaps a hundred times during these eighteen months. Here is the account by our friend, M. R. Colomb.

"I took, in Naples (May 5, 1828), one of those Angrisani carriages that arrive in Rome in thirty-eight hours (and cost fifty-five francs). We started off at three o'clock in the morning, by a fine moonlight; I occupied one of the two seats in the cabriolet, having beside me a heavy man from Hamburg; four other travelers were inside the carriage; with the driver and two postilions, we were nine men. Four horses, the two in front being harnessed at a great distance from those in the shafts (as is the usage in Naples), carried us off at a gallop; we passed rapidly through Aversa, Capua and Sparanisi; the country was superb. I was sleeping peacefully when at half past ten in the morning, in a beautiful sunlight and in the midst of open country, I was awakened by the cries of the postilions, the driver, the travelers, and by the sound of two shots. I gradually became aware of the fact that we were dealing with robbers. I saw within six inches of my eyes the inside of a gun barrel that was pointed at me. The barrel was very rusty.

"The robbers spoke in rather low voices and very quickly, and with the ends of their guns struck us on our hands and on our knees, to indicate that we must give them *subito* all that we possessed. I gave a forty-franc piece to the one who was covering me; he moved his gun in order to take it. The bandits were so comical that I kept thinking of different scenes of the *Caverna,* and Franconi's *Diligenza assalita.* While I could not help laughing at the extreme fear of a number of our travelers, I slipped two or three napoleons into my boots. I was trying to think of some way of saving my watch, to which I was attached, when a robber, who had seen the forty-franc piece that I had been foolish enough to give to his confederate (I should have had eight or ten small silver coins for the robbers), came and asked me for gold. I replied in Italian that I had given forty francs—everything that I had.

"I was ordered to step down. We were all lined up in the middle of the road, behind the carriage, our backs turned to the robbers; we were expecting to be thoroughly searched, and I had already resigned myself to the loss of my watch. While four or five bandits continued to keep their guns pointed at us, the others emptied the carriage with surprising speed; my little night-bag seemed to them worth taking at first, but presently they tossed it on the road, where I later found it. The *birbanti* asked for the keys to our trunks, but they saw some carts approaching loaded with wheat. The drivers of the carts seemed by na means concerned about what was going on; however, the robbers made off; we saw them vanish into the landscape.

"They were eight in number; all young men of eighteen to twenty-five, and small of build, dressed like peasants. There was nothing remarkable about their costume, except for a kerchief that fell from their eyes to their chests, concealing most of their faces. They spoke hardly a word. They were armed with knives, daggers, axes; only five of them carried guns. They collected, in watches and in money, the equivalent of a thousand to twelve hundred francs. The driver, aside from his purse, lost his earrings and was struck in the head with a stick; no one else was struck. The horses had been unharnessed from the beginning; the two postilions and the driver remained stretched out on the ground, face down, during the seven or eight minutes that the operation lasted.

"We made the first report of our misadventure to the *carabinieri* of Cascana, a little before reaching Sant'Agata. Our second report was to the police commissioner of Mola di Gaeta, who drew up a statement, which we signed. This was followed by a third report and new statements by the administrator and other officials. We spent three hours in Mola on this account, and signed many documents. The authorities treated us with great affability and offered us pecuniary assistance in the most obliging terms; we did not accept, all of us having more or less what we needed to finish the voyage.

"Prince Cariati, the administrator in Mola, has the manners of the most cultivated gentleman; he is altogether a Frenchman. He shook my hand affectionately, and we climbed back into the carriage to pass through Itri and Fondi, small towns situated on the Appian Way, whose inhabitants formerly lived only by theft. The distance from Terracina to Mola di Gaeta can be traveled by sea, which enables one to avoid those terrible towns."

FEBRUARY 5, 1829 / There was a detestable concert at Signora Marentani's this evening. Bored with Donizetti's music, I had a great political discussion with Monsignor N . . . . He is a superior man, at heart excessively *ultra*.

In Rome there is an extreme fear of France. I believe that the politically shrewd would prefer us to be Protestants. Every prelate of some education execrates the four propositions [1] of 1682, as endangering his private well-being.

"You are fifty years old, Monsignor," I replied; "do you believe that within the next fifty years the four propositions will come and look for you in Rome?"

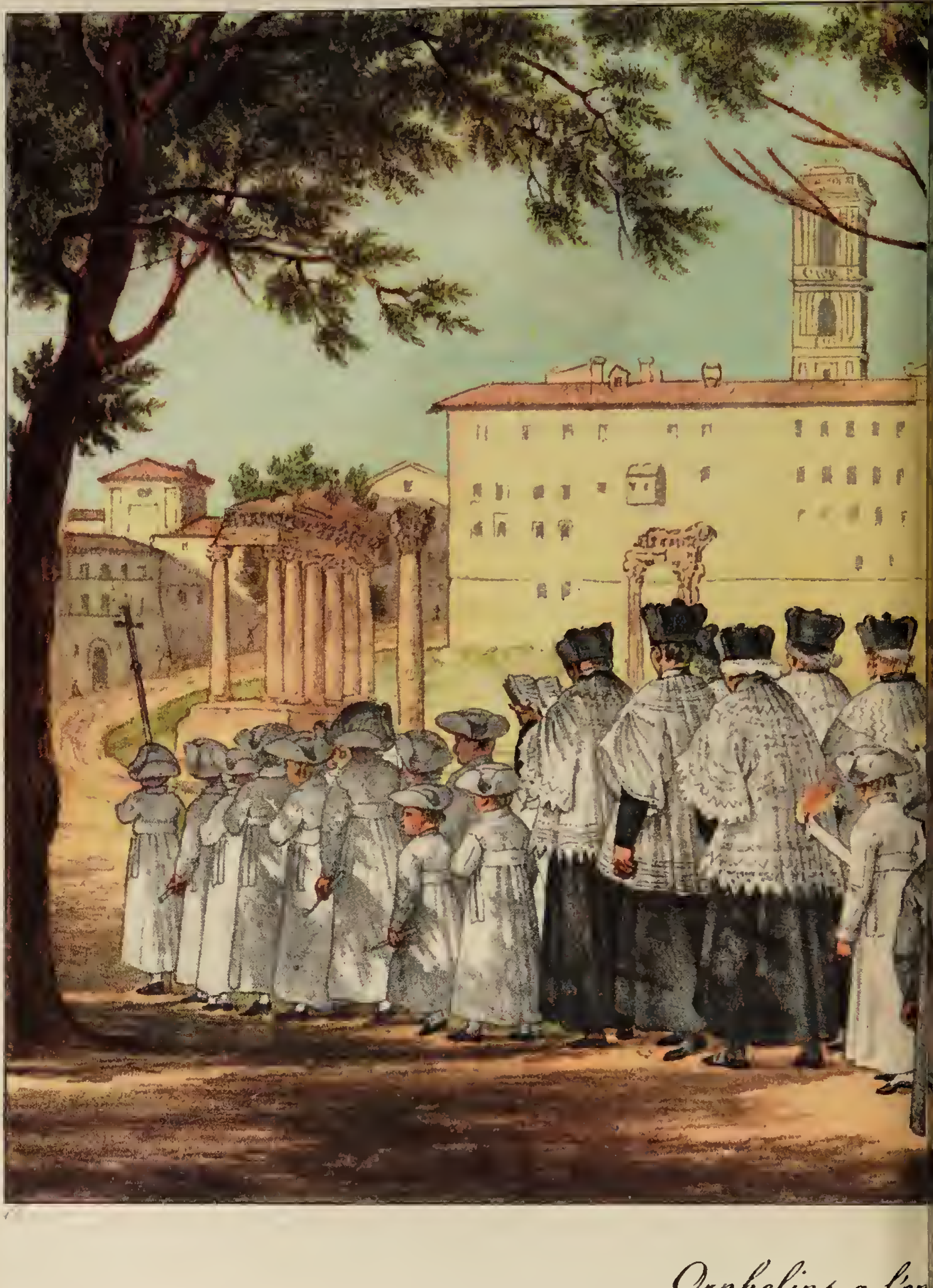
This excellent argument makes no impression on Monsignor N . . . . He is one of those generous and romantic souls who are concerned about the future, like Napoleon. He is afraid of the blunders that political power might commit in France and at the same time expects a great deal from the worship of the Sacred Heart; it is the pope's real religion.

"For the religion of the Council of Trent to regain its luster in France," I told him, "every curate would have to become irremovable

---

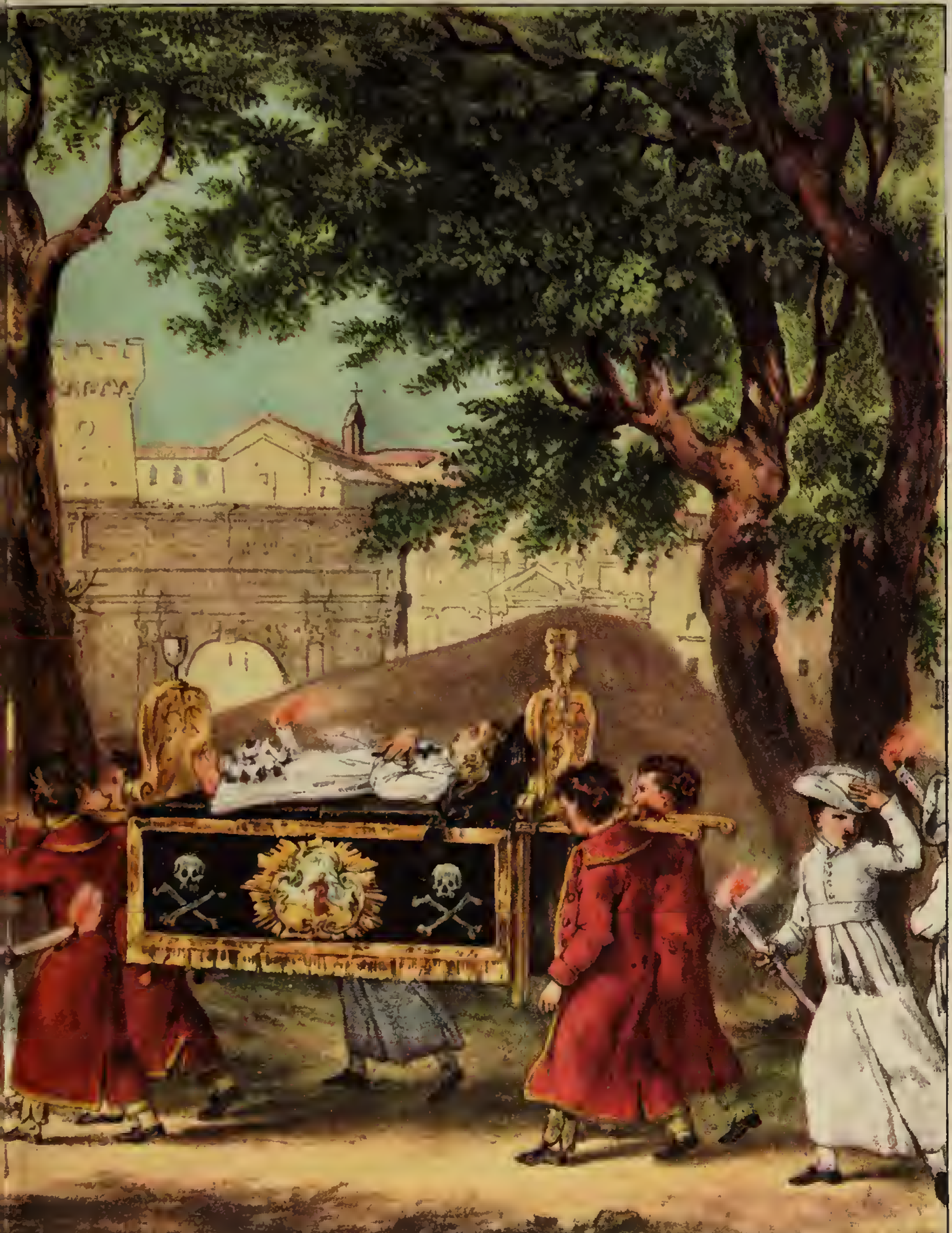
[1] See p. 112. Propositions laid down by Bossuet in his enunciation of the doctrine of Gallicanism. (Editor's note.)

52. FUNERAL OF A LITTLE GIRL
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



Orphelins a l'en

Pl 5



ment d'un enfant.

like a judge, after three years in office, and the curates would have to nominate the bishops. In the Middle Ages the nobleman of the region would have his youngest son, aged twenty, appointed bishop; such abuse is no longer to be feared.

"Without such a measure, young plebeians who are poor, but who have received an excellent education, will never enter holy orders. Trade, the bar, medicine, offer them many more promising opportunities; you will recruit only loutish peasants . . ."

We were interrupted by a delightful Neapolitan song, which vividly recalled to me our sojourn in Ischia. Sailors would sing it in the evening as they rowed offshore. Its tone is plaintive and melancholy. Signora Tamburini sang it ravishingly; she was seconded by the fine voice of Signor Trentanove, the sculptor. Here is the substance of the Neapolitan verses:

"I want to build me a house in the middle of the sea (yes, in the middle of the sea); it shall be made of the feathers (yes, of the feathers) of a peacock. I shall make stars of gold and of silver, and balconies of precious stones. When my pretty Nena rises from her bed, it is said that the sun will soon appear."

During the song, we noticed that something extraordinary was happening. The mistress of the house wrote and sent off several notes. Little by little, everyone became aware of Signora Marentani's look of concern, and a deep silence fell, rather unusual in the middle of a ball. Signora Marentani called the man with whom I had just been having a political-religious conversation. Monsignor N . . . was good enough, a moment later, to come and inform me that Leo XII was seriously ill. This news passed from group to group; nothing was added. At last, two or three spies having left, the mistress of the house was unable to hold out any longer, and said aloud, "The pope is dying."

This news was followed by a medical and surgical discussion that revolted me. It was too obvious that everyone was wishing the poor old man would die. No one openly admitted this wish, but much was made of the grave symptoms of strangury from which he had been suffering acutely for two hours. Signora Marentani was probably the first in Rome to be apprised of this great news.

A poor old man alone, without family, abandoned in his bed to the care of persons who only yesterday basely flattered him, and who today loathe him and openly wish his death, holds out too ugly a picture for me. People made fun of me for being too sensitive; they accused me of affectation; they reminded me of the men sent to torture and death by the prejudices of the moribund pope.

I was only able to see the man who was suffering and *abandoned* by everyone. Monsignor N . . . said to me as he left, "It is true, our places will last longer than we; but is it nothing to know how the announcement of our death will be greeted?"

"Monsignore," I replied, "romantic and generous souls must become artists."

Three days ago, on February 2, the feast of the Purification, Frederick and I had gone to the Sistine Chapel to examine *Noah's Ark,* Michelangelo's fresco on the ceiling. We saw Leo XII intone the *Te Deum.* He was very pale, as usual, but appeared to be in perfectly good health.

FEBRUARY 8 / A great change in all the intrigues: there will be more reason and less passion: the pope is better. Yesterday and the day before, his condition was desperate, but this morning hopes are entertained. For three days the pope's doctors are the most sought-after persons in all Rome. Everything becomes known here; this city is too small and its citizens too judicious for false news to make headway. A sentinel has been placed at the statue of Pasquino. Highly diverting verses have been posted there every night.

FEBRUARY 9 / Leo XII had just received the last sacrament, which was administered to him by his *cameriere segreto* (or chamberlain), Monsignor Alberto Barbolani.

It is generally said that the pope is worse; other persons maintain that the circumstance of the viaticum means nothing: Leo XII is very pious, and he has already received extreme unction nineteen times by actual count. The doctors are said to be noncommittal. General anxiety is at fever pitch. As soon as the latest news has been discussed in a household, people come back to the great question: "Who will be pope?" And this soon leads to the following one: "Whom would we like to be pope?" I recognize herein the somber depth of the Italian character; several persons have said in my presence, speaking of the papacy, *"Da lui corda."* [1]

These three little words signify: "Let us wish for the worst possible choice to be made; we shall reach every excess and be delivered all the sooner."

---

[1] *Da lui corda*—let go the rope of the raging animal, so that he can throw himself into the precipice of his own accord.

The habit of prudence is such that in conversation people confine themselves to metaphors that are perhaps unintelligible outside of Rome. For myself, I should like Italy to avoid the crimes that often accompany revolutions. I should like to see on St. Peter's throne the most reasonable cardinal, and my wishes are for Signor Bernetti.

Cardinal Castiglioni, the grand penitentiary, notified by the senior cardinal, entered the pope's chamber to attend to his conscience. The Holy Sacrament was exposed in the basilicas of St. Peter, of San Giovanni in Laterano and of Santa Maria Maggiore; the prayer *pro infirmo pontifice morti proximo* was recited in the churches.

All the foreigners who are in Rome follow this ceremonial with the most vivid curiosity. We try especially to understand what people are thinking. There is first of all a sentiment that I do not want to mention; in addition to this, the pope's death and the naming of the successor are looked upon by the people as a gamble; that is to say, the most interesting thing in the world. I note but a tiny part of everything that we have seen.

This evening all the theatres have been closed.

FEBRUARY 10, 1829 / We were awakened at nine o'clock. All is ended for Leo XII. Annibale della Genga was born August 2, 1760; he reigned five years, four months and thirteen days. He has just died, with apparently little suffering, at half past eight.

We lost no time in getting to the Vatican. It is bitingly cold.

Cardinal Caleffi brought together the tribunal of the *Reverenda Camera Apostolica* and at one o'clock in the afternoon entered the chamber of the late pope. After a brief prayer, he approached the bed; the veil that covered the face of the deceased was removed, the cardinal recognized the body, and *monsignor maestro di Camera* bestowed upon him the sinner's ring.

When he left the Vatican the cardinal, who now represents the sovereign, was followed by the Swiss guard, wearing fifteenth century dress uniforms, half yellow and half blue. All military honors were paid him as he went. The late pope's toilet was attended to. He was dressed, shaved; a touch of rouge, it is claimed, was added to his cheeks. St. Peter's penitentiaries guard the body. The embalming is being performed; the face will later be covered with a very lifelike wax mask.

At two o'clock the senator of Rome, having received official notice of the pope's death, has had the big Capitol bell sounded. By order of Cardinal Zurla, vicar, all the bells of Rome have responded to that of the Capitol. This moment is rather imposing. It was to the sound of all the bells of the Eternal City that we began our farewell visits to its finest monuments. Our affairs call us back to France, and we plan to leave for Venice immediately after the closing of the conclave.

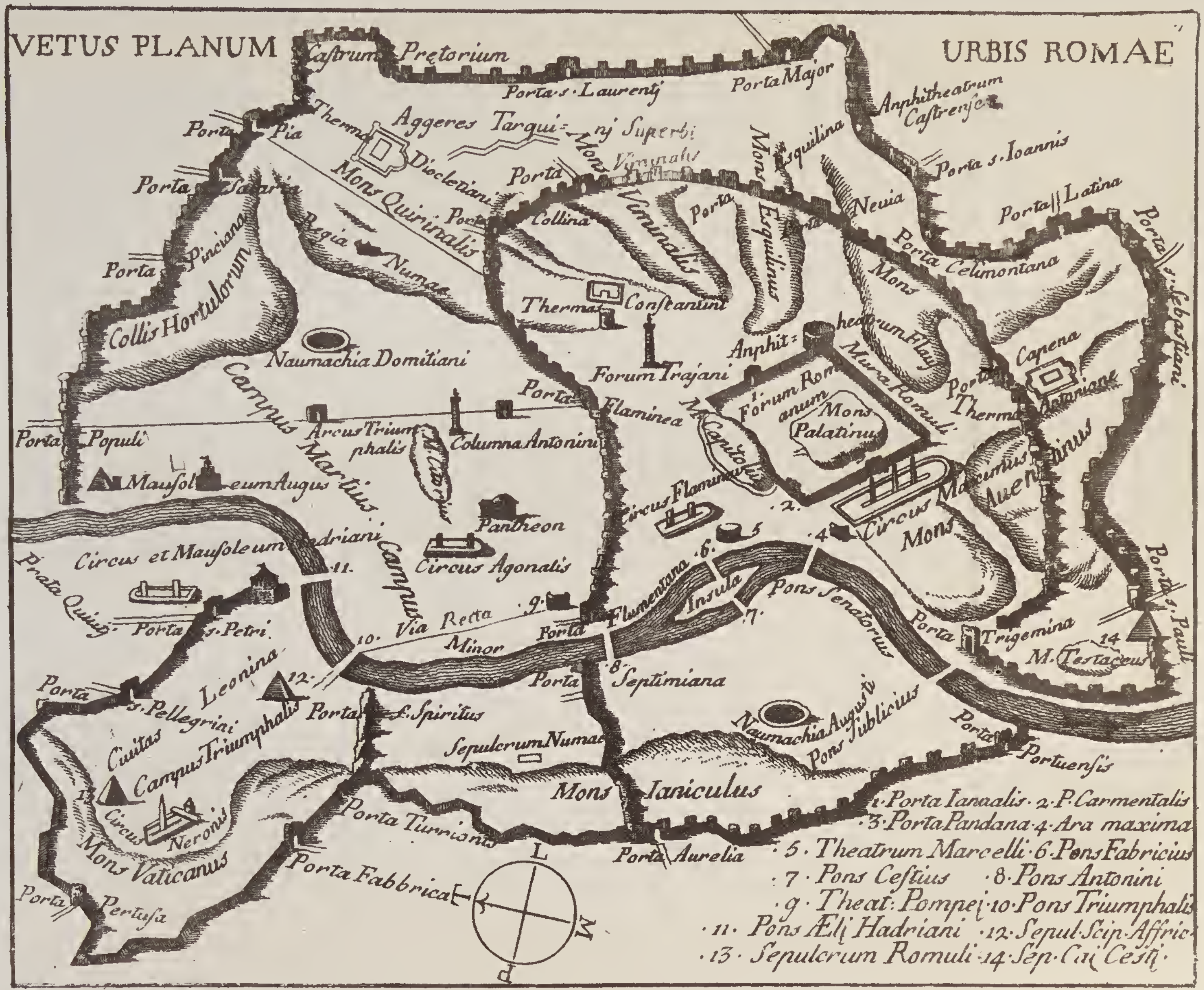
FEBRUARY 14, 1829 / The funeral ceremonies for the late pope began today at St. Peter's; they will last nine days, according to custom. We were at St. Peter's by eleven in the morning. Monsignor N . . . was good enough to explain the whole ceremonial that we saw unfold before our eyes. The pope's catafalque has been set up in the choir chapel; it is surrounded by noble guards, wearing their fine red uniforms with two colonel's epaulets in gold. The pope's body is not yet here.

We attended a high mass said in the presence of this catafalque. Cardinal Pacca, in his capacity as assistant dean of the Sacred College, officiated. Cardinal Pacca is the candidate of the ultra party and has a good chance of succeeding Leo XII. I find his face intelligent. All the foreigners attended this mass.

The names of the cardinals were whispered back and forth; their miens were studied. Eight or ten of these gentlemen looked grave, or even ill; the others spoke a great deal among themselves, as they might do in a salon.

After the mass, the cardinals went to govern the State; the session was held in the chamber of the chapter of St. Peter's. They confirmed all the magistrates. The conservators of Rome came to deliver their speech of condolence on the death of Leo XII, which fills everyone with joy. As a matter of fact, had this pope been a Sixtus Quintus, the same would have been true. The cardinals in charge of building the little apartments necessary for the conclave at the palace of Monte Cavallo made their report.

While the cardinals governed, the clergy of St. Peter's went to fetch the body of Leo XII in the chapel where it was shown. The *Miserere* was sung, rather badly. The body of the pope having arrived in the choir chapel, the cardinals returned thither; the body was magnificently clad in white; it was placed with pomp and, in strict conformity with a very complicated ceremony, in a shroud of crimson silk, adorned with gold embroidery and fringes. In the coffin were deposited three purses filled



VETUS PLANUM URBIS ROMAE

Castrum Pretorium
Porta s. Laurentij
Porta Major
Anphitheatrum Castrense
Porta Pia
Thermæ Diocletiani
Aggeres Tarquinij Superbi
Mons Viminalis
Mons Esquilina
Porta s. Ioannis
Porta Salaria
Mons Quirinalis
Porta Collina
Porta
Viminalis
Mons Esquilinus
Nevia
Porta Latina
Porta Celimontana
Mons
Porta s. Sebastiani
Porta Pinciana
Regia Numæ
Thermæ Constantini
Collis Hortulorum
Naumachia Domitiani
Forum Trajani
Anphitheatrum Flavij
Mura Romuli
Capena
Porta
Thermæ Antoniane
Campus Martius
Porta Flaminea
Forum Romanum
Mons Palatinus
M. Capitolin
Porta Populi
Arcus Triumphalis
Columna Antonini
M. Citorius
Mausoleum Augusti
Circus Flaminius
Circus Maximus
Mons Aventinus
Pantheon
Circus et Mausoleum Hadriani
Circus Agonalis
Campus
Prata Quinti
Porta s. Petri
Via Retta
Porta Minor
Flumentana
Insula
Pons Senatorius
Porta Trigemina
M. Testaceus
Porta s. Pauli
Porta
Septimiana
Porta
Leonina
Porta s. Pellegrini
Civitas
Campus Triumphalis
Porta s. Spiritus
Sepulcrum Numæ
Naumachia Augusti
Pons Sublicius
Porta Portuensis
Circus Neronis
Mons Vaticanus
Mons Ianiculus
Porta Turrionis
Porta Aurelia
Porta Fabbrica
Porta Pertusa
L
M
P
1·Porta Ianualis· 2·P. Carmentalis
·3·Porta Pandana·4·Ara maxima
·5·Theatrum Marcelli·6·Pons Fabricius
·7·Pons Cestius ·8·Pons Antonini
·9·Theat: Pompei·10·Pons Triumphalis
·11· Pons Ælij Hadriani ·12·Sepul·Scip·Affric·
·13·Sepulcrum Romuli·14·Sep·Caij Cestij·

53. PLAN OF ANCIENT ROME
From a French guide of the period

with medals and a parchment containing the history of the pope's life.

The curtains of the great doorway of the choir chapel were closed; but a few protected foreigners were furtively introduced into the singers' gallery.

A notary drew up a report of all the ceremonies that I am describing all too briefly to you. A justified suspicion presides over everything that occurs in connection with the death of a pope. For, after all, the poor defunct has no relatives present, and the personages responsible for choosing his successor might inter a living pope.

On returning to our quarters, very tired and dying of cold, we observed that Prince don Agostino Chigi, the marshal of the conclave, has a guard of honor at the gate to his palace.

FEBRUARY 18 / The cardinals are arriving in droves. The King of Bavaria went to see the mausoleum of Pius VII, at Mr. Thorwaldsen's. The mausoleum is ready, as it happens, at just the right moment. Leo XII will be placed above a door near the choir chapel, in St. Peter's, where he will replace the good Pius VII. The remains of this pope will be deposited in some underground vault in St. Peter's until they are permanently placed in the foundations of his tomb. You know that it was Cardinal Consalvi who, by his will, made provisions for his master to have a tomb. The State does nothing here for a defunct pope beyond the nine days of solemn obsequies. Leo XII is already spoken of as though he had been dead for twenty years.

Cardinal Albani will not admit the tomb of Pius VII, which Thorwaldsen has just terminated, into St. Peter's. The reason is that Thorwaldsen is a heretic.

The King of Bavaria was so pleased with the three statues intended for the monument of Pius VII that he immediately decorated Mr. Thorwaldsen with the cross of commander of his order. This new honor is not well received in Rome; it is claimed that the artist is a spurious article and a conniver. This is perhaps an expression of envy; Mr. Thorwaldsen has collected some eight or ten decorations. As I feel little admiration for his work, I have made no effort to be introduced to him.

We have obtained the signal favor of being allowed to see the conclave; this good fortune is so great and so compromising for the person who arranged it for us that we were able to enjoy it for only three minutes. Each of the cardinals will have an apartment of three small rooms. Today these gentlemen have drawn lots for the apartments of the conclave. M. de Chateaubriand, the king's ambassador, made his first speech to the cardinals; Cardinal della Somaglia made the speech in reply.

FEBRUARY 19 / The celebration of the mass before the body of the pope this morning fell to Cardinal Di Gregorio. He is the foreigners' favorite for the succession, for Signor Bernetti is decidedly too young to mount the throne.

FEBRUARY 20 / A magnificent catafalque has been erected in the center of the great nave of St. Peter's. The ornaments are by Signor Tadolini, the sculptor. M. Valadier, known for the profanation of Titus's arch, is the architect. This is really not bad.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22 / The last day of the ceremonies at St. Peter's. Monsignor Mai, assistant librarian of the Vatican library, delivered a Latin speech on the virtues of Leo XII, in the presence of the cardinals and the diplomatic corps. The speech is a Ciceronian patchwork; not a single idea; it might apply equally to all the popes under whose reign there has been a jubilee.

FEBRUARY 23 / Last night, under high protection, we were able to attend a lugubrious spectacle. In the immense church of St. Peter's, by the light of seven or eight torches, several carpenters finally nailed down the coffin of Leo XII. Some mason journeymen then hoisted it, with ropes and a crane, above the door, where it replaces Pius VII. The workers kept up a constant stream of joking commentary—Machiavellan jokes, shrewd, profound and devastating. These men spoke like the demons in M. Lemercier's *Panhypocrisiade;* we found it painful. One of the ladies in our company, whose eyes were full of tears, was allowed to give two hammerblows to drive in a nail. Never shall we forget this lugubrious spectacle; it would have been less frightful if we had loved Leo XII.

The obsequies are at last ended.

Cardinal della Somaglia has just sung a mass of the Holy Ghost on the occasion of the opening of the conclave. This ceremony also took place in the choir chapel at St. Peter's, whose gold lining is adorned with so many nude statues. This incongruity jarred us throughout the funeral ceremonies. Today, Monsignor Testa preached in Latin on the pope's election. To what lengths can tediousness and falseness be carried? Everyone was apparently thinking of other things.

The ultra party among the cardinals is called, I believe (I do not know why) the Sardian party; today it is said that it will win out. The future pope will continue the reign of Leo XII, in domestic policy, and will not have the same moderation in his relations with foreign powers. These old cardinals must have hearts of bronze in order to resist the prospect of the last moments of Leo XII. I should want, above all, to be loved by those around me.

This evening, at twenty-two hours (two hours before sunset), we went to see the procession of the cardinals entering the conclave. This ceremony took place on the square of Monte Cavallo, around the colossal horses. The cross that preceded the cardinals was turned backwards, so that these gentlemen could see the body of the Savior. All these things have a mystical meaning that Monsignor N . . . is good enough to explain to us. Each cardinal was accompanied by his conclavist who, I believe, assumes the title of baron at the conclusion of the conclave.

As the meeting of cardinals is treated with the honors due to the sovereign, these gentlemen were surrounded by the noble guards and by the Swiss in fifteenth century full dress. This costume seemed to us to be in very good taste for this occasion.

The procession began with the cardinal bishops; we counted five of them; their Eminences della Somaglia, Pacca, Galeffi, Castiglioni and Beccazzoli. The people whispered around us that one of these gentlemen would be pope.

After them came twenty-two cardinal priests, with Cardinal Fesch at their head; and finally five cardinal deacons.

Monsignor Capeletti, the governor of Rome and director-general of the police, marched beside the cardinal dean, Signor della Somaglia.

This procession was received at the door to the conclave by a commission of five cardinals; Signor Bernetti was among them; this is why he was not seen in the procession, where all the foreigners, and especially those who just arrived today, were looking for him.

We went to dine and, like real idlers, came back to the Monte Cavallo square at three o'clock at night (half past eight in the evening), in order to wait for the famous three strokes of the bell. They were struck; all persons not connected with the conclave left; Prince Chigi set up his guard, and the cardinals were immured.

Now, when will they emerge? All this may take a long time. Nothing will be decided until after the arrival of Cardinal Albani, the legate in Bologna, who holds the secret of Austria; that is to say who carries its veto (you know that at the conclave of 1823, Cardinal Albani effected the exclusion of Cardinal Severoli).

The reader must sense that I cannot speak as freely as I would like to. Verses full of delightful malice are circulated about Rome; they combine the power of Juvenal with the madness of Aretino.

These verses say that there are three well-defined parties: the Sardian or ultra party, which maintains that the Church and the pope's States must be governed in the severest fashion. This party is ruled by Cardinal Pacca.

The liberal party, at whose head is Cardinal Bernetti.

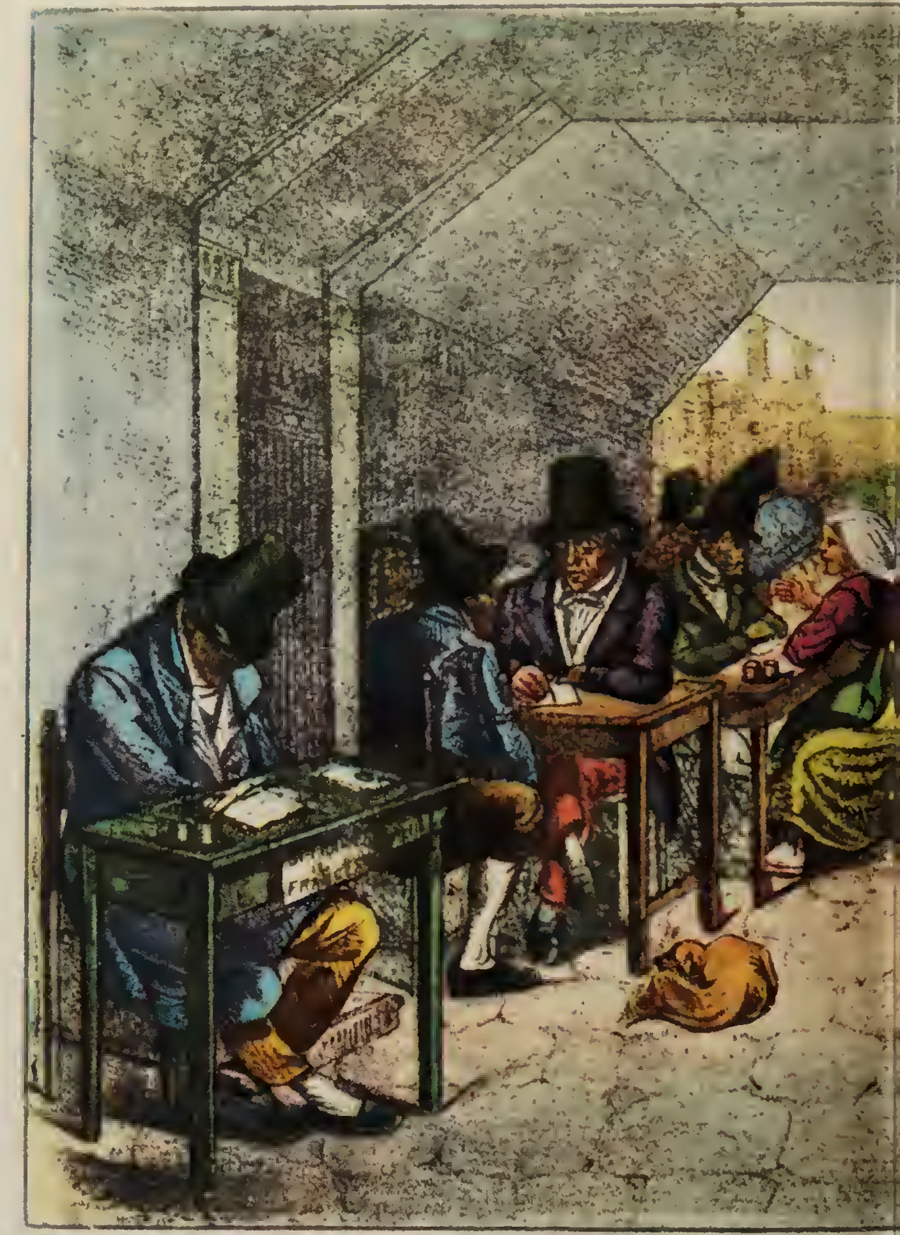
The Austrian, or center, party, which has Cardinal Caleffi as its chief; he is an educated man and a lover of the arts. What we, in our ignorance, find singular is that the Jesuits belong to the center party. Is it in order to betray it? *"Il tempo è galantuomo"* says Monsignor N . . . ; that is to say we shall know the truth at the end of the conclave.

Shall we wait for it in Rome? Our plan was to set out immediately after the closing of the conclave. But it is cold, and we shall be heading north with the *tramontana* in our faces; our lady travel companions, however, wish to see the crowning of a pope. It has just been decided, much against my will, that we shall allow ourselves thirty days to await this great event. Our English friends have made enormous bets on the matter. The betting is fifteen hundred guineas to one thousand that the conclave will last more than thirty times twenty-four hours, that is to say more than 720 hours.

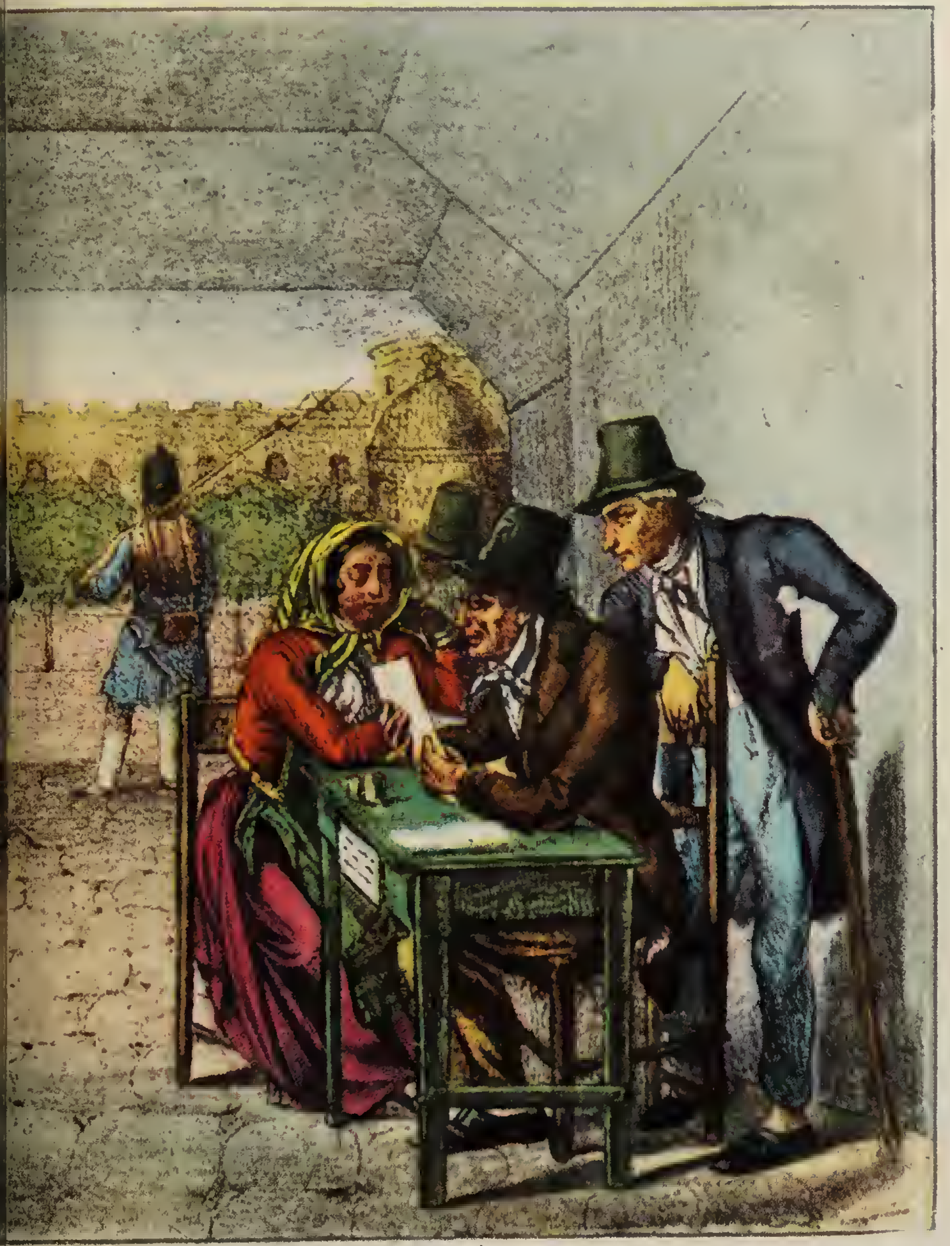
MARCH 4 / Since I am to speak about the conclave, I yield to the temptation to quote a few fragments of a letter written from Rome by a young diplomat. He belongs to a family in which wit and talents are hereditary.

"Rome can be called the city of elections. Since the year of its founding, that is to say over a period of nearly twenty-six centuries, the form of its government has almost always been elective. We see the Romans elect their kings, their consuls, their tribunes, their emperors, their bishops and finally their popes. It is true that the election of the popes are put into the hands of a privileged body; but since this body is not hereditary, being constantly recruited from among individuals belonging to all ranks and all nations of the world, it may be said that,

54. PUBLIC SCRIVENERS
Lithograph of the period



G. LENGHI DIS



while the principle of direct election is vitiated, it is still an election of the pope carried out by the instrumentality of those who have reached the top of the social ladder.

"... The entire people elected the consul; later, it was also the entire people who elected the bishop, and when institutions collapse and become corrupted, it is the pretorian guard that elects the emperors; it is the cardinals who elect the pope.

"... The spiritual chiefs of Rome were at first elected by the assembly of the Christians hidden in the depths of the catacombs. When the empire was transported to the Orient, when the arrival of the barbarians gave more strength to the Christians, election was carried out publicly by the people. Later, when the bishop had acquired more power, when a clergy had been formed, it was by the members of this clergy that he was elected; the people were already being pushed into the background. Presently Charlemagne and his successors had the idea of ressuscitating the empire of the West ... and in order to give the empire the support of religion, they thought that it was only in Rome that they could place the imperial crown upon their heads ... The title of bishop, already common in Europe, was changed for that of pope; a hierarchy was formed in the clergy; the pope disdained to hold his authority from mere priests; henceforth only the cardinals were to have a voice in his election ... One day the people, weary of the lengthy operations of the electors, conceived the idea of walling up the doors of the palace in which they were gathered, and of keeping them shut up until their choice was proclaimed. This precedent became law: the conclave was henceforth sealed for every election ...

"... Finally there was introduced the usage and the right, on the part of several Catholic powers, of opposing, within the conclave through the instrumentality of a cardinal, certain choices that could give them offense.

"Such was the state of things when a new emperor of the West, joining Rome to his empire, proclaimed that 'any foreign sovereignty is incompatible with the exercise of any spiritual authority within the empire.

" 'And that, on the occasion of their exaltation, the popes shall swear never to do anything against the four propositions of the Gallican Church, decreed in the assembly of the clergy in 1682.' (Senatus-consult of February 17, 1810.)

"... The two powers that exert the greatest influence in a conclave today are France and Austria. Their interests differ, but everything can be arranged: if the one wins out in the choice of the pope, the other has the upper hand in the election of the secretary of state.

"... The clergy in France is grave and religious, it commands respect; in Rome the abbots are the fortunate ones of the century: they are gay, comical, and sometimes buffoonish... They are not our little musk-and-amber abbots of the Old Order; the Italians are not so delicately attentive to their persons... But almost all of them know some broad tale about a Capuchin or a Carthusian; they have discovered that the sensational new soprano has one leg shorter than the other; their laughter is the inextinguishable laughter of the gods.

"... The two extremities of the Via Pia are closed by a wall of planks covered with old tapestries. A Swiss sentryman, dressed as in the fourteenth century, and armed with a long halberd, protects this flimsy barrier.

"The big gate to the palace of Monte Cavallo is open, but it is heavily guarded. The windows of the façade, on the first elevated story, are covered with shutters. The one in the middle, above the main door, and leading to a balcony, is the only one to have been walled." [1]

MARCH 5, 1829 / As we approached the Monte Cavallo square, we met three processions that are formed to implore of heaven the prompt election of the sovereign pontif. The meanest craftsman of Rome knows full well that the election will not be over in the first few days; the parties have to test their respective strengths. The first votes, that can lead to no results, will be pure gestures of politeness; the cardinals give their votes to those among their colleagues whom they wish to honor by a mark of public esteem.

We attended the *fumata,* and the noisy outbursts of laughter that it always provokes. This is what it is:

A stovepipe of seven to eight feet in length protrudes from the window next to the one that has been walled up in the façade of the palace of Monte Cavallo that looks out on the colossal-sized horses. This pipe plays a great role during the conclave.

The newspapers have informed you that every morning the noble recluses cast a vote. Every cardinal, after a brief prayer, goes and deposits in a chalice placed on the altar of the Pauline Chapel a small sealed letter. This letter, folded in a special way, contains the name of the chosen cardinal, a motto taken from Scripture, and the name of the cardinal elector.

---

[1] M. Henri Siméon.

Every evening there is a second ballot among the cardinals who have received votes in the morning. The little sealed letter contains the words, *"Accedo domino N."*

This voting must not be accompanied by any argument or condition. Note this well. This evening ceremony has acquired the name of *accession;* sometimes a cardinal, dissatisfied with the choices indicated in the morning, will write on his evening ballot, *"Accedo nemini."*

Twice a day, when the cardinals chosen to count the votes have recognized that no candidate has obtained two-thirds of the suffrages, the little slips are burned, and the smoke escapes through the pipe that I have just spoken of; that is what is called the *fumata*. On each occasion the *fumata* excites the loud laughter of the throng assembled on the square of Monte Cavallo, and thinking of the unsatisfied ambitions; everyone retires, saying, "Well, we have no pope for today."

MARCH 6 / Excitement is at a high pitch. On March 2 and 3 Their Eminences Cardinals Ruffo-Scilla, of Naples, and Gaysruck, of Milan, arrived. These gentlemen went to say their prayers in St. Peter's, received more or less mysterious visits, and then entered the conclave in accordance with a ceremonial that is curious to witness. However, the description of this would bore the reader, who is perhaps already a little weary of everything relating to the pope. Our lady companions are highly amused by these ceremonies executed by people profoundly absorbed by something quite different from what they are doing. As for myself, I have already seen all this, on the occasion of the election of Leo XII.

This morning we enjoyed watching the arrival of the cardinals' dinner; every dinner occasions a procession that proceeds across Rome at a slow walking pace. First marches the livery of the cardinal, in greater or lesser number according to the wealth of the master. (The most spectacular livery is that of Cardinal de' Gregorio.)

Then comes a stretcher borne by two *facchini,* on which rests a great basket decorated with the cardinal's coat-of-arms. This basket contains the dinner; two or three gala carriages complete the procession. A similar retinue sets out from the palace of each cardinal every day and arrives at Monte Cavallo.

Thanks to Monsignor N . . . we attended, this morning, the inspection of the dinners: several processions had already arrived. After having passed through the gate, not without difficulty, and crossed the great court of the palace of Monte Cavallo, we reached a temporary hall built of boards and tapestries, at the end of which two wheels were installed.

Here a bishop was inspecting the dinners. The baskets are opened, the dishes are handed, one by one, to the bishop, whose inspection is intended to prevent the passing of any correspondence. The bishop looked at the plates with a grave expression, sniffing them when they looked particularly appetizing, and passed them to a subordinate, who placed them on a wheel. It is clear that, within the carcass of a chicken or at the bottom of a vegetable dish, a dinner might contain five or six notes.

All this culinary hocus-pocus was becoming tedious, after the inspection of two or three dinners, and we were about to retire when we saw that a note was just being passed from within the conclave by means of the wheel, and the note bore the numbers 25 and 17, with a request to bet these numbers in the lottery.

Games of chance are one of the great passions of Italians. If a Roman is abandoned by his mistress, however great may be his despair, he never neglects to bet in the lottery the number corresponding to his mistress' age, and the date of the month on which the break occurred. The word *infidelity* itself, which one looks up in the Lotto glossary, corresponds, if I am not mistaken, to the number 37.

The numbers coming from within the conclave could also mean that in this morning's vote the cardinal who occupies apartment No. 25 received 17 votes, or anything else. These numbers 17 and 25 were faithfully transmitted to Cardinal P.'s domestic.

The description of the entry into the conclave of the cardinals' dinner has shown you that nothing is easier than morning correspondence. In the evening, after the *fumata,* when everyone has retired, one tosses out, on the square of Monte Cavallo or in the Via Pia, hollow coins enclosing notes written on very fine paper, and someone always happens to be there to pick them up.

The only official news to be learned is the names of the cardinals assigned to count the votes.

MARCH 7 / Here is a great event, but do I dare to report it? It was like a violent electric shock to Roman society. It must be realized that the late pope's manner of governing had driven people here to a state of exasperation, and that they are convinced that the ultra party will win out and make an abominable choice. (Such is not the opinion of moderate foreigners.)

Suddenly this evening, at about ten o'clock, it was learned that the choice was on the point of being an excellent one.

It seems that for several days Cardinal Bernetti, the former governor of Rome and now the very popular prefect of police, has had an understanding with the Italian cardinals. "Religion must be above all parties: if it becomes Austrian, it will be mixed up in the more or less well-founded hatred that animates the nineteen million Italians against Austria. Let us therefore name a pope before the arrival of Cardinal Albani, the bearer of the Austrian exclusion." Such are the arguments attributed to the former governor of Rome, and for which I do not answer. A few timid cardinals—others say these were won over beforehand by Austria—have twice asked for twenty-four hours to make up their minds.

Finally yesterday it was calculated that Cardinal Albani must soon be arriving. This morning the vote was taken; all the cardinals whose positions were not sure had received notice to vote for Cardinal de' Gregorio, the candidate of the liberal party. The *sure* cardinals were to decide the nomination this evening by acceding to Cardinal de' Gregorio.

This evening, at the *accession,* the votes were counted; Cardinal de' Gregorio had gathered two-thirds of the votes and was about to be adored; unfortunately, Cardinal Benvenuti had tried to be clever and added a sentence or two to his vote, which was thereby invalidated. Immediately preparations were made for a successful election tomorrow morning. But this very evening Cardinal Albani has entered the conclave. All is lost.

Such are the rumors about Rome. I can only vouch for the fact that this is what is being said in the best-informed circles; is it the truth?

MARCH 9 / We no longer have the courage to concern ourselves about the conclave. We went to spend yesterday and today in Tivoli; the weather is magnificent. This evening, upon our return, we found our Romans plunged in despair; their expressions have really changed. "What do you care about the nomination of the pope?" they tell us. "For you it is an object of curiosity. A pope generally lasts eight years, the nomination that we have just missed insured our tranquility for several years." To this there is no reply. In Romagna, we are told, discontent is running high.

MARCH 10 / M. de Chateaubriand has made a speech to the conclave. As a flattering distinction, his carriage, in going to Monte Cavallo, was followed by the carriages of all the cardinals: these gentlemen, from within the conclave, had given orders to this effect. M. de Chateaubriand has given fine parties; he has had excavations made; he announces the project of erecting a tomb to Poussin; he has been polite to Cardinal Fesch. It seems to me that this illustrious personage has been successful with the cardinals.

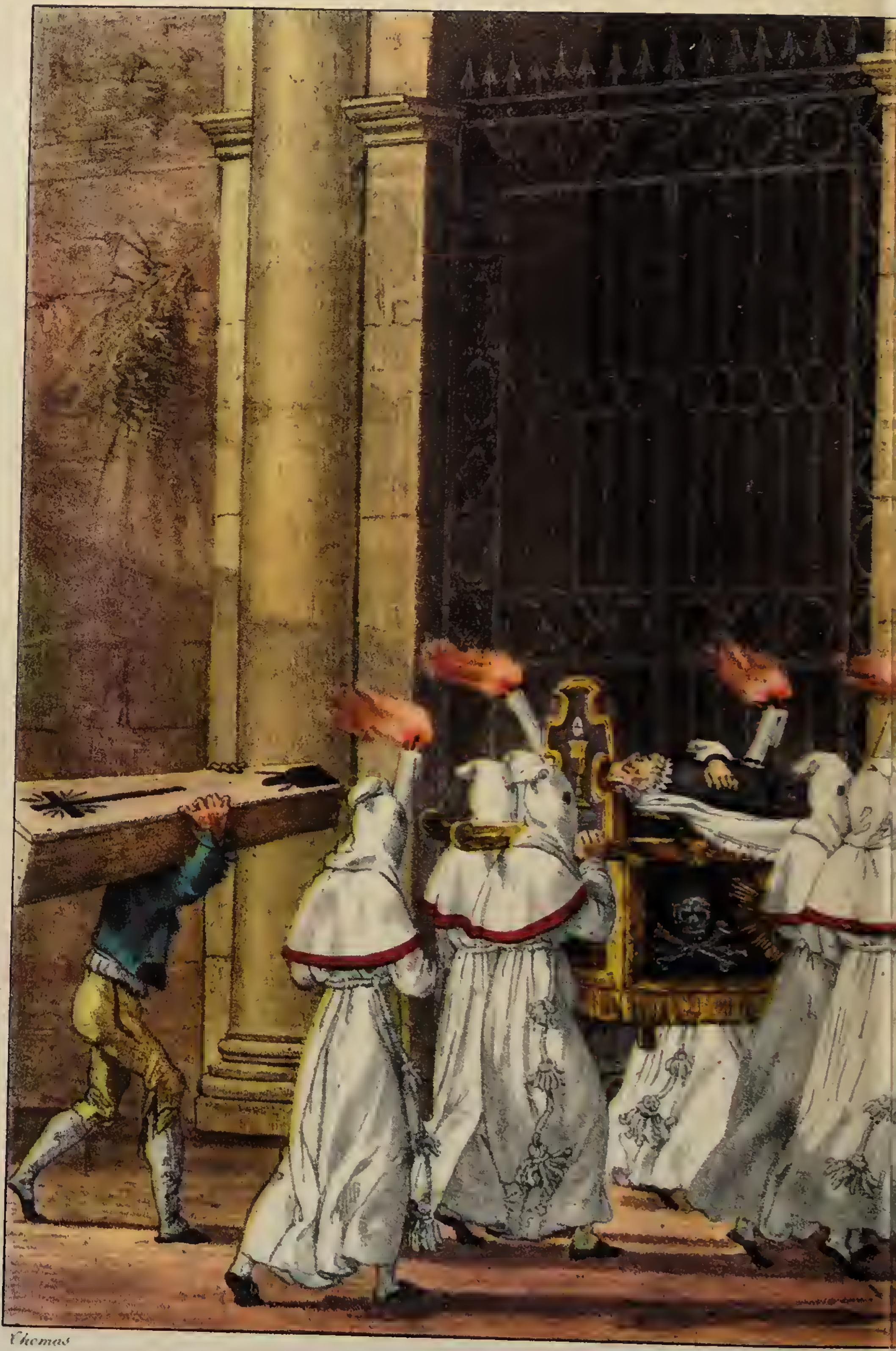
It is in the hall where the inspection of the dinners occurs that M. de Chateaubriand spoke, into a small aperture through which an egg could not have been passed. On the other side of this hole was the conclave's deputation. Cardinal Castigliani replied to the speech of the king's ambassador.

The speech by the ambassador of Spain was in Latin; M. de Chateaubriand spoke in French. His speech is quite liberal; there is a little too much of *I* and *me* in it; aside from this it is charming and a great success. It displeased the cardinals. Whatever may be the French government's personal opinion, it must, on pain of being nothing, be the protector of the liberal party in Italy. This evening copies of M. de Chateaubriand's speech were read in all the salons.

MARCH 15 / Constant processions and prayers for the prompt election of the pope. People are beginning to murmur. The Romans fear for their Holy Week; if the pope is not nominated for the nineteenth of April, which is Easter Day, there will be no Holy Week, and goodbye to exorbitant rents. Our hosts speak of Holy Week as of a harvest; they say it promises to be good this year. The foreigners whom the ceremonies of the conclave have attracted to Rome will not leave, and many more will come. We have been through every district in Rome yesterday and today; we wanted to find a lodging for a friend of ours who is coming from Sicily; impossible to find anything. The prices are utterly ridiculous.

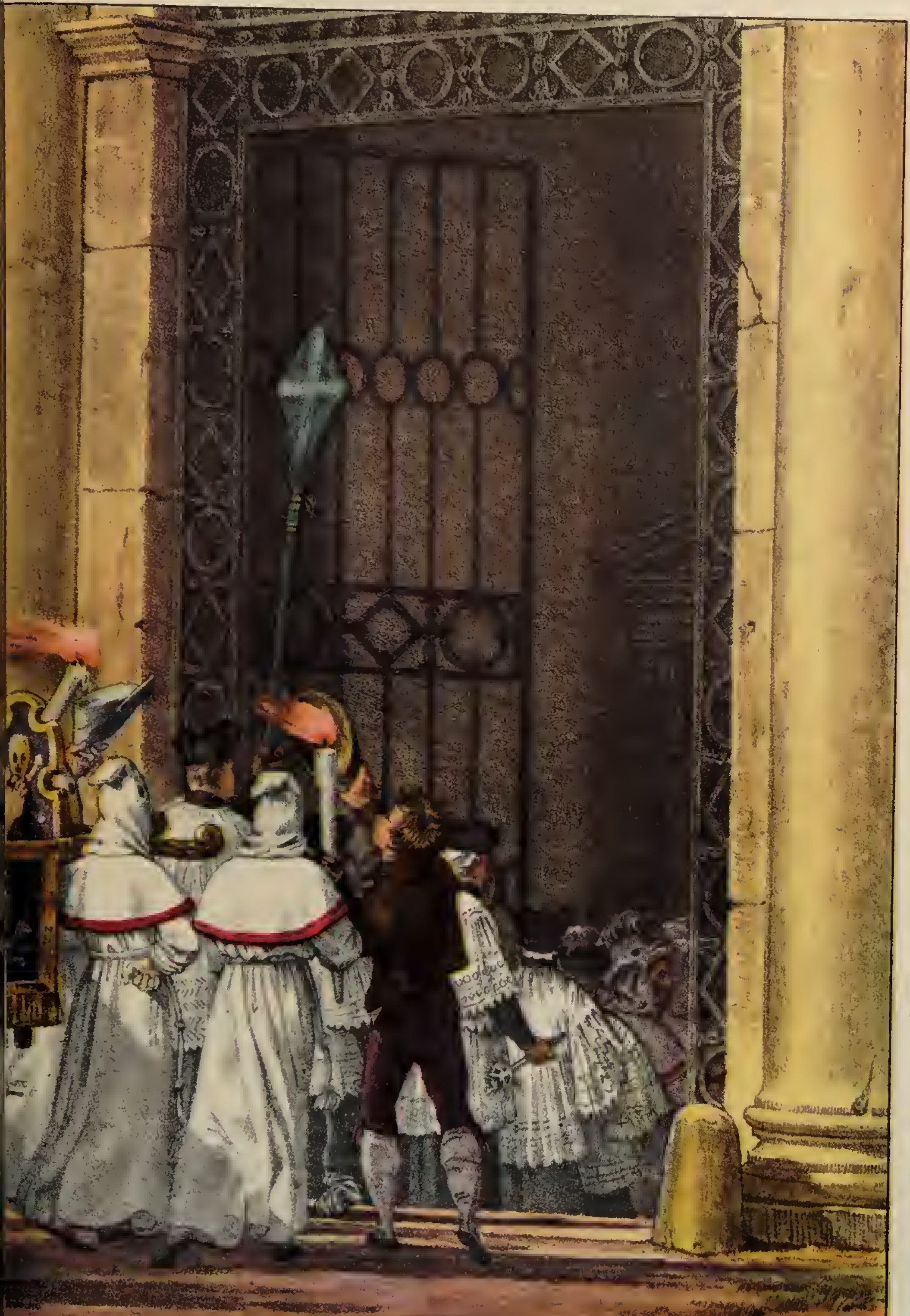
MARCH 31, 1829 / This morning it was raining in torrents, a real tropical rain, when a wig-maker, to whom we had promised some money, came all out of breath and completely beside himself into the salon where we were having our breakfast. *"Signori, non v'è fumata!"* Those were the only words he could utter: Sirs, there was no *fumata*. Hence this morning's vote was not burned; hence the pope has been nominated.

55. FUNERAL BEFORE THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO IN LUCINA
Lithograph by Antoine Jean-Baptiste Thomas



Thomas

Le mort est



Lith de Vill.

à l'Eglise.

We were taken completely by surprise; like Caesar Borgia, we had foreseen everything for the day of the nomination of the pope, except a torrential rain. We braved it.

We have just had the constancy to spend three hours on the square of Monte Cavallo. It is true that at the end of ten minutes we were drenched as though we had been thrown into the Tiber. Our coats of waxed taffeta partly protected our lady companions, as intrepid as we. We had the use of windows overlooking the square, but we wanted to be right close to the door of the palace, by the walled-up window, so as to hear the voice of the cardinal who would proclaim the name of the new pope. Never have I seen such a crowd: a pin would not have fallen to the ground, and it was pouring.

Some nice Swiss soldiers, whom we had bribed ahead of time, got us to the places which had been held for us right near the door to the palace. A man standing beside us, who was very well dressed and who had already been absorbing the downpour for an hour, said to us, "This is a hundred times more interesting than the lottery drawing. Consider, gentlemen, that the pope's name which we are about to learn directly influences the fortunes and the plans of everyone in Rome who wears a suit of fine cloth."

Gradually the wait, under such uncomfortable conditions, aroused the people's anger, and in these circumstances everyone can be included among the people. It would be vain for me to attempt to paint for you the transports of joy and impatience that shook us, in the winking of an eye, when a small stone detached itself from the walled-in window opening onto the balcony, on which all eyes were fixed. A general acclamation deafened us. The opening grew quickly, and in a very few minutes the breach was wide enough to enable a man to step forward on the balcony.

A cardinal appeared; we thought we recognized Cardinal Albani; but, frightened by the horrible shower that was coming down at that moment, the cardinal did not dare to venture out into the rain after such a long reclusion. After a half-second of hesitation, he drew back. Who would venture to describe the people's anger at this moment? its cries of fury, its gross imprecations? Our lady companions were really frightened. These maniacs were talking about demolishing the conclave and going and snatching *their new pope*. This strange scene lasted more than half an hour. At last, the people around us no longer had voices and were completely unable to shout.

The rain abated for a brief spell; Cardinal Albani came forward on the balcony; the immense horde heaved a sigh of contentment; after which there was a silence in which one could have heard the buzzing of a fly.

The cardinal said: *"Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum, papam habemus eminentissimum et reverentissimum dominum* (attention grew doubly sharp) *Franciscum-Xaverium, episcopum tusculanum, Sacrae Romanae Ecclesiae cardinalem Castiglioni, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pius VIII."* [1]

At the words *Franciscum-Xaverium* a few persons well versed in the names of the cardinals guessed Cardinal Castiglioni; I heard this name very distinctly pronounced; at the words *episcopum tusculanum,* twenty voices repeated the name, but in a very low voice, so as to miss nothing of what Cardinal Albani was saying. At the word *Castiglioni* there was a suppressed cry, followed by marked outburst of joy. People say that this pope has every virtue; above all, he will not be harsh.

Before withdrawing, Cardinal Albani tossed to the people a piece of paper containing the very words that he had just uttered. He concluded by clapping his hands. A deafening applause rose in response; at the same moment the cannon of the Castel Sant'Angelo announced the great event to the people of the city and the countrysides.

I saw tears in many eyes; was it simple emotion for an event so long awaited? Were these tears the expression of the joy of having obtained such a good sovereign after so great a fear? The people, as they left, made broad jokes about the two or three cardinals whose nomination would have caused them consternation.

We hurried back to our quarters to get warm. Never in our lives had any of us been so drenched.

Here are a few details—those that prudence allows us to give.

It was a kind of prediction of Pius VII that obtained for Pius VIII the three or four votes that decided his election. It is reported that Pius VII, in making him cardinal, remarked—though in a rather obscure way—"This one will be my successor." The ultras did not win; the liberal faction no longer had any hope after the near-victory of March 7; it was the Austrian and moderate party that carried Cardinal Castiglioni to the throne.

---

[1] I announce a great joy to you. We have a pope, the most eminent and most reverent lord, Francis Xavier, bishop of Frascati, of the holy Roman Church, Cardinal Castiglioni, who has assumed the name of Pius VIII.

APRIL 1, 1829 / Yesterday evening people had a taciturn look; each one was calculating his position with regard to the new pope and the friends of the new pope. When our Roman friends spoke, it was in order to call one another's attention to some minor consequences of the election of Pius VIII, which were unintelligible to us.

With this pope every virtue mounted to the throne. He had spent the years of Napoleon's reign, from 1809 to 1814, in Mantua, in Milan and in Pavia. He is said to be very learned in theology; he was closely associated with Consalvi, and will give advancement to Cardinal de' Gregorio. But he is often ill; who will be his minister?

Pius VIII was nominated after forty-nine days of vacancy in the See and thirty-six days of conclave. Our friend H . . . wins his bet of one thousand guineas. The nomination of Cardinal Castiglioni was decided in the night. He was elected in the morning vote. Cardinal della Somaglia having asked him if he accepted, he replied yes, without any speech-making, and chose the name of Pius VIII.

Monsignor Zucchi, the notary of the Holy See, immediately drew up a report of the election.

Cardinals Albani and Caccia Piatti accompanied the newly elected pope into the sacristy of the Pauline Chapel, where he was clad in the pontifical habits. They had been prepared for three different sizes.

The pope next placed himself upon the altar of the Pauline Chapel and received the first adoration, which consists of the kissing of the hand and a double embrace. Cardinal Galeffi handed him the sinner's ring.

APRIL 1, 1829, EVENING / This morning, at about fifteen hours (nine o'clock in the morning) the new pope betook himself to the Quirinal Palace in the Vatican. He was greeted with enthusiasm. The people said, "But whom will he choose as secretary of state?" The Romans do not yet know that Cardinal Albani was appointed yesterday by a *motu proprio,* written in the pope's hand. We recognized, in His Holiness's carriage, Cardinals della Somaglia and Galeffi. We saw the pope on the high altar of St. Peter's. The *Te Deum* was sung, and Pius VIII received the third adoration.

During this rather long ceremony, Monsignor N . . . , who announced the malady of Leo XII to me at Signora M . . .'s; who has heaped so many attentions upon us and who has become our friend; Monsignor N . . . , as I say, gave us the history of Pius VIII.

Francis-Xavier Castiglioni was born in Cingoli, a small town of the

March of Ancona, November 20, 1761; he was first bishop of Montalto; on March 8, 1816, he was made cardinal and bishop of Cesena by Pius VII. It was on this occasion that the pope said, "He will come after me." Soon it was felt that an educated man was needed for the post of grand penitentiary, for the tradition of usages had been interrupted, and Cardinal Castiglioni was appointed solely because of his profound science.

Cardinal Albani is seventy-eight years old; he is too old to be pope at another conclave. He is a great lord who loves pleasure; what policy will he adopt? Will he want to make himself hated? It seems to me that one can be oneself in two positions, when one is everything and one is nothing.

Because during his whole life Cardinal Albani has been seen to be devoted to the house of Austria, many suspicions have greeted his nomination to the ministry. He is a pleasant man, was a bit of a Don Juan in his youth; he has elegant manners for an Italian. I have seen him in Bologna, at the evenings of Signor Degli Antonj, where he had music of his own composition played by Signora Cantarelli.

The style of this music was ancient; but it would have been considered learned in 1775, the probable period of Cardinal Albani's studies; he went into orders only in 1823, on the occasion of the conclave.

The new secretary of state has just announced to Cardinal de' Gregorio that he has been appointed grand penitentiary, and to Cardinal Pacca that he has been confirmed in his post as *prodatario.*

APRIL 4, 1829 / Cardinal Bernetti is exiled to Bologna, where he will be legate; this news fills everyone with consternation.

We have come from Raphael's *Logge.* On the occasion of the exaltation of the pope, Monsignor Soglia, His Holiness's almoner, has just distributed alms of one *paolo* per head to the poor of Rome who were assembled in the court of the Belvedere at the Vatican. A pupil of Gall's had asked us to see this spectacle from a low window of the palace. In the presence of so many faces of strong character, our friend spoke with a great deal of grace but did not convince us; at best, only the generalities are true in this system. The seat of passions is much more developed in the Roman rabble than that of intelligence. We verified the ideas of Dr. Edwards on the races of man. I have forgotten to say that on April 1 and 2 there were great illuminations.

APRIL 5 / A fine spring day. This morning, in St. Peter's, we attended the coronation of Pius VIII; at fourteen hours (eighty-thirty in the morning), we saw His Holiness arrive from the Quirinal; out of politeness toward France and Austria, the pope had taken in his carriage Cardinals de la Fare and Gaysruck, the worthy archbishop of Milan. The ceremony at St. Peter's was very fine: an immense assemblage of the people and of foreigners; everyone was at ease, so vast is this church.

Will the pope be Austrian or French? Such is the question that everyone is asking. Carbonarism has penetrated so deeply into the people that the coachman of our cab was having exactly the same conversation with the station lackey that we had just had with Prince N . . .

Pius VIII has several brothers in Cingoli, one of whom is archdeacon and soon will be cardinal.

APRIL 12 / The first papal chapel held by Pius VIII; there was an enormous attendance; the pope distributed palm leaves; there was a procession in the royal hall; His Holiness was borne in a *gestatoria* chair (like Julius II, in Raphael's *Heliodorus Driven from the Temple*).

APRIL 23, 1829 / The ceremonies of Holy Week have been magnificent. No one remembers having seen such a crowd in Rome; many foreigners are obliged to go and sleep in Albano; a miserable little room costs as much as one *louis* per day. As for dinner, it is a difficult problem to resolve. The *osterie,* not too clean in ordinary times, are congested from ten o'clock in the morning, to such a point that it is impossible to pass through the door; at the dinner hour people crowd as they do in front of a theatre on days of the first performance.

Foreigners who do not have friends in Rome who can offer them the absolute essentials are most unfortunate. Roman laziness triumphs on this occasion; I have seen a little scullion *proudly* refuse five francs that were offered him to cook a chop. Several Neapolitan tourists have lived a whole day on chocolate and cups of coffee.—Highly amusing epigrams.

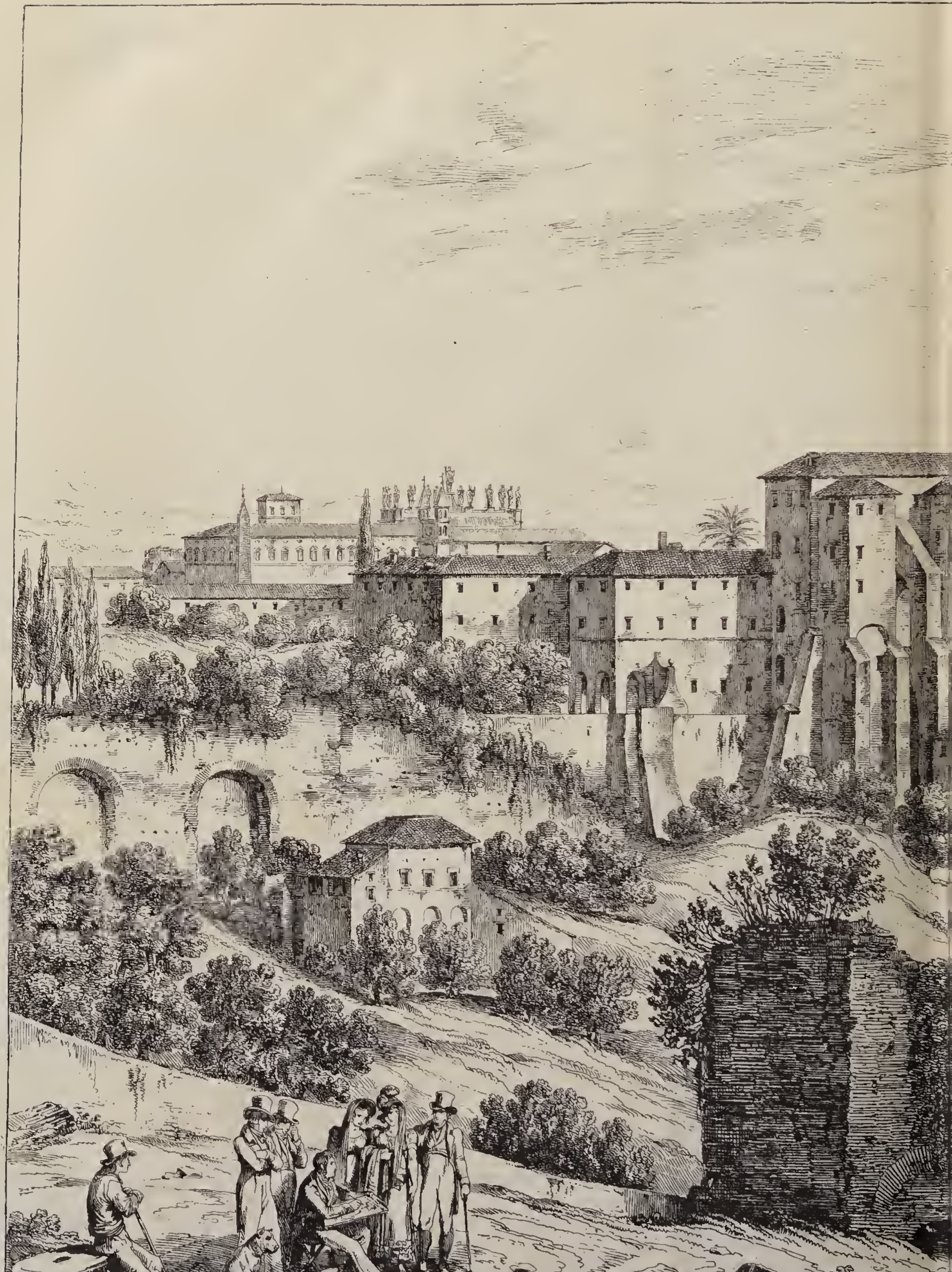
Since Palm Sunday Rome has assumed a strangely festive air. Everyone is in a hurry, everyone walks fast.

I do not have the courage to describe the ceremonies of Holy Week; two or three moments of it were magnificent. When one finds oneself here at such a time, one can buy a small volume of eighty-two pages, published in Roman French, by M. l'abbé Cancelieri.—The pope has just granted two sessions to M. Fabris, the sculptor; we went to see this bust, which is a very good resemblance.

Tomorrow we leave Rome, to our great regret. We are going to Venice; we shall spend two weeks at the baths of Lucca this summer and a month at the delightful baths of la Battaglia, near Padua.

In these places of pleasure Italian genius forgets to be afraid and to hate. The nomination of Cardinal Albani is beginning to produce its effect: this morning, written in enormous letters with white chalk, in twenty places in Rome, and at the gate of the palace of Monte Cavallo where the pope resides, were found the following words:

> Siam servi sì, ma servi ognor frementi.
>
> *Alfieri*



Bartolomeo Pinelli disegnò e incise 18[illegible]

Veduta del Colle

DG 805 .B5715
Stendhal, 1783-1842.
A Roman journal, by Stendhal
010101 000
0 1163 0133686 7
TRENT UNIVERSITY

dal' Palatino)